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2. SAINT JOSEPH SEEKS A LODGING AT BETHLEHEM. St. Luke ii. 4.

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"And Joseph also went up from Galilee, out of the city of Nazareth, into Judea, unto the city of David, which is called Bethlehem."

The Children's Friend

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A SUNDAY MUTINY.

The old two-seated surrey stood in front of the barn, dusted and washed, waiting for Dobbin and Lady to be harnessed to its pole and draw the folks to church.

Inside the barn the two big farm horses were being curried and combed to look their Sunday best. On the feed box sat Polly and Jack, watching their father as he worked.

Mr. Mercer looked up after a few minutes. "You youngsters better be gettin' to the house and puttin' on your togs," he said, giving Dobbin's fat side an extra polish with his hand; "it's past nine, now. You'll be called in a minute."

The children slid from their seat and walked slowly toward the house, Jack kicking sulkily at the pebbles in the path.

Suddenly he stood still in the path. "Let's don't go to church," he blurted; "it's too hot, and it's no fun, anyhow."

Polly's mouth opened as wide as her eyes. "Jack!" was all she could say.

"Come on round the side of the barn, and then we can sneak to the orchard, and I'll tell you what we'll do." He took Polly's hand, and the two crouched and tiptoed till out of sight from the house or the barn windows: then they straightened themselves, and ran, as fast as Polly's legs would let them, to the cool fastness of the orchard. There Jack unfolded his plan.

"I'm just tired of going to church," he said. "There ain't nothin' to do but to sit and sit; and if you laugh or make faces at the other fellows you get an elbow poked in your ribs, and if you go to sleep you get another or get pinched. It's too hot, anyhow, and I ain't goin'."

Polly looked at her brother. "But they'll call us soon, and we'll have to go."

Jack gave a contemptuous little laugh. "You ninny! Do you suppose that when folks run away they come back as soon as somebody calls them?"

"We ain't goin' to run away, are we, Jack?"

"No; but we're goin' to hide, and lay low till they're gone; and then we'll have some fun."

"Polly! Jack!" came in shrill tones from the house.

Jack took Polly's hand. "Come on," he said; "we can climb right on the big haystack there in the field, and they'll never find us in the world."

There were more cries of "Polly!" and "Jack!" They came nearer and nearer until they sounded from the foot of the stack whereon the truants lay. Jack gripped Polly's arm to keep her from crying out until their father had passed.

After what seemed a long time there came the rumble of wheels. and the two little mutineers watched Dobbin and Lady trot out of the yard with the half-filled surrey.

When the carriage was out of sight the children quietly slipped from their hiding place.

"What are you going to do now?" asked Polly.

"Goin' to get some apples first, and then go down to the brook. There's bully big bullfrogs down by the old rock."

Polly and Jack filled their hats with big summer pippins and then turned toward the brook. For an hour they thoroughly enjoyed themselves. Jack hunted frogs, making them jump far out in the water when ever he failed to catch them, while Polly stood at his side and squealed and danced as the queer little creatures sprang from the bank. At last they became tired of the sport.

"Let's go farther up the bank," suggested Jack; "there's mint and cresses up there, heaps of it."

"Ain't it most time for them to come home, don't you s'pose?" asked Polly. "I'm awful hungry, and there's chicken and apple pie for dinner."

Jack smacked his lips at Polly's words. "Must be pretty near. I'm hungry, too. We'll get some mint and cresses, and then, if they ain't back, we'll go to the orchard and get some more apples."

"I don't want any more apples. I won't have any room for pie and chicken if I—O, Jack, look there!" Polly caught Jack by the sleeve and pointed to a clump of alder just ahead of them. Under it, flat on his back, sprawled a man—dirty, ragged, his face so covered with hair that only the eyes and nose could be seen. At his side was a long, thick stick.

The children stood a moment, too frightened to move or to speak; while the tramp eyed them from under his shaggy black brows. "Say," said the man, grinning, "I ain't going to eat you, though land knows I'm most hungry enough. Come here; I won't hurt you."

Polly and Jack tremblingly obeyed.

"Where do you live?" the man questioned.

Jack pointed to the house.

"Got anything good to eat?"

"We're goin' to have chicken and apple pie," ventured Polly; "but there ain't anybody home. They've gone to church."

The tramp whistled. "'Tain't wise to tell all you know, youngsters. You want to keep things like that to yourself."

Jack darted an angry glance at his sister.

"We can't get in to get you anything, 'cause the house is locked up," he remarked, sagely; "but they'll be back soon. It must be nearly time for them now; they get home a little after one."

The tramp looked up at the sun; then he laughed. "You're wise ones. How's it come they've locked you out?" he asked, eyeing them with suspicion.

"We—we didn't go," stammered Jack.

"We ran off, 'cause it was too hot," put in Polly.

"Run off, did you?" The tramp shook his head. "I wouldn't do it again if I was you; it's bad business. That's what I did and I begun it when I was a kid. Run on, now, if you want to. I'll be up to the house after a bit."

"You've done it, now, telling all your know," said Jack, when they were beyond the tramp's hearing. "We'll catch enough when they get home, for runnin' off, without givin' them tramps in the bargain. And maybe—" Jack's imagination began to work powerfully—"maybe 'tain't time for 'em, and he'll break open the door and steal everything."

Polly began to cry. "Let's look in the window and see if 'taint most time for 'em to come," she sniffed.

The kitchen curtains were drawn low, but at one of the windows there was just room enough between the bottom of the curtain and the sill for Jack's blue eyes. He shaded his face with his hands and peered at the big kitchen clock. Ten minutes of twelve! Another whole hour to wait!

He turned to Polly. "I wish I'd run away by myself, and let you go! You blabbed all you knew; and now he can come up here and steal everything—and there he is! He's coming now!" He grasped Polly's hand, and fairly pulled her to the barn. They hid themselves in the hay loft, where they could peep out and watch the house.

In a few minutes the tramp ambled up to the house; he stood a moment, his hands in his pockets, and looked leisurely about him. Then he went to the door and rapped. The children watched, breathless.

"O Jack!" said Polly, with a little scream, as they saw the man turn the knob.

"Be still! He'll hear you, and maybe he'd kill us," cautioned Jack. "He'll think we were foolin' him, and be mad at us. He's goin' round the house now. Maybe he's goin' to try to climb in from the piazza."

With their eyes just far enough above the sill to peep out the window the children watched for him to reappear with his booty. The minutes dragged like hours.

"They must be here soon," said Jack, and there was a queer little catch in his voice; "it's time for them, now."

"They won't be more than ten minutes, will they?" asked Polly.

They can't; not unless Dobbin and Lady's run away or the wagon's broke."

"O, dear!" said Polly. "I wish they'd come. I'm goin' to count 'sixties;' then I'll know when the ten minutes are up."

Eight, nine, ten "sixties" went by, and there was no carriage turning at the big white gate. At last, when the children had almost given up looking, there came the sound of a double trot, and the rattle of wheels, and Dobbin and Lady came at full speed along the road and swung into the driveway.

Polly and Jack almost flew down the ladder and into their father's and mother's arms. There they began excitedly to tell their story.

"One at a time," sternly said their father. "Jack, tell me plainly and quickly what all this is about?"

Jack gasped out his story.

"And you say that the last you saw of him he was going round the house?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then we'd better go round that way and see if we can find anything of him."

The father led the way, Mrs. Mercer following with Jack and Polly close at her side. There was no one in front of the house, and the windows and door were as they had been left in the morning.

"Nothing wrong here," said the father; "that's sure. We'll try the side of the house."

No sooner had he turned the corner than there came a loud laugh. Under the maple was the tramp, just raising himself on his elbow, a queer, half-frightened grin on his scrubby face.

"I ain't harmed nothin'," he said; "I've just been waitin' round, 'cause I'm honest hungry; and the youngsters talked about things you was goin' to have till they got my teeth waterin'. I thought maybe, bein's it was Sunday, you might hand me out a taste. I hope I ain't scared the children; I didn't mean to."

Half an hour later the tramp sat on the washbench outside the kitchen door. At his side were two plates, one piled with steaming chicken and potatoes and the other holding a generous triangle of apple pie.

The Mercers were gathered about the big dining table. The blessing had been said, but Mr. Mercer, instead of helping to the good things, looked steadily at the children.

"Mother and me had planned not to give you any chicken or any pie," he said, at last, speaking very slowly.

Polly and Jack swallowed something that rose in their throats.

"When we got to church," the father continued, "we concluded to

let up on the chicken, and just keep you from having the pie. Seemed like you'd punished yourselves about all that was needed. There was an Indian there, a converted Indian, and he talked a little. They're having a big meetin' this afternoon, and he's goin' to speak in his Indian clothes. The Lawrences had planned to have us all stay and take dinner with them and go." He paused, and looked hard at the children.

Jack's eyes were blinking, and Polly's lips quivering. To have spent the sort of morning they had, to have missed dinner at the Lawrences, the meeting and the Indian—and then to be cut off from pie at the end.

"Since we've got home," went on their father, "we've come to the conclusion you've been punished as much as is good for you in one day. I guess there ain't much doubt but what you'll trot along without coaxin' next Sunday."

"No, sir," put in the children, so promptly and so decidedly that the parents laughed.

"Well, then, mother, you can cut them the usual piece, and I'll let 'em pitch into this chicken. I expect they're hungry enough to eat necks and wings."—*Selected.*

HIS OWN COTTAGE.

The story is told in a French newspaper, of Pierre Barlat, a humble laborer, who lived at Sevres, near Paris, with his wife Jeanne, and their three children. Industrious and frugal, Pierre saved his spare money, working harder and harder, and at last bought the tiny cottage in which he and his wife lived. It was a tiny cottage, indeed; built of stones, however, with tiled roof, standing amidst shrubs, and covered with clematis. It always attracted the eye of the traveler on the left as he crossed the Sevres bridge. Pierre and Jeanne scrimped and saved until the little cottage was paid for, and made a feast when this was done to celebrate their ownership. All this they had accomplished just before the war of 1870 with Germany broke out. The conscription fell upon Pierre, who, moreover, was an old soldier and belonged to the reserves. He had been a gunner, famous for his skill in hitting a mark with a shell. Sevres had fallen into the hands of the Germans; but the French guns were pounding away at them from the fort on Mount Valerien. Pierre Barlat was a gunner at that fort, and was standing, one wintry day, by his gun, when General Noel, the commander, came up, and leveled his field-glass at the Sevres bridge. "Gunner," said he, sharply, without looking at Pierre. "General," said Pierre, respectfully, giving the military salute. "Do you see the Sevres bridge over there?" "I see it very well, sir." "And that little shanty there, in a thicket of shrubs, at the left?" "I see it, sir," said

Pierre turning pale. "It's a nest of Prussians. Try it with a shell, my man." Pierre turned paler still, and, in spite of the cold wind, that made the officers shiver in their great coats, one might have seen drops of sweat standing out on his forehead; but nobody noticed the gunner's emotion. He sighted his piece carefully—then fired it. The officers with their glasses marked the effect of the shot, after the smoke had cleared away. "Well hit, my man, well hit!" exclaimed the general, looking at Pierre, with a smile. "The cottage couldn't have been very solid. It is completely smashed now." He was surprised to see a great tear running down the gunner's cheeks. "What's the matter, man?" the general asked, rather roughly. "Pardon me, general," said Pierre, recovering himself. "It was my house—everything I had in the world!"

BALAAM.

You will remember the Lord had helped Moses lead the Children of Israel out of Egypt. After years of wandering, they came to the inhabited country near the river Jordan, and God helped them to conquer their enemies.

When they came near Moab, the people living there heard of the great success of the Israelites over their neighbors, and they became very much afraid. Balak, their king, called together some of his wisest men, and sent them to a man named Balaam. They reached the place where Balaam lived, and told him of the people calling themselves the Children of Israel.

"We are not strong enough to stand against them," they said, "and so our king has told us to say to you: 'Come, I pray you, and curse me this people; for they are too mighty for me; then I shall prevail and drive them out of the land; for I know that he whom you bless is blessed and he whom you curse is cursed.'"

Balaam couldn't decide what do, but he told them to stay until the next morning, and then he would tell them. Soon the Lord came and asked Balaam who the men were and what they wanted.

"They are men from Balak, the king of Moab," Balaam said, "and they have come to ask me to go with them and curse the Israelites."

"Thou shalt not go with them," the Lord answered. "Thou shalt not curse the people; they are blessed."

In the morning the people of Balak went to Balaam for an answer. "Go back to the king," said Balaam, "and tell him that I will not curse the Children of Israel, for the Lord will not allow it."

The men hurried to their king with the message. Soon other men from the same country went to Balaam. They were all great princes, and they brought with them rich presents from the king, and said:

"Our king prays that you will not let anything hinder you from

going to him. He will give you a high position in his kingdom and will do whatever you ask, if you will only go and curse these people."

Balaam thought the king was very generous and kind; but still he was afraid to go with them.

"If your king would give me his house full of silver and gold," he said, "I could do nothing but what the Lord wishes me to do. Stay with me tonight, and then I may know what the Lord wants done."

The Lord came to Balaam that night and told him he might go with the princes; but he should say only those things the Lord should tell him to say.

The next morning when the princes awoke, they found Balaam with his donkey all saddled, ready to start.

They traveled on over hills and deserts, Balaam riding on his donkey, and his servants walking behind him. They came to a place where the road was quite narrow. Suddenly the donkey sprang out of the road, and ran into the field. Balaam wondered what was the matter and beat the donkey with his cane and forced it back into the road.

In a short time they reached a place with a high wall on both sides. Again the donkey sprang to one side, crushing its master's foot; and again Balaam beat it with his cane. Soon they were in a very narrow road, where it was impossible to turn around. Here the donkey stopped and fell down on its knees. Balaam was very angry and took a stick and gave the poor donkey many a blow. Then the Lord let it speak:

"Why have you beaten me?" it said. "What have I done to you?"

"You have mocked me," answered Balaam; "and if I had a sword in my hand instead of this stick, I would kill you."

"But," continued the donkey," ever since I belonged to you, you have ridden me, and have I ever acted like this before?"

"No," said its master; and then the Lord let Balaam see what had so frightened the donkey. An angel of the Lord stood before them, with his sword drawn in his hand. Balaam was frightened and bowed his head and fell on his face.

"Why have you beaten your donkey so?" asked the angel. "I knew you were going to the king because of the great things he had promised you, and I came to meet you. The donkey saw me and turned away three times; and if it had not done so, I should surely have killed you and let it live."

"I have done wrong," said Balaam. "I am sorry. I didn't know you stood in the way. If you wish it, I will go back to my own country."

"No," said the angel. "Go with the men, but speak only the words you are told to speak."

When Balak heard that the wise man had come, he went out to meet him, and told him of the great rewards he should have if he cursed the Israelites; but Balaam said:

"I have no power to say anything myself. The words God puts in my mouth I will speak."

The king took him to a high hill, where he could see all the Children of Israel, and their flocks and herds. Seven altars were built and an ox and a ram offered on each altar. When this was done, Balaam went all alone to a very high place. Here the Lord told him what he should say, and he went back to Balak; but instead of cursing the Children of Israel, he blessed them.

"What are you doing?" said Balak. "I brought you here to curse my enemies, and you have blessed them."

"I can only speak the words the Lord puts into my mouth," answered Balaam.

Balak, thinking there must be some mistake, took him to another mountain, where he could see only part of the Israelites, and told him to curse them from there. Again seven altars were built and seven oxen and rams offered, and again Balaam left the king and went away by himself. The Lord met him and told him what to say, and when he reached the king, he blessed the Children of Israel a second time.

The king became angry at this, and took Balaam to a third hill. Here, as before, the altars were built and the oxen and rams offered. This time Balaam did not go away, but he looked toward the camps of the Israelites, and the Spirit of God rested on him, and he gave those people a greater blessing than ever.

Balak was enraged. "Did I not bring you here to curse my enemies? and you have blessed them three times. You shall go to your country without any reward."

"But," said Balaam, "did I not tell your princes that if you would give me your house full of silver and gold, I could not speak good nor evil except as the Lord desired me to speak?"

And again blessing the Israelites, Balaam returned to his own country, and the king went on his way in sadness.

NEPHI GETS THE PLATES.

(I Nephi 3, 4 and 5.)

While Laman and Lemuel feared to disobey their father, all went well; but this did not last long.

"Nephi," said the father, a short time after, "the Lord has commanded that you and your brothers shall go back to Jerusalem."

Laman and Lemuel both listened eagerly when they heard this.

"Go back to Jerusalem!" they exclaimed.

"Yes," said Lehi, "to get from Laban the brass plates with the records of the Jews written on them, and bring them to me."

This was a different matter. "But," said Laman, "Laban is a great and powerful man. He will not give them to us."

"It is a hard thing that you ask us to do, father," said Lemuel.

"I do not ask it, my sons," Lehi answered. "It is the Lord who commands it;" and, turning to his youngest son, he said; "you will go, Nephi; you have not complained, and the Lord will help you."

"Yes, father," replied Nephi, "I will do it; for I know God never tells us to do anything, unless He gives us a way to do it."

This pleased Lehi, for he knew that the Lord was with his son.

The other brothers consented to go, too, and they were soon ready for their journey.

When they reached Jerusalem, another trouble arose. "Who shall go to Laban to get the plates?" asked one.

"Let us cast lots to see who shall go," suggested another.

They did so, and the lot fell to Laman, who did not at all like his errand; for Laban was a rich man and a powerful one.

When he reached the house, he found Laban, and asked for the records, written on the plates of brass.

"Why do you come to me for those records," Laban asked, angrily "Indeed you shall not have them," and he called his servants. "You are only a robber; take care or I shall kill you."

Laman was very badly frightened, and ran from the house and went and told his brothers what had happened.

"Let us go back to the wilderness to father," said Lemuel. "It is not safe for us to stay here. I knew Laban would not let us have the plates."

Laman and Sam were quite willing to go; but Nephi would not hear of it.

"No," he said, "we will not go back to father until we have done as the Lord has commanded us. We can go to our house and get the gold and silver and valuable things we left there, and then perhaps Laban will let us have the plates for those things."

The brothers agreed to this, and they hurried to their old home and took all their treasures to the house of Laban, and offered them to him if he would let them have the records.

When Laban saw the costly things the brothers had, he wanted them; but he did not intend to give up the plates, so he sent his servants to take the treasures.

The brothers ran away from the men and hid in the cave; but they had to leave their property behind, and Laban obtained it all.

Then the eldest brothers were very angry with Lehi, and also their brother, and said a great many hard things to him, and even struck him. While they were striking him, an angel appeared.

"Why do you strike your younger brother?" he asked. "Don't you know that he has been chosen to be a ruler over you, because of

your wrong doing? Go back to Jerusalem, and the Lord will deliver Laban into your hands."

When the angel had gone, the elder brothers still complained:

"How can the Lord deliver Laban into our hands. He is a great man and could easily kill us if he wished."

But Nephi answered:

"The Lord is mightier than all the earth, so why is He not mightier than Laban; and He is able to deliver us and destroy Laban, even if he is a great man."

The brothers were still angry, but they consented to go with Nephi and try once more to get the plates.

It was night, and the three brothers hid behind the wall, while Nephi crept into the city, and went to the house of Laban. He did not know what he was going to do, but he was led by the Spirit of the Lord.

When he came near the house, he saw a drunken man lying on the ground. He walked over to him and found that it was Laban, the man he was seeking, lying there with his sword by his side. The spirit told him to take the sword and kill Laban.

"No," thought Nephi, "I have never done such a thing. I cannot kill him."

Then the Spirit said: "The Lord has delivered him into your hands, and is it not better that one man should die than that a whole nation should forget to serve the Lord?"

So Nephi obeyed; then taking the clothes and armor of Laban, he put them upon himself and walked toward the house. Here he met Zoram, the servant who had charge of the treasury; and in the voice of Laban, he asked for the records he wanted. As it was night, the servant thought it was his master, and quickly obeyed. Then Nephi told him to carry the plates to his brethren; and Zoram, still believing this was his master, thought it was the elders of the Jews he meant.

When the brothers saw Nephi dressed in the clothes and armor of Laban, they were very much afraid, and ran from him, thinking he was Laban. They thought their brother had been killed, and that these men were coming to kill them also.

Nephi called to them in his own voice; and they recognized him and came back. When the servant saw the brothers and found that this man was not the master, he was frightened, and would have returned to Jerusalem; but Nephi stopped him, and told him that if he would be true to him and his brothers, he should go with them to the wilderness, and be a servant no longer. Zoram promised he would go with them and stay with Lehi and his family.

As the brothers had obtained the records they came for, they all went back into the wilderness, having obeyed the command of the Lord. and were welcomed with great joy by their parents.

While the boys had been gone, their mother had reproached Lehi

for sending them. "You are a visionary man," she said. "You have brought us away from home, and now our sons are killed and we will die here in the wilderness."

"Yes," he replied, "I am a visionary man; for if I had not seen visions, I should not have known the goodness of God, but should have remained in Jerusalem to be destroyed with the others. I know that the Lord will not let Laban hurt our sons, but He will bring them back in safety; for He will help us when He tells us to perform any duty."

When the mother saw her sons, she was comforted, and said:

"Now I am sure that God told my husband to come into the wilderness. I know that He protected my sons and gave them power to do what He required."

Lehi took the plates and thanked the Lord for His kindness.

When he saw what the record contained, he prophesied that the plates should never perish, and that time should not dim them.

CAROLINE'S SAD LESSON.

"I don't see why mother wants me to stay inside the garden all the time. It's just lovely out there on the road," and Caroline sat down by the gate very discontented. It was a pretty garden, with big trees, a swing under one of them, numbers of pretty flowers all about, and a dear little doll playhouse. Father had made it of big boxes, and it stood in the shade of a clump of lilacs, with real furniture in it, and dishes, too. It was almost large enough for Caroline to get into. But there she sat, unhappy because she could not do something her mother knew was dangerous. "Oh, come on, let's go out just a little way, Jack," she said to her little snow-white poodle. Such a dear little dog with long, silky hair, which Binie washed and combed every morning. Caroline had tied on his very best pink ribbon. Looking about to see that no one was watching her, out they went.

"Why, this is just fun! I don't see what mother's afraid of," and she sat down to play in the sandy street. "Sand is such fun to take up and let run through your hands; see, Jack!" And Jack would jump and try to catch it.

Suddenly a huge red thing said, "Woo! woo! woo!" right behind her and went rushing by, leaving a still little heap of white lying near her.

"Oh, my dog, my dear little Jack!" and she lay down beside him, crying piteously. Then gathering him up in her arms she sadly carried him into the house, where mother found that nothing could save the dear little playfellow, for the big automobile had knocked the breath of life out of the tiny body. They were very sad, indeed, but they thanked God that He had spared the life of Caroline, and asked him to forgive her for being so disobedient.—*Mildred Van R. French.*

HOW DO YOU FEEL.

I know of no reason this morning why I should not ask my many readers the question. How do you feel? If you should ask me the same question I would reply, Better than yesterday.

It is a comfort to feel so free with my readers as to take a personal interest in them and write to them as if they were all intimate friends.

How do you feel about being even better the coming year than the year that has almost closed?

Some of you (including myself) were not as good as you might have been; but you tried to be good, and I will forgive you if you promise to do a little better in the future.

In acts of goodness strive to hustle for all you are worth. Tell no one about the good deeds you have performed, for those of your friends who will reach heaven will hear all about them there. Heaven is the best place in which to be well spoken about.

The most of us feel as good as we deserve to feel. If we should live a better life December would be about the same as May to us.

This is the season of cold weather; but we can have warm hearts even if our hands and toes are cold.

There is no pleasure in feeling mean. Those who want to have a delightful daily experience should begin the morning and end the evening with words of good cheer to others, and expressions of caution to themselves.

We all have our troubles. Personally, I have more trouble with Scott than with anybody else. He means well, but he, too often, makes mistakes; asks for forgiveness; gets it; but is too prone to be "off color" again.

What weak mortals we are. The word "we" takes us all in.

Some of us feel that we ought to have more of this world's goods. My observation is that riches too often have the effect of making people proud and apt to forget the pit from which they were dug.

I dreamed one night that I was suddenly made a rich man. I do not know the duration of my dream, but during that dream I had more trouble and made more enemies than had ever before been my lot. There are two sides to being the possessor of wealth. It is true that wealth brings its cares and poverty and its sorrows. "Give me neither poverty nor riches;" for the happy medium is the best.

How do you feel when you get up in the morning? Cross or happy? Hereafter do your best when you get out of bed to show others that you have been sleeping with a good conscience.

Get up "out of sorts" and the chances are that you will be in such a condition all day that your proper place would be in some institution established for the purpose of curing nervous people.

How do you feel about forgiving them who act meanly toward you—especially at times when you do not feel as good as you would like to? It takes the Spirit of God in you to put up with such nuisances. But you must try, from the time you read this article, to forgive your enemies and thus heap coals of fire on their heads.

To feel good at all times is not a science; but is brought about by faith, prayer and watchfulness.

Some people are very fortunate in the possession of a happy disposition. Such folk ought to be very thankful and keep on cultivating sweetness. To be a "scratch cat" and a chronic fault-finder is a deplorable condition to be in. When such is the case friends are few in number and they become fewer as the days go by.

How do you take adversities? Do you wilt under them or do you rise to the emergency of putting them, by the help of God, under your feet? A wise old lady took great pleasure in telling me that when adversities came upon her she immediately took shelter under the promises of the Lord. That old lady was a sunbeam. When she died heaven had a good acquisition to its inhabitants.

How do you feel when you are at home and can go nowhere else? Sour or sweet? If there is a place on earth where we ought to be at our best it is at home. Study hard to make home the most cheerful place on earth.

Last evening at my home the subject of robberies was started. But one of my children instantly objected and proposed some more cheerful subject to discuss. Mentally I seconded the motion and it was practically adopted unanimously.

Home is the place to take off your shoes, put on your slippers and be cheerful. Some make home the place to tell all they know that is miserable. Of course, under such circumstances, all the members of such a family retire to chambers of misery to make an effort to go to sleep. A night with a quilt of misery over you is not very pleasant. When the sun peeps into such a bed-chamber it looks upon miserable specimens of humanity. No wonder the sun often hides its face in the morning.

How lovely it would be if we should always feel good, no matter what happens. That is a high plane to roost on, but a good one.

How I wish that all my readers could be saved from the "blues," and thus be a very peculiar people.

We can all feel better if we only try; and you all know how to go to work to be so.—*George R. Scott.*

1907.

There was a quiet buzz in the hall of Time! 'Twas nearly the last hour of the last day in 1907, and Father Time was waiting for the knight of '07 to appear.

Soon there was a soft rustle and '07 came slowly in. He was old, bent, and gray, his face wore a sad yet wise look. Over his shoulder there hung a sack, and under his arm, he carried a book. The former seemed ever to go up, while the latter tried to slip to the ground, making him bend to the side to catch it before it fell. Slowly the knight advanced, and kneeling at the throne, paid homage to his father.

Father Time bade him rise and said, "My son, I see thy good deeds have overbalanced thy evil ones, for thy book is heavier than thy sack. I welcome thee home and will now tell thee why I sent thee.

"Very far, yet very near, there dwells a king. Thou knowest whom I mean, my son. But didst thou know that this good king took every good deed to make a silver brick or something else to help the building of thy palace of immortality? I say "something else" because sometimes thou didst give or do a thing reluctantly, then was the material that went to the building of thy house not so costly but of a cheaper grain. According to thy deeds hast thy house been built, some parts are golden bricks while others are common clay.

Thy sack shows that thy deeds have not all been good, it bulges in several places; a bad deed can never find a smooth resting place but ever seekest a lump substance without shape or form. In thy book the pages are smooth and white, and on them, thy good deeds are recorded

Dost thou remember the time thou triedst to cheer the homesick friend who felt that life was not worth living? Dost thou remember the time thou gavest up one of thy most earnest desires for the sake of a classmate? Dost thou remember the time thy heart was wounded that thou mightest save another? Lastly, dost thou remember when thou shed the repentant tears for wrongs thou hadst done, and prayed for forgiveness and a better knowledge of right? This last did most for the building of thy mansion.

"Now farewell, my son, the hand points to the hour of twelve. Thy time is nearly up. Thou hast done thy duty and in return hast gained a reward. The knight '08 will soon be here and 'twill be *his* turn to meet life's battle and build *his* palace of immortality."

Slowly the gray-haired knight departed and Father Time murmured to himself, "Would that '08 might do better than this son hast done; each year must be more perfect than the last, or the end will never come."—*Ethel Guild, '08, Student Weber Stake Academy.*

THE SPOTS ON THE DAYS.

Mabel looked very much ashamed as she stood by the library table gazing at the little blots of ink besprinkling the front of her clean white dress.

"My dear Mabel!" exclaimed mamma, "what have you been doing?" Have I not forbidden you to use ink in the library; and particularly when you have on a white dress? See how you have spoiled this one!"

"O, mamma, I did not really mean to disobey you," sobbed Mabel. "I forgot for a moment, and thought I would just try a new penholder, and the ink spouted out the wrong way."

"But you must not forget, dear," answered mamma, drawing the troubled little girl to her arms. "Your carelessness is making me very unhappy. Yesterday you forgot to give my message to Mary; and this morning you left baby crying for a drink of water that you forgot to bring him. You are constantly neglecting little things that I tell you to do, and doing the very things that are forbidden. Do you know, Mabel, that all these careless, thoughtless acts are like so many dark spots spoiling the beautiful days, just as these spots of ink have spoiled your white dress?"

Mabel looked troubled. "I will try to be careful after this, mamma. These spots on my dress are dreadful; but the spots on the days are worse, aren't they?"

"Far worse, my dear. And they will darken your life unless you improve," said her mother. "You must ask God to help you keep the days bright."—*Caroline A. Watters.*

HOW TO GET A FRESH START.

A little girl, on New Year's morning, was watching her grandmother knit a stocking. "My knitting," said the wise old woman to the little girl, "is like the year that has just begun. See if you can guess how."

"I know!" said the girl at last. "It's because the year grows slowly, stitch by stitch."

"That's so," answered the grandmother; and then she suddenly pulled out her needles and unraveled the stocking, so that the yarn lay, a ruined, crumpled heap, in her lap.

"Oh, dear!" cried the little girl. "Why *did* you do that?"

"To teach you, darling, that though your life grows slowly, you can spoil it all in a minute."

Grandmother's lesson was a strong one, and yet it was only half true; for, as Mrs. Sangster sings:

> The noblest thing a year can lay
> In the lap of you and me,
> The brave young year has brought this day;
> It is Opportunity.

A fresh start, a chance to do better, an invitation to pick up the needles and knit the stocking back again to where it was before—that is the blessed gift of every new year; and, for that matter, of every new day and hour. Praise God for the encouragement of time!

Paul's comparison is such a comfort: we can "put off the old man," we can "put on the new man," we can be "renewed in the spirit. There is something so complete in the taking off of a garment. There it lies on the chair, entirely apart from us; we have absolutely nothing more to do with it. If it were like getting rid by medicine of a blotch on the skin, which disappears gradually, some days even going back to its former humiliating prominence, it would be discouraging enough. But it is like shuffling off the skin, as a snake does, and finding a soft, fair, new skin underneath.

Is Paul right? Can we get rid of our evil natures as easily as that? Can we assume the good, the true, the beautiful as easily as that?

NEW YEARS THOUGHTS.

"Choose you this day whom ye will serve; . . . . but as for me and my house, we will serve the Lord."

We are at the starting point of another year, and a bit of advice from those who have had much experience may act as stars of light to the boys and girls who are going out into the New Year. "With God go over the sea—without Him not over the threshold." Nothing on earth is like God in a man. "You can take your choice as to whether you will work downward or upward, but that is the only choice you have." Acknowledge God in all thy ways, avoid sin, restrain thy tongue from evil, repress thine anger, acquire knowledge, frequent the company of good men, continue steadfast in the faith hide the faults of thy neighbors, comfort the poor by thy alms, and look for thy reward in eternity.

A wrong decision at this time may work your ruin; a right one may weave for you garlands of glory in the world that is, and in that which is to come. The old adage may be of use to us: "Do not put off until tomorrow what you can do today." This is God's Now for you.

"While God invites, how blest the day!
How sweet the gospel's charming sound!
Come, sinner, haste, O haste away,
While yet a pardoning God is found.

"Soon, borne on time's most rapid wing,
Shall death command you to the grave,
Before his bar your spirit bring,
And none be found to hear or save."

"But seek ye first the kingdom of God and His righteousness; and all these things shall be added unto you."

The year has come to a close. Stop now and count the number of years that have come and gone in your life. Is it an old story to speak of the passing of the old year and the coming of the new? Has it any meaning—any special meaning? Is it so common a thing as to lead you to make any special thought concerning the ending of the old year and the beginning of a new year? "A Happy New Year" is a greeting that friend gives to friend, but a wish, a mere good wish on the part of our friends cannot make the year a happy one. Was the year that has passed a happy year? At its beginning many friends said to you: "A Happy New Year." What effect did their kind wishing have upon you during the three hundred and three score days that have passed? Thoughts like these come to old and to young alike, and many parents talk to their younger children along these lines. Really, it is a great thing to pass through the old year into the new. We should not go empty handed into the new year. We should carry a great deal with us, very much indeed, and what we carry with us we must take from the old year.

Young people, and especially boys and young men who have to choose a career for themselves, ask themselves, "What shall I be? What would I like best to do?" They should not neglect to consider the more important questions, "What would God have me to do? For what has He fitted me?"

For each one of us is made by God with the abilities to fill some special place in His plan of things. He is an architect who has planned a church—a church made up of all kinds and conditions of men. These in Biblical language are likened to stones and in other places to members of a living body. (See I Peter 2:4, 5.) Jesus Christ was the chief corner-stone. Peter was a rock in the foundation. You have your place. Will you fill it? Or will you insist on choosing your own way, and refuse to let God lead you on.

If you do not consult God's wishes in the matter you are at the outset of your life putting a tremendous obstacle in the way of your growth. Everything you do to make yourself that is not in accordance with God's plans for you results in stultification, not growth.

If you want to grow healthily, you must grow into the particular niche in God's church, which is left for you to fill. Ask God to lead you to your destiny. Determine that your *whole* life, all your energies,

shall be given to His service. And do not believe for a moment that you can grow to be much in His kingdom if you make any such reservation of yourself as is implied in choosing without regard to His will what you will make the business of your life.—*Selected.*

CHARLEY'S DIARY—A NEW YEAR'S STORY.

Tomorrow'll be New Year's Day. It's just a year since mamma gave me my diary. The way she came to do it was this: Shorty Reynolds (his right name's Rob, but he's so little we call him Shorty), his mother gave him one for Christmas, and he showed it to me, and he says, "Reddy" (because my hair's sort of red), "it's a great thing to have. I'm going to make a lot of resolutions for New Year, and write 'em all down in black and white. Then I won't forget 'em like I did last year."

"What sort of resolutions?" I asked him.

"Good ones. I'm resolved I won't do one bad thing this year. If I begin to forget, I'll just read over my resolutions, and that'll keep me straight. Then every night I'll write down how much I've improved.

Well, I thought myself that'd be a pretty good plan. It would save a lot of trouble if I could make enough resolutions in one day to last a year, because I had to keep making 'em every day before that. When I'd lie still for one more little nap after the rising bell rang, first thing I'd know breakfast would be ready, and then when I'd try to hurry my shoe strings would break or my suspender buttons come off, and time I'd get downstairs papa'd be gone, mamma'd look sorry, grandpa'd say little boys weren't allowed to do that way when he was young, and Bridget would give me cold cakes to eat for my breakfast. Then I'd think, "That little nap wasn't worth so much trouble. Tomorrow I'll hop out at the first tap." But I wouldn't, and then there'd be the same thing all over. It was just the same about lots of other things, too, and I thought a diary would be fine if it would put an end to all the bother.

So mamma got me one. It was a dandy—red leather cover, little pencil tied to it, and lots of clean white leaves. I wondered what all would get written down there, and it made me feel so solemn I thought as much as five minutes before I began to put down my resolutions. My brother Harris showed me how. So I wrote:

First, Resolved that I shall get up on time every morning this year, so I won't have to eat cold things.

Second, Resolved not to forget to put my school-books on the shelf where they belong, because it's so much trouble to hunt 'em up when you're in a hurry.

Third, Resolved to hang up my coat and cap every time. Also to

HIS PUNISHMENT.

Snow had fallen during the night, and now, softened by the warm afternoon sunshine, it was in perfect condition for making snow men. Out in front of the low, unpainted farmhouse, a boy was busy completing a large statue. That was the reason he had paid no attention to his aunt's call, a few minutes before. Soon her tall, slender figure appeared in the doorway, and she repeated: "Everet, won't you hitch up now and take the bishop's washing home? I've asked you three times already."

Everet paused in his work. "No; I'm not a-going till tomorrow," he answered, glancing down at the frozen lake, which glistened in the sunlight. "I couldn't skate at all this morning," he soliloquized, "just because I had to work for her. This afternoon I'm going to have some fun," and he began to roll another snowball.

Mrs. Bennett waited half an hour, but he did not come.

"I'm going to take the washing home myself," she said, "and see if that don't make him ashamed."

"Why, Mrs. Bennett!" exclaimed the maid, Minnie, in surprise; "you surely can't be in earnest. It's three miles to the bishop's."

"I'm going all the same," was the reply. "It may fetch him round and make him sorry for treating me so."

The maid offered to go, instead, but Mrs. Bennett was obdurate. The two women wrapped themselves in blankets and made their way to the barn. There, after many difficulties and much confusion, they succeeded in harnessing "Old Dixie" to the wagon. Mrs. Bennett climbed in, shook the reins, gently, and said in a mild, persuasive voice, "Get up, Dixie." Old Dixie moved out of the yard at her most leisurely gait.

Everet did not see his aunt until she was setting out down the lane toward the main road. His first impulse was to call her back and do the errand himself, but a feeling of injury prevented him. According to his mind he was being abused when his aunt asked him to do a few simple duties.

Everet stood watching the old white horse and the creaking wagon until they reached the main road. He noticed how carefully his aunt held the reins. She was not used to driving. With a sigh, he roused himself, and sauntered slowly toward the house.

In the kitchen, Minnie was busy preparing supper, so he went there for want of other companionship.

"Minnie, where's auntie gone?" he asked, to open a conversation.

"That's a nice question for you to ask," was the reply. "You know well enough; and if you wuzn't such a lazy good-for-nothing, you wouldn't have let her go outside such a day as this."

"She might have let me wait till to morrow," he said, sullenly.

"Oh, yes," was the sarcastic rejoinder. "I suppose the washing can wait till you get ready; can it?"

These remarks did not have a soothing effect on Everet. He left the kitchen and stood leaning against the fence in the front yard, trying to think how to pass the lonely hours until his aunt should return.

Back in the wood shed was Everet's jack-o'-lantern. This was his favorite toy. He brought it out and very carefully set it up on the gate post. "I'll light it pretty soon," he said.

Shortly after he heard the shrill whistle of a locomotive in the distance. A moment later the whistle sounded again, not, as usual, with one sharp blast, but with a wail so long and loud that Everet started up and listened intently. As he gazed across the broad expanse of snow to the opposite shore of the lake, the train itself emerged from behind the dark woods, and appeared in plain view. The long row of bright, twinkling lights seemed not to be moving at their usual rapid rate. Gradually the speed decreased until the lights stopped, and Everet heard the distant hiss of escaping steam as the brakes were put on. "I never saw her stop there at the bend before," he muttered, wondering at the occurrence. For a few minutes the train remained motionless, then the long lines of coaches glided swiftly away into the gathering gloom.

He lighted the candle in the jack-o'-lantern and then went into the house, intending to warm himself at the fire and come back to watch for his aunt.

"What time did auntie start?" he asked.

"About four o'clock," was the reply.

"Don't you think she ought to be getting back, pretty soon?"

"Don't know."

"Yes, and I guess you don't care, either," said Everet, for Minnie's lack of interest rather irritated him.

"Oh, I don't care, don't I, hey?" she said. "And you care an awful lot, don't you? You, that let your aunt go out on a day like this. You're turrible worried, ain't you? You don't seem like it."

Before Minnie had finished speaking, Everet, unable longer to restrain his forebodings, had dashed out of the door. As he reached the porch steps, he paused, for halfway up the lane, moving slowly toward the house, was a large, dark object, dimly outlined against the snow. Immediately a great load left his heart. "Auntie!" he called, joyfully, and turned to tell Minnie that his aunt was coming. But there was no response to his call, and as he looked again the object seemed less like a horse and wagon. "I wonder if it's her," he thought, quivering with the cold and dread. "No, it's somebody on foot," he continued, as four dark figures, two abreast, reappeared and plodded slowly on. Then he could just distinguish the forms of two women following them.

"Looks as if they were carrying something," he muttered. He met the group just as they reached the gate. A dim ray of light from the jack-o'-lantern fell on the burden the men were carrying. It revealed a dark, tangled mass, lying on a rude litter.

At sight of this, Everet suddenly sprang forward past the woman. One glance was enough.

"O auntie! auntie!" he wailed. "It's me. It's my fault. Let me go to her! Let me go!"

He heard one of the men whisper, "The fast mail—at the bend," and he understood. Dazed and bewildered, he dropped into a chair. The kind woman talked to him in low tones. "Mrs. Bennett's hurt very bad, but we'll hope for the best," she said.

After that, his mind became blurred. The coming and going of people made no impression on him, until at last a stream of light swept across his soul, as the big, hearty doctor grasped his shoulder and said, "Be brave, my lad; your aunt will get well."

Some verse writer puts into the mouth of the new year a spirited query as to what all the rustling and agitation that is going on at this date may mean:

"Now, what is that noise?" said the glad New Year.
"Now what is that singular sound I hear?
As if all the paper in all the world
Were rattled and shaken and twisted and twirled."

"Oh! that," said the jolly old earth, "is the noise
Of all my children, both girls and boys,
A-turning over their leaves so new,
And all to do honor, New Year, to you."

As mountain travelers, at some resting place
Are fain to pause, their distant path to trace;
Bathed in the purple haze, their eyes yet scan
The clustering homestead where that path began,
The joyous stream that slaked their eager thirst,
The turning point whereon their vision burst,
A world of glory never dreampt before—
E'en so the New Year bids us pause once more,
Sweet memory's tender, softening influence feel,
While at the wayside cross she bids us kneel:
Then, with brave hearts, serener heights ascend,
Where sunlight and sweet peace forever blend.

—*Selected.*

The New Year.

A new year comes, oh may it to us bring
Unnumbered blessings, while our glad hearts sing;
And on its records may there oft appear
One that will tell of good done by us here.
May we perform each duty with a heart
Single to His glory, nor from Him depart.

A new year comes, oh may it to us bring
The privilege of drinking from the spring
Of loving water, yea and may He give
Us opportunities, that we may live,
Encouraged by His smile of tenderness,
His little ones to comfort and to bless.

And as the new year comes, with footsteps light,
We'll tread the path of virtue, keeping bright
Our faces, and as we journey day by day,
Endeavor to point out the narrow way
Which leads to heaven, and His children tell
Of Him who loves them, faithfully and well.

And if from this year's sowing there may be
A harvest precious, then dear friends may we
Upraise our voice in deep thanksgiving,
And feel that life is well worth living,
So with the coming of the year, begin
To battle for His cause, resolved to win.

Annie Malin.

Officers' Department.

HAPPY NEW YEAR.

A happy New Year, happy New Year; oh, send it afar,
To the girls and the boys, wherever they are;
To the rich and the poor, to the high and the low,—
Oh! scatter its blessings wherever you go.
Happy New Year, dear children, whose homes are so bright;
Happy New Year to you whose hearts are so light;
Happy New Year,—oh, say it to all who can hear,
It will cost you but little,—*some* hearts it may cheer.
—*Selected.*

NOTICE TO WARD SECRETARIES.

On the report blanks for this year is found this question: Number of Children in Stake of Primary Age." It should read: "Number of Children in *Ward* of Primary Age." Be sure to get in your reports on time. Also send in the Nickel Fund with the report.

Subject for the month: Obedience.

Subject for the Month—"Obedience."

Divisions Lesson 1, Obedience to Parents; Lesson 2, Obedience to Government; Lesson 3, Obedience to the Holy Spirit; Lesson 4, Obedience to God.

OFFICERS' PAPER.

"OUR PURPOSES FOR 1908."

This is our New Year's topic. A year ago we made some good resolutions, or at least, we should have done so. We should always be resolving anew to serve God better, but the day which marks the beginning of a new year makes a special call on us to think about the flight of time and of how we are using it. (See Psalm 90.)

Now it is easy to fall into the habit of intending to do well without backing up the intention with any very vigorous action. One may be very optimistic and hopeful about one's self without having any great cause to be so. But that kind of optimism and hope do not belong to Latter-day Saints. Christ demands of us that we shall strive, work and accomplish. We can accomplish very great things through God's aid, both in regard to our own characters, and in helping those about us.

We *can* be "strong in the Lord and in the power of His might," and we are required so to be.

Good intentions will save no one. Unless they are followed by action they soon degenerate into a maudlin sentimentality and help only to pave the road to hell. Therefore we should look back over the year that is gone and see whether we have made a really strong effort to live up to the standard we then set for ourselves.

In our examination of ourselves we need to be very honest and strict. If we have drifted on in a happy-go-lucky way we should know it, and should see that unless we arouse ourselves we shall go on living so. If we have miserably failed to carry out our resolutions and to strengthen our characters we should know it, and should see that we are in grave danger of traveling the very same course this next year, and the years after, until we become so dead in our sin that there will be little if any hope of salvation left us.

But must we be always striving? Is there no rest? May we not go along easily through life as very ordinary mortals, not expecting *too* much of ourselves, and not thinking too much of our duty toward God or toward our neighbor?

Those who would put such questions to themselves have not seen the root of the matter. They have not learned that we are to find our pleasure in winning victories over self and in doing service for others. And so far from wishing to escape from the conflict, we must determinedly push on and on till we attain to "the measure of the stature of the fulness of Christ," till we become large-hearted like Him, self-restrained like Him, strong like Him, helpful like Him.

Our failures to act upon our good intentions are due to this, that we only desire a little righteousness; and so are easily pulled aside by any temptation. So long as we do not strive as Paul encourages us to do, as pugilists aiming well directed blows at all our sin, as runners bent upon winning a glorious prize—so long as we do not bend all our energies to the making of ourselves all the glorious things that we may be, just so long we should think of ourselves as "amateurs" in righteousness. We are like those who paint or make music or dabble in science for the amusement they get out of it, and not to accomplish anything great.

Stiffen up! "Be strong!" "Quit you like women!" And may the year that is to come see many weak, shambling, uncertain characters, that have understood little of the zest of doing God's service, turned into virile workers of the Kingdom of God.

SUGGESTIONS FOR FIRST GRADE TEACHERS.

It is suggested that the teachers of the First Grade select from each lesson whatever is best adapted to the understanding of the little children who are in their grade. The thought of the lesson is the

important thing; the talks, stories, songs, gems, etc., are only used as a means to an end; for instance, the lesson for this month is obedience, the result to be that the children will be more obedient, more willing to serve than they were before. To accomplish this each teacher must sense very thoroughly the virtue of obedience and with the help of the lesson matter leave in the hearts of the children the desire to obey.

Do not be afraid of changing the stories, use simple words, and make the surroundings of the story such as are familiar to the children. Do not moralize or ask for promises of obedience; do not say that the lesson for today is so and so, but tell stories, sing songs, and recite memory gems, all of them expressing obedience, and by leaving the right impression hope to see the results of your labors made manifest in the actions of the children.

It is very difficult to get the right kind of stories for very little children, but, whenever it is possible short, simple ones will be given for the use of this grade. A suitable poem will be found for each month for concert exercise, and it is suggested that a number of memory gems be used and the children encouraged to repeat them often, not only in concert, but individually. Be sure to have good singing and plenty of it. Begin your class with prayer, either in concert or individually.

With each issue will be found a picture representing some incident from the life of Christ, it is expected that these pictures will be used as much as possible in the lesson work, and assist in the aim of the lesson. It will be well to mount these pictures on stiff cardboard so that they may be handed around the class for the children to observe carefully.

Be well prepared. Have plenty of material to keep up the interest in the class. Be sure that the children do at least half of the work of the lesson period. Above all be happy yourself and radiate happiness for your children, remembering that love is our motto, happiness our desire, and character building our aim.

SUGGESTIONS FOR SECOND GRADE TEACHERS.

The lessons for the Second Grade for 1908 will be given in about the same way as those of last year, an introductory talk, story, and memory gem.

The object in giving these lessons is not simply to tell stories to keep the children quiet, or to fill their minds with incidents; there is something behind that, a principle for the children to understand and to feel. Suppose the lesson is on truthfulness; the children may remember the incidents of the talk and story very well, but unless they have gained a greater desire to be truthful, the lesson has not been successful. It is giving them this desire and then helping them to put it into their lives that really counts for something.

To do this the lesson must, of course, be interesting. The introductory talk may often have to be modified to suit the class. Let it be told in the language of the teacher, without too close a following of the words of the book. A lesson can seldom be given by one teacher in the exact words of another; neither can it be given exactly as it is printed. The children themselves often suggest changes. Bring the lesson home to them as much as possible; connect it with something they already know, something with which they are familiar, using words they understand.

The surroundings of the children often make it necessary to change parts of stories. To tell them of something happening in the woods or forest, when they live in a country where they can see no such thing and have no idea of the meaning is useless, unless there is an explanation of that word.

No teacher can tell what she does not know herself, so it is very necessary for her to know the lesson and know it thoroughly and also feel it, and then give it in her own words, to make the children feel it as she does. If her ideas of the lesson are vague and uncertain, she can not make her class feel nor understand it.

When possible let the children help tell the story. They enjoy telling anything they know, and also anticipating the events of the story, and much more is gained when they take part in the lesson.

Ask questions whenever one suggests itself, throughout the lesson, not leaving them until the end. Let them come in naturally, and not as an independent part of the lesson.

Let the children understand the memory gem, and then have them all learn it; and occasionally take a little time for review of memory gems previously learned.

In short: Know the lesson, feel it; use your own language; adapt the stories to the surroundings of your class, and make them feel it also. You will then enjoy giving the lesson, the children will enjoy getting it; and when it is finished, although you may feel that you have given much of your energy to your class, you will have the satisfaction of feeling that you have been a teacher, indeed.

A New Year wish is that 1908 may bring success to your efforts and happiness to you all in your work.

SUGGESTIONS FOR THIRD GRADE TEACHERS.

The lessons for the Third Grade for 1908 will be modified, in that questions and stories to be given by the members of this class will be found outside of the Children's Friend, usually from Church History, the Bible, the Book of Mormon or other Church works. Proper references will be given, so that there will be no difficulty in the getting of this part of the lesson. The teacher will need to be thoroughly prepared so that if the children fail she will be ready to fill all parts of

the lesson. The success of this grade depends very much on the working together of the children and the teacher, each doing a good part of the work in every lesson. Do not allow the parts of the lesson to be given like a program, but, by the use of questions and little talks keep the lesson together; make it a complete whole. Have the thought so well developed that all will feel the force of the aim you are working for. It is not necessary to mention the title of the lesson. The introductory talk is given as a help in the presentation of the subject of the lesson, the teacher should study to get the thought, not the words. In presenting the lesson talk it over with the boys and girls; never give the lesson as you would an address, but encourage discussion and the asking of questions by all of the class. However, care must be used that proper respect is maintained for the teacher and the lesson. The arrangement of the lesson is not arbitrary, if the teacher can make a more sucessful arrangement she should feel at perfect liberty to do so; sometimes the topics will be enough in one lesson, it may be found advisable to begin the lesson with them, and if there be time to end up with the talk. The stories will be supplementary, and the best use for them will be in getting the children to read them at home and where opportunity offers discuss them in class to emphasize the thought of the lesson.

The appointments for the lesson should be given out in time and then if anything occurs to prevent a member taking the part assigned, the teacher should be notified, so that if possible another may have time to prepare the topic.

Subject of the lessons for February:—"Loyalty."

Lesson 1.

Subject: "Obedience to Parents."

Introductory Talk:

"We come under government as soon as we are born. It is the government of the family. One of our first lessons is to obey the authority of parents or guardians. We find at once that we cannot do as we please but that others besides ourselves must be regarded. So with the property of the home, which must not be injured or wasted. If we disobey, if we hurt the others, if we injure the house and its furniture and try to do as we please, we immediately find ourselves liable to punishment.

We have to obey this family government whether we understand the reasons for it or not. If it were not always perfectly just, the children would still have to obey. One of these reasons is the welfare of the child. We all see this for young children; since they do not know what is good for them, there must be some authority to protect them from themselves. For the child's own good it must not be suffered to do harm to itself. It is hard to tell precisely when the child knows what

is good for him, so well that he does not need to obey the parents' authority any longer; but it has been found in the experience of many generations that on the whole, while the child is still growing, that is, to the age of twenty-one years, it is best for all concerned to continue the authority of the parents. The parent, if not always wise, is likely to know much better than the child what is good for him. There might be an exceptional child wiser than his parents; but we have to makes rules in view of the best good of all children.

Another reason for the family government is plainly for the sake of justice to others. Suppose a boy hurts his brother, or disturbs the household with noise, it would not be right to allow him to continue to annoy others. Indeed, every intelligent child has a good and reasonable side, he would not thank you for letting him do harm to the others. His true self would vote that he ought to be stopped, if necessary by force. It might happen that a parent had ordered unwisely, and an older child might think that he knew better than the parent; nevertheless, the harm that disobedience does to the family is so great that the older child ought, for the good of all, still to obey.

A third reason why we should obey parents is that they have to bear the responsibility of the family, to provide a home and the means of support, and to take the blame and loss that might arise from an unruly household. They must therefore have power to enforce the rules that seem necessary in order to succeed with their charge. There is another reason why we ought to honor and obey our parents as long as we live—that is because they love us; but we do not like to be told that we ought to give them this kind of regard, since at our best we give it freely.

Since there has to be authority in the family both for the child's good and for the welfare of the home, and since there must be obedience to prevent disorder and mischief, it follows that there must be punishment or restraint in case of disobedience; in fact, there is an animal nature in us with its passions and greed which requires to be curbed. If the child is intelligent and strong enough, he will curb his own passions and appetites; but if he has not yet learned to do this, some one must help him till he is strong enough to need no help. Punishment, therefore, ought to be directed to give the child self-control. He should be made uncomfortable when he does injustice; he should find that falsehood will prevent his being trusted, that violence takes away his freedom, that by disorderliness he will have his privileges cut off, that if he behaves like a baby, he must continue to be treated accordingly; but punishment must always be for the good of the child and for the good of the home, in which case there will need to be very little of it."

I have a secret which I would like to whisper to the boys and girls if they will put their ears down close enough. I don't want father and mother to hear, for it is to be a surprise to them."

You have long wanted your own way. You have become tired of

hearing mother say, "Come right home after school," "Don't be late," "Be sure to tell the teacher." It is "Do this" and "Don't do that" all the time. You are sick of it, and would like to have your own way.

Well, put your ears down while I whisper the word, "Obey."

Oh, you think I am making fun! No, I am not. I know a boy who decided to do what his father said. He never offered excuses. never tried to get out of work, until finally his father came to trust him perfectly. His father said: "I know that Harlie will do what is right." When he went out at night, or to school, or to play, his father never said a word, for he had come to have perfect confidence in his boy.

Honestly, obedience is the road to freedom. If you want to have your own way, just begin to obey.

That tells only half the story, and the smaller half at that. Obedience is not only the road to freedom in the line of being allowed to govern one's self: it is also the road to freedom in the line of having one's own way. For the boy who learns to do right because it is right will by and by find that he is doing right because he likes to do it. Doing right is often difficult and unpleasant at first, but the oftener one does right the easier it becomes, and also, the pleasanter.—*Selected.*

Memory Gems.

"Honor thy father and thy mother, that thy days may be long upon the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee."

"The first law of heaven is obedience."

"Love makes obedience easy."

First Grade.

Read suggestions for First Grade Teachers. Page 26.

It is expected that each lesson will begin with singing and prayer and that rest exercises will be used at the discretion of the teacher. To save space this part of the lesson will not be repeated.

Opening exercises.

Brief review of last lesson, including talk about happy Christmas times, etc.

Singing.

Memory Gems.

Use of picture: Talk about it, while all the children take turns in looking at it.

Be very careful to make the story of Joseph and Mary simple enough for the children. In this lesson talk only about the journey, how it was necessary for Joseph and Mary to obey, even though they are grown up. They have left their comfortable home. Had a long journey and now they find that in Jerusalem there is no place to stay.

Notice in the picture how the place seems to be crowded; how tired Mary looks. The animal, how it hangs down its head as though it knew there was no one who wanted to take care of them. Joseph appears to be telling someone about it and begging for a place where Mary may rest.

Song about Baby Jesus.

Concert poem:

A WISH FOR EVERY DAY.

Monday, I wish for eager feet,
On errands of love to go;
Tuesday, I wish for a gentle voice,
With tone both soft and low;
Wednesday, I wish for willing hands,
Love's duties all to do;
Thursday, I wish for open ears,
Wise words to listen to;
Friday, I wish for a smiling face,
A brightener of home to be;
Saturday, I look for quickened eyes
God's beauty all to see;
Sunday ,I wish for a happy heart,
That may to others joy impart.

—*Selected.*

Story adapted from lesson on obedience to parents.

Memory gem on obedience.

Second Grade.

Read suggestions to Second Grade teachers. Page 27.

Review previous lesson.

Introductory talk. Page 29.

Story, "A Sunday Mutiny." Page 1.

Memory Gem: "Honor thy father and thy mother that thy days may be long upon the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee."

Tell the children who gave this commandment. Let them tell what they think it meant by honoring their parents. Help them to see that it is not only obeying them, but it means that they should never do anything that will in any way hurt their father or mother; that the Lord must have considered this an important principle, as it is the only one of the Ten Commandments containing a promise. What is the promise?

Third Grade.

Read suggestions to Third Grade teachers. Page 28.

Introductory talk. Page 29.

Topics for members of the class:

1. Read the history of the Ten Commandments at home and tell in class why you think it was necessary to establish them in the days of Moses.

2. State briefly what each of the Ten Commandments requires; and tell if you think any of them are liable to be broken bv people in our day. If there are any that do not affect us, state which ones, and give your reasons.

3. Repeat the commandment which refers to our actions towards parents. Notice that some commandments predict punishment if not complied with, some just state the commandment, but this particular one offers reward for its observance. State why you think this is so.

4. Read Luke 2: 40. This verse describes Jesus as a child. He was probably as near perfection as any boy could be. Describe your ideal of a perfect boy.

5. Read Luke 2: 41-52. How many times is the law of obedience observed in the incident here related. Tell story and explain the acts of obedience.

6. Teacher read to class Ephesians 6: 1-4, and discuss the following questions:

Why should children obey their parents?
In what respects are parents superior to children?
How should parents treat disobedient children?
Is it right to punish children for disobedience?
What do you consider just punishment?
Supplementary story, "A Sunday Mutiny." Page 1.

Lesson 2.

Subject: Obedience to Government.

Introductory talk:

"By obedience is meant submission to authority, and to proper restraint and control. It is the doing of that which we are told to do: and the refraining from that which is forbidden. At its very best it may be defined as the habit of yielding to command or restraint.

As observation forms the first step in the culture of the mind, so obedience forms the first step in the building of the character. It is as important to the life as is the foundation to the house.

Thomas Carlyle has well said that "Obedience is our universal duty and destiny, wherein whosoever will not bend must break." It is impossible to escape from it altogether, and it is therefore wise to learn to obey as early in life as possible.

It does not take very long for a child to learn that it cannot do everything that it would like to do. The wishes of others must be regarded. These wishes spring from a knowledge of what is best. Children, with their limited experiences, cannot always foresee the

consequences of their doings. For their own good they must not be allowed to do anything that would result in harm to themselves or to others. Some one must oversee and direct them until they can act intelligently. Obedience is one of the principle laws of the family. The harmony and peace of the entire household depend upon it.

True obedience does not argue nor dispute; neither does it delay nor murmur. It goes directly to work to fulfil the commands laid upon us, or to refrain from doing that which is forbidden. "Sir," said the Duke of Wellington to an officer of engineers, who urged the impossibility of executing his orders. "I did not ask your opinion. I gave you my orders, and I expect them to be obeyed."

Many of the restraints laid upon us result from the love of those in authority. If we were permitted to pursue our own inclinations, our health might be destroyed, our minds run to waste, and we should be apt to grow up slothful and selfish; a trouble to others and burdensome to ourselves. It is far easier to obey our parents and friends when we recall that we have experienced their goodness long enough to know that they wish to make us happy, even when their commands seem most severe. Let us, therefore, show our appreciation of their goodness by doing cheerfully what they require.

One of the greatest hindrances to obedience is a false pride. The thought of living under the will and direction of another is exceedingly unpleasant, and where such a pride bears rule in the heart, a cheerful obedience is almost an impossibility. We often fail to obey simply because we are unwilling to acknowledge ourselves in the wrong.

Obedience is also hindered by ignorance. One of our commonest errors is that which teaches that authority is always pleasant and submission always painful. The actual experiences of life prove that the place of command is usually a position of great anxiety, while the place of obedience is generally one of ease and freedom from care."

"[Show a hinge large enough to be seen in all parts of the room, and encourage free conversation about it to bring out the fact that one part would be of no use without the other, and that both working together are necessary in order that the hinge may do its work and so be of value.] Two business men were talking together, and one said. "I am ready to keep my part of the agreement; it all hinges now on whether he keeps his." You see what he meant, do you not? Their agreement had two parts to it as this hinge has, and one part was of no use without the other; so the man who was speaking used the word that stands for this little invention which, when its two parts are perfect. makes possible the opening of doors everywhere. [Put the hinge away where it cannot be seen as you go on with the lesson.]

Have you ever thought how many of the very best things that are possible for you are hinged on something that you must do? Our government says to every boy and girl living under the Stars and Stripes, "I will give you an education." Is there any other side to

that? Do all boys and girls get all the education that they might have? What is their part? Yes, it all hinges on an "if" and that is, "If you will take it; if you care enough for it to do the work." All over our land in almost every city there are great hospitals, and the city through these institutions is saying to the people, "If you are sick and need help that you cannot get at home, we will give it to you if"—what is the "if" in that case? There are thousands of people every year who die because they do not have the care that they need. They did not believe that the hospital would do for them what it promised, so they did not do their part, and, therefore, lost the blessing that they might have had. We must have faith in people, and faith in our country, or we will never have the blessings that ought to come into our lives."

Memory Gems.

"No principle is more noble, as there is none more holy, than that of true obedience."

"He praiseth God best that serveth and obeyeth Him most."

First Grade.

Opening exercises.
Memory Gems.
Singing.

Use of picture: Have children tell all they can remember about it from last lesson. Explain as simply as you can how all must obey. Talk about our public buildings; good roads; water in our houses, and for our farms, etc. Each one when they are old enough must help, when we cannot help with our hands we help with our money. Wise men tell us how much each one must give and this money is called taxes. Joseph had to pay taxes, and he must pay them in Bethlehem, so I expect if we could look in Joseph's pocket we would be able to see just how much he had to pay. But here he is in the picture, because he must obey and do his share in helping to make his country a pleasant place to live in.

Songs about Mary and the Baby Jesus.
Concert poem. Page 32.
Story adapted from lesson on obedience to government.
Memory gems on obedience.

Second Grade.

Review previous lesson.
Introductory talk. Page 33.
Story: "His Own Cottage." Page 5.

Memory Gem: "We believe in being subject to kings, presidents, rulers, and magistrates; in obeying, honoring and sustaining the law."

Tell the class of the rulers of different countries, and what they are called, such as kings, emperors, etc.; that the people of the countries obey the laws of the rulers; that there are rules in school that must be obeyed by all the pupils so that there may be a good school that other laws are made to help the people and protect them, and these laws must be obeyed. Tell some of them. Joseph Smith wrote this Article of Faith, and taught the Saints to obey the laws of their country. Jesus, too, showed the people in His day that they should obey the law.

Third Grade.

Introductory talk. Page 33.

Topics for members of the class.

1. Review last lesson and explain the value of good government in the home, who should rule and who should submit.
2. Explain as well as you can government in the school and the value of it.
3. Explain as well as you can government of the Church in your ward and the value of it.
4. Explain what you can of the government of the law in your town and the value of it.
5. Read Titus 3: 1-2. Explain in your own words what Paul meant.
6. Read Exodus, 23rd chapter, and explain in your own words which of the laws given to the Israelites should be obeyed by us.
7. Read Matthew 22: 15-21, and tell how Jesus respected those who were placed as rulers over the people.
8. Repeat the Article of Faith which approves of obedience to rulers.

Supplementary story, "His Own Cottage." Page 5.

Lesson 3.

Subject: Obedience to Promptings of the Holy Spirit.

Introductory Talk:

President Wilford Woodruff tells the following in *Leaves from My Journal:*

When a man becomes acquainted with the whisperings of the Holy Ghost, which is revelation, he should be very careful to obey it, for his life may depend upon it.

Revelation is one of the gifts of the Holy Ghost, and for the benefit of my young friends who may read this work, I will give an account of a few instances from my own experience of listening to the revelations of the Holy Ghost to me.

In 1848, after my return to Winter Quarters from our pioneer journey, I was appointed by the Presidency of the Church to take my family and go to Boston, to gather up the remnant of the Latter-day Saints and lead them to the valleys of the mountains.

While on my way east I put my carriage into the yard of one of the brethren in Indiana, and Brother Orson Hyde set his wagon by the side of mine, and not more than two feet from it.

Dominicus Carter, of Provo, and my wife and four children were with me. My wife, one child and I went to bed in the carriage, the rest sleeping in the house.

I had been in bed but a short time when a voice said to me: "Get up, and move your carriage."

It was not thunder, lightning or an earthquake, but the still, small voice of the Spirit of God—the Holy Ghost.

I told my wife I must get up and move my carriage. She asked: "What for?"

I told her I did not know, only the Spirit told me to do it.

I got up and moved my carriage several rods, and set it by the side of the house.

As I was returning to bed the same Spirit said to me, "Go and move your mules away from that oak tree," which was about 100 yards north of our carriage.

I moved them to a young hickory grove and tied them up. I then went to bed.

In thirty minutes a whirlwind caught the tree to which my mules had been fastened, broke it off near the ground, and carried it one hundred yards, sweeping away two fences in its course, and laid it prostrate through that yard where my carriage stood, and the top limbs hit my carriage as it was.

In the morning I measured the trunk of the tree which fell where my carriage had stood, and I found it to be five feet in circumference. It came within a foot of Brother Hyde's wagon, but did not touch it.

Thus by obeying the revelation of the Spirit of God to me I saved my life and the lives of my wife and child, as well as my animals.

In the morning I went on my way rejoicing.

While returning to Utah in 1850 with a large company of Saints from Boston and the east, on my arrival at Pittsburg I engaged a passage for myself and company on a steamer to St. Louis. But no sooner had I engaged the passage than the Spirit said to me, "Go not on board of that steamer, neither you nor your company."

I obeyed the revelation to me, and I did not go on board, but took another steamer.

The first steamer started at dark, with 200 passengers on board. When five miles down the Ohio river it took fire, burned the tiller ropes so that the vessel could not reach shore, and the lives of nearly

all on board were lost either by fire or water. We arrived in safety at our destination, by obeying the revelation of the Spirit of God to us.

In another instance, after attending a large annual conference in Salt Lake City, and, having a good deal of business to attend to, I was somewhat weary, and at the close of the conference I thought I would repair to my home and have a rest.

As I went into the yard the Spirit said to me, "Take your team and go to the farm," which is some three miles south of the tabernacle.

As I was hitching the horses to the wagon Mrs. Woodruff asked where I was going.

I said, "To the farm."

"What for?" she asked.

"I do not know," I replied; but when I arrived there I found out.

The creek had overflowed, broken through my ditch,surrounded my home and filled my barn-yard and pig pen. My wife was wading in the water, trying to turn it from the lot to save the home and family.

Through my own exertions I soon turned it, and prevented much damage that might have occurred had I not obeyed the voice of the Spirit.

This same Spirit of revelation has been manifested to many of my brethren in their labors in the kingdom of God, one of which I will here name.

Elder Chas. C. Rich was going from Sacramento to San Bernardino with a company of the brethren. He had in his possession a large amount of money to make payments on their land purchase. This was known to some road agents in the vicinity, who gathered a company of robbers and went on ahead of Brother Rich and lay in ambush, intending to kill the "Mormons" and rob them of their money.

Before reaching the company of robbers Brother Rich came to a by-path or trail. The Spirit then told him to take that path.

The brethren with him marveled at his course, not knowing that enemies awaited them, but they arrived in safety at San Bernardino with their lives and money, while the robbers wondered why their prey did not come.

I will now give an example from my own experience of the result of not obeying the voice of the Spirit.

Some years since I had a part of my family living in Randolph, Rich County. I was there on a visit, with my team, in the month of December.

One Monday morning my monitar, the Spirit watching over me, said, "Take your team and go home to Salt Lake City."

When I named it to my family who were at Randolph they urged me strongly to stop longer.

Through their persuasion I stayed until Saturday morning, with the Spirit continually prompting me to go home. I then began to feel

ashamed to think that I had not obeyed the whisperings of the Spirit to me before.

I took my team and started early on Saturday morning. When I arrived at Woodruff, the Bishop urged me to stop until Monday and he would go with me.

I told him, "No, I had tarried too long already."

I drove on sprightly, and when within fifteen miles of Wasatch a furious snow storm overtook me, the wind blowing heavily in my face.

In fifteen minutes I could not see any road whatever, and knew not how or where to guide my horses.

I left my lines loosely on my animals, went inside my wagon, tied down the cover, and committed my life and guidance into the hands of the Lord, trusting to my horses to find the way, as they had twice before passed over that road.

I prayed to the Lord to forgive my sin in not obeying the voice of the Spirit to me, and implored Him to preserve my life.

My horses brought me into the Wasatch station at 9 o'clock in the evening, with the hubs of my wagon dragging in the snow.

I got my horses under cover, and had to remain there until the next Monday night, with the snow six feet deep on the level, and still snowing.

It was with great difficulty at last that I saved the lives of my horses by getting them into a box car and taking them to Ogden; while if I had obeyed the revelation of the Spirit of God to me, I should have traveled to Salt Lake City over a good road without any storm.

As I have received the good and the evil, the fruits of obedience and disobedience, I think I am justified in exhorting all my young friends to always obey the whisperings of the Spirit of God, and they will always be safe.

First Grade.

Opening exercises.
Memory gems.
Singing.

Use of picture: Why did Joseph and Mary go to Bethlehem? Review lesson on taxes. Continue thought by telling the children that many years before Jesus was born people talked about His coming and how they said He should be born in a manger (Explain manger). Make as plain as you can the little voice we call conscience, how it tells us when we do right or when we do wrong. (If possible illustrate this point by some personal experience.) Joseph and Mary did not live in Bethlehem, but the little voice, the Spirit of God, told them it was right to leave their home and go to Bethlehem so that the little baby Jesus might be born in the right place. Here we see them in the picture,

in Bethlehem, because they were good people and were willing to obey the Spirit which told them to take the long, hard journey.

Songs about Mary and the Baby Jesus.

Concert poem. Page 32.

Story adapted from the lesson on obedience to the Holy Spirit.

Memory gems on obedience.

Second Grade.

Review the previous lesson.

Introductory talk. Page 36.

Story: "Balaam," Page 6.

Memory gem: "Listen to the promptings of that Spirit and obey its voice."

Let the children tell how they feel when they do right and what makes them happy. Ttell them of the "still, small voice," which prompts them to do right; that that voice is from the Lord, and they should always be careful to obey it; for it will help to keep them from danger and wrong. Show the consequence of obeying it and also of disobeying it.

Third Grade.

Introductory talk. Page 36.

Topics for members of the class.

1. Review last lesson and show the necessity and benefit of obedience to good government.

2. Read in a good dictionary the meaning of conscience and explain it to the class.

3. Sometimes we are controlled by a good spirit and sometimes by a spirit that is not good. These spirits strive to control us. What powers do they represent, and how shall we submit to them?

4. Read John 14: 1-21 and Acts 2: 1-18. Explain to class how Jesus promised the comforter and the way in which it was received by the apostles.

5. Describe how members of our Church receive the gift of the Holy Spirit and why it is bestowed.

6. Read Romans 5: 1-5. Explain that this is the expression of enjoyment of the Holy Spirit by former-day Saints, and that it may be just the same to the latter-day Saints.

7. The teacher may read to the class: Isaiah 11: 2-3 and 30: 21. Matthew 10:20 and Hebrews 3: 7-8, and explain that the Holy Spirit is for our protection and assistance as well as comfort and we should learn to listen to its promptings.

8. Have the boys and girls get personal experiences from missionaries and others who have been blessed by listening to and obeying the promptings of the Holy Spirit, and relate them in the class.

Supplementary story: "Balaam." Page 6.

Lesson 4.

Subject: Obedience to God.

Introductory talk:

Eight children were playing upon the sand beside the sea-shore. The tide was out and the sky was clear, while the pretty seagulls were sailing through the air.

"Oh, see what beautiful flat stones!" said George: "how nice they would be to build a house with." "Let us build one," said Edith, who was the eldest of the girls.

"No, let us build two, and see which will be the better," replied George. "Edith, you and Sophie, and John, and Willie, build one; and Sarah and Kate, and Peter, and I will build another."

So the little builders went to work. George and his party thought it would be so nice to build on the flat sand, that was as smooth as the floor of the play-room at home, and where they did not need to waste any of the stones in making a foundation.

Peter and the girls brought the stones, while George put them together, and very soon the house began to grow to quite a respectable size.

But Edith led her laborers away from the beach to where the rocks began to peep above the sand, and where the tide never came: and having found a rock that was as high as her waist, she began to put her house together.

It was hard work, for they had to pick up the stones on the beach and take them up to Edith, who spent some time in laying them on the uneven rock, so as to get a good foundation.

So George had finished his house before Edith had put up more than three or four rows of stone; and as he had nothing to do, he began to look at her work. "Why, Edith, how slow you are; my house is built, and yours is not half done."

"I wanted to build a good strong one," said Edith, "and it takes a long while to build on this rock." "Oh, you should have built it on the sand, as I did," said George.

Just then a loud cry from Peter made George turn around. The tide was coming in, and as one of the first waves had reached his house, it was washing away the lower stones. All gathered around it, but it was too late.

The waves came in faster and faster, and carried away first one stone and then another, until, with a crash, the whole building fell into the water. "Yes, Edith," said George sadly, "I see that you were quite right. I now see that I ought to have built my house upon a rock."

The Bible tells us of two classes of people who build—the wise and the foolish builders. It says, "Whoso heareth these savings of mine, and doeth them, I will liken him unto a wise man, which built

his house upon a rock; and the rain descended, and the floods came, and the winds blew, and beat upon that house; and it fell not; for it was founded upon a rock.

"And every one that heareth these sayings of mine, and doeth them not, shall be likened unto a foolish man, which built his house upon the sand; and the rain descended, and the floods came, and the winds blew, and beat upon that house; and it fell, and great was the fall of it."

Sometimes people may disappoint or even deceive us, but the God of truth who is almighty in His love and wisdom never yet failed to keep a promise with people who did their part.

How is it about God's promises? When He says, "I will bless you," is there another part to it; that is, is there anything for us to do in order that we may have the benefit of the promise? From whom do all our blessings come? What is the very best gift of all that God has sent to us? What must we do in order to have the gift of eternal life. It means to believe not only with our heads, but to believe with our lips, our hands, our feet; that is, to believe in the way that makes us wish to do the things which God has commanded in His word This is believing as God wishes us to believe, and only when we believe in that way can we claim any of the promises in his word. Sometimes it is not easy to believe. Do you think it was easy for Noah to believe what God had said about the flood? How did he show his faith? Was it easy for Abram to leave his own land and go to a strange country? No; but because he believed God's promise he did his part and made it possible for God to bless him. Is it true that people who love God truly and have faith in Him are always a help and blessing to other people? How did Abram help Lot when he was in great trouble? Was Abram trusting in his own strength and in his soldiers when he undertook to free Lot from his enemies?

Abram had had many discouragements. He loved his nephew and must have felt very sorry that Lot chose in the first place to live among the wicked people of the plain; and he could not help but feel sad when he saw Lot deliberately go down into the plain again after he was rescued from his enemies. Then Abram had no children, and yet God had said he should be the father of a great nation. But in the midst of his discouragement and questioning God came to him at night and, taking him out of his tent, told him to look at the stars and see if he could count them. And Abram, with no child in his home, believed that stupendous promise. Then God made a covenant with Abram in just the way that one man would have made a covenant with another man in that country in those days. God in that covenant promised to make Abram the father of a great nation who should be His own chosen people, and to care for them through all the coming years; and Abram promised to believe and trust in God and obey Him. Abram kept his part of the covenant and that made it possible for God to keep His part.

and so Abram was blessed all his life by his heavenly Father, and all of his descendants who kept the covenant were blessed in the same way.

When Jesus came into the world God made a new covenant with His people, and it is our covenant. Hebrews 8: 10-12. You see what God promises to do for us; what is our part of that covenant? To be His obedient, trusting, loving children. If we are, He will bless us in everything that we do, and we shall have a part in helping to bring the glad day when all people shall know the Lord from the least even to the greatest.

Memory Gems.

"No man doth safely rule but he that hath learned gladly to obey."

"We are born subjects, and to obey God is perfect liberty. He that does this shall be free, safe, and happy."

"Wicked men obey from fear; good men, from love."

First Grade.

Opening exercises.

Memory gems.

Singing.

Use of picture: Review all you can about the story. Add the story of the birth of Jesus, referring briefly to the new star, the shepherds and the wise men who brought gifts. The greatest gift that ever came was the little baby Jesus, because He brought love. Perhaps the children will remember and relate some of the kind acts performed by Jesus when He lived here on the earth. Jesus did kind things because He was doing as His Father in heaven had told Him. He showed us how to obey willingly and lovingly.

If possible use pictures that tell the story of the birth of Jesus. Songs about Mary and the baby Jesus.

Concert poem, Page 32.

Story adapted from lesson on obedience to God.

Memory gem on obedience.

Second Grade.

Review previous lesson.

Introductory talk. Page 41.

Story, "Nephi Gets the Plates." Page 8.

Memory gem: Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul and with all thy mind.

Lead the children to tell why they love their parents; how they can show that love; why they should have such great love for their heavenly Father, and how they can best show that love for Him.

Third Grade.

Introductory talk. Page 41.

Topics for members of the class.

1. Review last lesson, showing value of obedience to promptings of the Holy Spirit.

2. What is the greatest commandment. Mark 12: 29-30.

3. Read Deuteronomy 2. Notice the expressions of gratitude for deliverance from enemies and for promises of a new home, also the number of commandments. Find the resemblance between the Israelites and the Latter-day Saints. State what you think about our observance of God's comands, and how we should express gratitude for all the blessings we enjoy.

4. Read I Samuel 15: 22. What did Samuel mean by this statement?

5. Read Matthew 7: 24-27. How may this story be changed to suit the building of character. Tell about some of our daily acts that are done in obedience to commandments from God and what you think of their influence in building character.

6. Read John 9: 1-7. Explain what is in this miracle that makes it a lesson on obedience to God.

Supplementary story, "Nephi Gets the Plates." Page 8.

New Year Tea-cakes (an English recipe).—Put three-fourths of a pound of honey and three ounces of butter together over the fire to melt gently; mix well, add a pound of flour, three ounces of almond paste, the grated rind of half a lemon, and a little grated nutmeg; flavor with a teaspoonful of extract of vanilla. Dissolve in a tablespoonful of hot water half a teaspoonful of soda, and stir in, with the beaten whites of two eggs; cover this dough, and set in a cool place over night. When ready to bake add a little more flour, roll thin, cut into fancy shapes, and bake in a moderate oven until crisp. Decorate with tiny strips of candied orange-peel, and dust with pink sugar.—*Farm and Fireside.*

"Wish you a Happy New Year!"
The dear old words, the kind old words,
They fly today as thick as birds—
"Wish you a Happy New Year!"

5. THE PRESENTATION OF JESUS IN THE TEMPLE. St. Luke ii. 28.

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"Then took he him up in his arms, and blessed God."

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THE HIDDEN TREASURE.

At last Dick's plans were settled. He was to have a six weeks' Continental tour with a well conducted party, at a cost of three hundred dollars—all of which was to come from the family treasury. He could hear his father's voice in earnest conversation with his mother as they talked it over in the adjoining room.

"Of course we will feel it," said he cheerfully, "but the sacrifice will be nothing compared with the boy's health. I only wish I could afford to give him a six months' trip instead of six weeks."

"It would be much cheaper to send him to Florida for three months," said careful Aunt Mary. "He could get board down there with a farmer for five dollars a week, which would bring the whole trip down as low as one hundred dollars instead of three hundred."

"Dick has set his heart on the Continental tour," his father answered soothingly, "and the poor boy has had such a hard time of it lately that I haven't the heart to refuse him that pleasure. He'll probably pick up twice as fast if his mind is pleasantly occupied as he would in a place that he didn't like."

"I think it's rather selfish of him to accept the sacrifice, if you should ask me," Aunt Mary answered dryly.

"Why, Mary, all the money in the world wouldn't seem too much to give for my boy's recovery if I had it to give."

Dick rose softly and closed the door of his room. Then he took a letter from his desk and read it for the second time; with more attention than before, however, for it had suddenly assumed a peculiar interest to him.

This is what he read:

Dear Dick: Your uncle and I were both very sorry to hear about your illness, from which we hope you will soon recover. Your mother said something about sending you to a milder climate for a few weeks, and that gave me the idea of inviting you to spend a few months with us out here where the air is so dry and fine and salubrious that people get well even after they have been given up by their doctors. I am almost sure that a few weeks in Ari-

zona air will make you strong and well. As you know, we live in a very lonely place. Our ranch is the last on the Gila canal, at the edge of the great Salt Desert, which stretches for forty-five miles toward the west. The nearest railroad is thirty miles away, and we have no neighbors nearer than the post-office at the bend of the Canal. It would be a great treat to your uncle and me to have you with us for a little while, because we are very lonely, and rarely have a chance to leave home, on account of the irrigation, which demands constant attention. I hope you can make up your mind to come out as soon as you are able to travel. We will take the best of care of you and make it as pleasant as possible under the circumstances. Uncle Joe will meet you at Phœnix at any time. With love to all,

AUNT EMMA.

It was a great sacrifice to Dick to give up the exciting tour to Europe for a visit to the lonely Arizona ranch. He felt quite sure that the latter experience would benefit his health as much, if not more, than a hurrid flight from city to city in the wake of a touring party, yet he dearly loved the excitement of travel, and hated the thought of a lonely stay in the Arizona wilderness of which he had heard so much. He knew, too, that his illness had cost his father more than a year's savings, aside from the three hundred dollars which was to be drawn from his slender bank account to defray his traveling expenses. He had intended to answer his aunt's letter briefly, declining her invitation for the very good reason that other plans had been made.

It was almost bedtime when Dick went out to post his letter to Arizona. He stopped in the sitting room, on his way back to his room, to say good night as usual.

"By the way, father," he said, in a cheerful voice, "I have decided to make a visit to Aunt Em down in Arizona, instead of going abroad."

"Why, Dick," his mother exclaimed; "what put that notion in your head?"

"Aunt Em wrote me that she is sure that climate is just what I need, so I answered her letter before I changed my mind. I told her I would be out there in a week from today, and asked Uncle Joe to meet me at Phoenix. You don't mind, do you?"

"Why, of course not. I would have suggested that very thing if I hadn't thought you had set your heart on the trip abroad. I was afraid the loneliness down there would depress you. What made you change your mind?"

"Why, it just occurred to me that I ought to do the right thing as it appeared to me," Dick blurted with sudden rise of color. "It will save a lot of money, you know, and do me just as much good as the trip abroad."

"I really believe it will, Dick," said his father, with a smile of warm approbation that made Dick feel very glad at heart.

Dick left for Arizona two days later in a far happier frame of mind than he had believed possible under the circumstances. On

the morning of the fifth day he alighted from the train at the outskirts of a little sun-baked, palm-bordered city, where he found his uncle waiting for him with a canvas-covered wagonette, which presently carried them across thirty miles of dry, thirsty, treeless plains, to a little adobe house at the edge of the irrigated valley. Dick thought of the sacrificed trip abroad, with its gay pleasures, its splendid sights and exciting experiences; then he thought of his busy, hard-worked father, to whom three hundred dollars meant so many months of arduous toil, and felt almost happy over his choice.

The ranch was a large one, divided into four sections, each of which was intersected by many ditches, which needed constant attention in order to utilize every drop of water which the canal company allowed. In Arizona the average rainfall is lower than in any other country except the great deserts of the Old World, wherefore the water supply is exceedingly scanty, since all but three rivers run dry throughout the hot season, which lasts six months. Dick found that there was a great deal to learn about irrigating, which most Arizona ranchmen have brought to a scientific basis through necessity as well as thrift. He learned just how to grade the furrows, how to set headgates and distribute the water evenly through the diverging courses; and finally just when and where to irrigate. His outdoor exercise made him healthily tired and gave him a fine appetite, to which his aunt catered with loving solicitude. He marveled at his rapidly increasing strength and spirits, and above all wondered at his growing contentment, for he had made the sacrifice in the full expectation of having a hard fight of it, and here he was, as bright and happy as he ever had been in his life, full of zeal and interest in his uncle's affairs, and without a trace of regret on his own account.

Six months passed so swiftly that Dick hardly realized their flight until his mother's letter reminded him that it was time to return home. She wrote:

Your Aunt Emma writes that both she and Uncle Joe dread the thought of losing you. She says you have brightened things wonderfully for them. I am so glad to know that our boy has been thoughtful and unselfish. You shall have a happy home-coming, dear Dick. Just think! father has been able to invest in the new Building Association, to the full amount of three hundred dollars, which entitles us to a deed to one of those pretty little cottages out at Hill Crest, the balance to be paid in monthly assessments. I think I know what the sacrifice cost you, Dick, but I am quite sure that you have gained many times its cost in the hidden treasure of mind and heart which such a sacrifice always brings.

Then, for the first time, Dick understood the secret of his glad contentment.—*Helen Frances Huntington.*

DAMON AND PYTHIAS.

A young man whose name was Pythias had done something which the tyrant Dionysius did not like. For this offense he was dragged to prison, and a day was set when he should be put to death. His home was far away, and he wanted very much to see his father and mother and friends before he died.

"Only give me leave to go home and say good-by to those whom I love," he said, "and then I will come back and give up my life."

The tyrant laughed at him.

"How can I know that you will keep your promise?" he said, "You only want to cheat me, and save yourself."

Then a young man whose name was Damon spoke and said:

O king! put me in prison in place of my friend Pythias, and let him go to his own country to put his affairs in order, and to bid his friends farewell. I know that he will come back as he promised, for he is a man who has never broken his word. But if he is not here on the day which you have set, then I will die in his stead."

The tyrant was surprised that anybody should make such an offer. He at last agreed to let Pythias go, and gave orders that the young man Damon should be shut up in prison.

Time passed, and by and by the day drew near which had been set for Pythias to die; and he had not come back. The tyrant ordered the jailer to keep close watch upon Damon, and not let him escape. But Damon did not try to escape. He still had faith in the truth and honor of his friend. He said, "If Pythias does not come back in time, it will not be his fault. It will be because he is hindered against his will."

At last the day came, and then the very hour. Damon was ready to die. His trust in his friend was firm as ever; and he said that he did not grieve at having to suffer for one whom he loved so much.

Then the jailer came to lead him to death; but at the same moment Pythias stood in the door. He had been delayed by storms and shipwreck, and he had feared that he was too late. He greeted Damon kindly, and then gave himself into the hands of the jailer. He was happy because he thought that he had come in time, even though it was the last moment.

The tyrant was not so bad but that he could see good in others. He felt that men who loved and trusted each other, as did Damon and Pythias, ought not to suffer unjustly. And so he set them both free.

"I would give all my wealth to have one such friend," he said.—*Selected.*

"TOLD IN THE TWILIGHT."

A BEAUTIFUL STORY OF A DOG.

"To make a long story short, I bought the dog, and after considerable difficulty I got him to the house of the friend with whom I was staying. I kept him shut up in a stable for the next day or two; then I took him away by train to my place. I fed him myself, put him to bed, had him constantly by me, and petted him to further orders; but he never seemed to be happy.

"The more I petted him the more he moped. He did not exactly pine for he took nourishment; but as time went on the peculiar look in his eyes grew sadder and sadder, and I used to sit for hours wondering what was the matter with him.

"One day I had gone for a long walk in the country and taken the dog with me. He was so different from other dogs. He trotted soberly along, either at heel or a few yards in front. When I stopped the dog stopped. When I sat down the dog did the same, and looked into my eyes with a kind of expression which seemed to say as plain as words could speak: 'I am your slave; I was sold to you to save those dear to me from starvation; I am obedient and well-conducted. What more can you want? Surely you cannot expect me to be happy in a strange land, exiled from the home of my puppyhood?"

"On the afternoon in question I was some miles out in the country sitting on a bank which overlooked a considerable expanse of heath. I gazed into the dog's face and wondered if the theorists were right when they argued that dogs could reason like human beings.

" 'Yes, Tim,' I said, giving utterance to what was passing in my mind, 'you are a long way from your old home. It lies right there to the westward,' and I pointed with my hand over the bracken and heather in the direction. 'That's where your friends are, miles and miles away, with rivers and all kinds of obstacles between, which neither you nor your instinct could ever overcome, unless I helped to guide you back again with the superior knowledge that the Almighty has given us vain mortals. If it were otherwise, Tim, my boy, and your heart longed to return because you were not happy with me, I would give you free leave to go, with a blessing on the journey. I would release you from the bondage of an irksome yoke, from the fulfilment of a distasteful duty, and you might start when you liked to follow the setting sun westward, westward, westward, until your poor legs ached, and your brave heart almost despaired of ever reaching the goal of your ambition.'

"Whilst I thus addressed my dumb companion, raising my hand in

a theatrical manner, I pointed again in a direct line, as the crow flies, the trail for his old home.

"Judge of my astonishment when the dog got up and came to me, wagging his tail and barking, with a joyous light in those deep-set eyes which I had never seen there before. It was the first time the dog had shown any expression of his feelings since I had bought him some weeks previously, and I was at a loss to comprehend its meaning.

"Next he licked my hand and trotted a little way from me. Looking round once, he gave a joyous bark, and then made off at a comfortable jog trot in the direction I had indicated. In vain I shouted and whistled him back. Tim was off. Soon he disappeared over the horizon and I saw him no more.

* * * * * * *

"About three weeks afterwards I received a letter from my friend in the Midlands, which ran somewhat as follows:

" 'You remember buying a dog from a collier one afternoon when we had walked over to see the steel works. Well, yesterday I was in the same neighborhood and the man saw me as I passed his house and stopped me. He said the dog had come home again, but as I doubted his word he took me into the cottage, and there, sure enough, Tim was, lying on the bed of a sick child. It seemed the dog belonged to this child, who was a cripple, having received some injury to her spine in childhood, and, in sheer desperation from want of food, the father took the dog to sell. At the loss of her pet the child moped, and they thought she would die; in fact, the doctor had told them he had given up all hope, when Tim, her dog, returned to her. The poor dog was in a terrible emaciated condition, and could only just crawl. They lifted him on to the child's bed, and when she saw her dog once more she wept for joy; from that moment her recovery was assured. The dog has never left her bedside since, and I enclose you a postal order for the sovereign you paid for the dog, as the collier says he will sell his soul before he will part with Tim again.' "

* * * * *

My dear dumb friend, low lying there,
A willing vassal at my feet,
Glad partner of my home and fare,
My shadow in the street.

I look into your great brown eyes,
Where love and loyal homage shine,
And wonder where the difference lies
Between your soul and mine.

* * * * *

I scan the whole broad earth around,
For that one heart, which, leal and true,
Bears friendship without end or bound,
And find the prize in you.

—*Holland.*

THE BOY WHO FOUND HIS COUNTRY.

The long bridge at El Paso is historic. It is a link that connects two nations; at one end you hear Spanish; at the other English; at one end floats a flag with red, white and blue, in three upright bars, at the other end with red, white and blue in a starry field and waving stripes. A President of the United States not long ago walked out on the bridge a little way, but he did not cross it. He would not leave his own nation to set foot on Mexico's side of the long passage above the Rio Grande.

Old Leon, the familiar figure of the towns on both sides of the river, did not have any such scruples. He was as often in Mexico as the United States, and he declared that of neither country was he a citizen. No one cared. Leon was a wanderer and disreputable. His old prairie schooner, a canvas-topped farm wagon he had bought of a discouraged settler, came and went, and no thought was given him.

Still less was given to the sharp-eyed, ragged boy who accompanied him. Leon called him "Dusty;" so did the others. He was dirty, tanned and unkempt, but his eyes were bright and his feet nimble. He was Leon's faithful follower and the two seldom separated.

As the wagon slowly moved across the bridge one early summer day, Dusty sat in the rear opening, looking down at the river which had come so far and was bound for a yet longer journey. The policeman and custom officers made their examination and passed on; Leon glanced uneasily after them. Dusty whistled.

"Hush up," exclaimed the man. "Want to call 'em again?"

"What of it, dad?"

"Nothin', only keep still."

"Say," continued the boy, "why do we keep going over the bridge? This is the third time this week, since Sunday. Why don't we stay like other folks?"

The man looked quickly, nervously at the boy. "Who's been putting that sort of nonsense in your head? If I knew who it was I'd——"

"Nobody; I just wondered."

"Well, we do it because we want to. I don't know where I'll settle just yet, and am looking for a place. See?"

He seemed anxious that the boy should agree, and the youth cheerfully did so.

But when they had reached the other side and the team was eating in the queer little Mexican square he thought about it long and seriously. They had been doing this as long as he could remember. And Dad was so secret about it. They had enough to eat and almost enough to wear—but how did Dad get it? The problem was too great for him to solve, and he fell asleep in the wagon, thinking about it.

When he awoke it was dark, and through the thin canvas cover came voices. Two men evidently in earnest conversation.

"He has no right to the stuff anyhow," one was saying, "We could inform on him."

"But that wouldn't do us any good. He's pretty careful and the officers don't suspect him."

"Who would think such an old scare-crow outfit carried a fortune in all kinds of goods? They'd reward us if we'd tell."

"Not enough; better have the stuff and then it won't get us talked about, don't ye see?" and a light laugh followed.

They had talked in Spanish, but Dusty knew the language. They intended robbery—but who was to be the victim?

"He will cross again tonight," went on the first speaker. "Let's go after him. Take him out in the middle, drop into the boat, and skip."

"All right—poor Leon!" was the response, as the men moved away.

Dusty was very wide awake now. They meant trouble to Dad. That was plain. Something else was also plain. He knew now why Dad crossed the bridge so often. In the old prairie schooner was hidden a smuggler's booty. He was deceiving the officers every trip. Now the boy understood Leon's nervousness and anxiety.

"What about th' boy?" asked one of the men, as an afterthought.

"I'd forgot th' little Greaser," said the other, halting.

"Is he a Greaser? He don't look like a real Mexican."

"Well, th' old man is, ain't he? They go together. Don't know more than that myself. But we'll fix him," and the man made a sound like choking. His companion laughed softly.

The boy almost held his breath until they had gone on out of his hearing, and all was still in the vicinity. Then he lay back on the dirty blankets that made his bed.

He tried to remember something about his childhood. Where had it been? There was a hazy recollection that he could not fix, a face and something else—it must have been in Mexico, one of the celebrations. He wished so much that he knew about it.

Leon was gone now; perhaps he would tell him when he returned.

He fell asleep again, but was awakened later by Leon's rough hand.

"Get up, boy, and help get th' horses," was the command. Dusty prowled around the feed lot in quest of the animals, finally discovering that they had broken out and were far down the road in a little *arroya*. It was very quiet in the town. He judged that it must be well past midnight. He wondered what Leon would say if he told—probably he would be angry and would say, "Hush up!" Leon did not like advice.

So the horses were hitched to the prairie schooner and their heads were turned northward. Leon sat beside the boy, driving. The uneven Mexican street made the wagon rattle and creak. Dusty wondered if this was the night for the robbery—or had he dreamed the whole affair? The more he sleepily thought about it the more it seemed

likely. Finally he rested his head against Leon's arm and was dreaming in earnest.

As Dusty slept beside the driver of the rickety wagon the driver himself, Leon, looked at his companion tenderly. Leon was not so young as he once was; he felt it, and hoped to make something better of himself before the time came when he must rest. "Th' b'y ought to have a chance fer his life," he mused, and he wished there would be shown him some way to get a start for the lad. Leon was kind-hearted, but his life had been so tangled with the rough ways of the frontier that he found it hard to step into a new channel.

"Pat, pat, pat," went the horses' unshod feet hoofs on the planks of the bridge. "Pat, pat—"

"Halt!"

There was a sudden holding up of the reins, a quick lurch of Leon toward the sleeping boy, and then both sat very straight and wondered what would happen. Leon thought the police were after him. Dusty knew better. He realized that his dream was coming true, and that he had not been asleep that afternoon during the conversation in the courtyard.

Like a flash the boy slid over the side of the wagon down to the bridge floor. Ahead and behind were men with guns, half out-lined in the faint touch of dawn, coming early in that southern clime. One he recognized as a speaker of the day before.

He ran to the edge of the bridge and prepared to leap into the chocolate-colored water that flowed silently beneath. But for an instant he halted. What about old Leon? He must be saved.

Back the boy flew to the wagon's side. The men who were warily approaching had not reached the vehicle, being evidently afraid of attack.

"Come, Leon," he whispered. "They are robbers. Better we get out. We can get the team afterward."

Somehow the boy's words appealed to the man, and he obeyed. Down from the wagon in the dim light, slinking to the side of the bridge, he followed; then silently they slipped over the edge and prepared for a plunge together.

But the boat! Dusty had forgotten that. He almost laughed aloud as he remembered what the men had said in the courtyard. It must be at the pier where they had stopped the wagon. Yes, there it was, tied to the post. He whispered to Leon, and they descended with difficulty to the skiff that was bobbing up and down on the hurrying waters.

Dusty did not at first loose the rope. For an instant he studied what should be the next step—north or south? Mexico or the United States?

Ae he pondered, he hungered for a sign. The dawn was fast coming: the team had been driven away; the shores were plainly visible now, and, undecided, he cut the strands and let the boat float in the river mists of morning, undetermined which way to guide the vessel. Leon.

frightened by the affair, was huddled in the bottom of the boat, willing that the boy should for once lead. As they drifted with the river, opposite the main part of the towns, there came a sudden signal to the north. Out of the mist, with a swish and a roar, sped a reeking, fire-spitting rocket, the symbol of American spirit. A cannon sounded and a bugle filled the soft southern air with the notes of "America."

That was not all. The breeze had risen and lifted the mists. High on a tower, rising and falling with the winds, shining red, white, and blue in the far distance, was the banner of the free—the Stars and Stripes!

The lad had seen the flag before, but never had it so appealed to him. In an instant there came to him the consciousness of some early childhood day when that same flag had waved, those cannon had boomed, and the same sweet air had been lifted on the morning breeze. He remembered how the sun had kissed the flag as would the same sun in a short time, coming up from the far-off waters of the Gulf.

It was all in his memory once more—he knew that he was an American!

With one strong sweep of the oar he turned the boat northward.

"We will go there, Leon," he announced, pointing to the American side. "It is my country—is it not so?"

Leon, bewildered, nodded that the boy was right. "Your folks live there—they die—I care for you," he muttered. "We leave one Fourth of July—like today. I think you forget, and I make you Mexican—never mind. It is better not."

With eyes ablaze, the boy leaped from the boat and, scarce waiting for his companion, hurried up the bank. Impulsively he knelt upon the green sod that adorned a bit of the terrace and rested his cheek against it.

"My country all the time now, Leon," he cried. "Let us go far into it and make our home."

Leon, with one backward look which took in the long bridge, the white-hooded wagon in the far distance, the adobe walls of Mexico, and the broad river, obeyed, and, together they bent their steps northward. leaving behind the old life and entering upon the new.—*Selected.*

EARLY EXPERIENCE OF A LATTER-DAY SAINT.

The substance of the following little sketch was told by the subject of it, who is an elder in the Church, and lives in Salt Lake City. We give it in words as near his own as we can remember:

I was born and reared in the city of Glasgow, Scotland. I passed my boyhood without thinking much on religious matters, till I was about

eighteen years of age. At this period of my life I was walking along what is called the Green, a kind of public park, when my attention was attracted by some men discussing publicly the principles of religion. One of them was a Baptist, and I could see that he had the best of the argument, baptism by immersion being a Bible doctrine. This was on Sunday evening.

After listening to the discussion for some time, I was attracted to a place where another man was preaching. This one proved to be an Elder of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints.

I was so struck with the principles he advanced, that I drank down greedily every word he spoke, and on hearing him tell where the meeting-house of the Latter-day Saints was situated, I went there. I was, however, too bashful to go inside, but I walked back and forth around the building, listening and catching whatever words I could.

I was out later than usual that night, and when I got home I was questioned as to the cause of my absence, by my mother (my father had been dead many years) and brothers. I said I had been to hear the "Mormons."

"Who are the Mormons?"

"Why, the followers of Joe Smith," said I. But I had no sooner said this than a sharp pang shot through me, and I felt condemned for speaking thus irreverently of the prophet. I did it because I thought it would excuse me in the eyes of my relatives. I know I had done wrong, for, young as I was, I felt deeply impressed with the idea that Joseph Smith was a prophet of God. As it was, I was severely reprimanded for staying out so late.

Shortly after this I went to meeting and heard Elder John Taylor speak on the setting up of the kingdom of God in the latter days, which did a great deal towards convincing me that the Lord had revealed the gospel in this age. After attending meeting for some time, I was finally baptized into the Church, and was filled with joy because I knew that I was indeed a member of the true Church of Christ.

Knowing that if my mother and four brothers discovered that I had joined the Church I would have no peace at home, I kept the matter secret from them. I was but an apprentice and only earning the small sum of three shillings a week (equal to seventy-five cents) and was, therefore, somewhat dependent on my relatives.

I was about to get my wages raised a shilling a week, and my eldest brother, Hugh, proposed that he should get me a suit of clothes, and I pay the shilling a week until the suit was paid for, so that I might go to church with the rest of the family.

I was glad to exchange, on Sundays, my old, patched, shabby working suit for some respectable clothing, and it was agreed to.

On the following Sunday morning I went to meeting as usual, and was complimented by the President of the Branch on my improved

personal appearance. When I got home in the evening the first question asked me was,

"Where have you been?"

"I have been to meeting."

"What meeting?"

"I have been to hear the Latter-day Saints."

At this there was a perfect storm about my ears. I went and got the old family Bible, and laid down the "law and the testimony."

In answer to all they would say, I quoted and read from the Bible. I explained the principles of the gospel of Jesus, and the strongest argument any of them used was in each picking up his hat and walking out.

On the following day (Monday) I felt somewhat timid about going home in the evening, for I had dreamed on the Sunday night that my brothers were plotting to turn me out of the house.

However, home I went, and just as I approached the door I heard their voices in conversation, and they were saying they would ask me to choose, to leave "Mormonism" or the house; and John, who was always more rabid and unkind than the rest, said he would not even let me eat my supper until I had decided what I should do.

I walked boldly in, sat down, and commenced eating supper. They sat silent for a short time, when finally Hugh put the question to me as to whether I would renounce "Mormonism," for if I did not I would have to leave the house.

I again brought down my old friend, the family Bible, and said: "Hugh, if you will prove to me from that sacred book that I am wrong in adhering to 'Mormonism,' or rather the gospel of Christ, I will renounce it; and if I show you that you are wrong in adhering to the Church of Scotland, then you should leave that."

I then talked upon the scriptures and the principles of the gospel, and they could bring forward no reasonable objections to what I advanced.

Hugh rose to his feet and said: "If father had been alive he would have kicked you out of the house.'

I answered: "Father is now rejoicing because of my having embraced the gospel of Jesus."

At this rejoinder the anger of my brothers increased, and Hugh used his old argument of picking up his hat and walking out.

I was induced to make this remark in relation to my father, because on the previous Sunday I had heard the doctrine of baptism and salvation for the dead preached by Elder John Lyon. While listening to him I was so filled with joy and gratitude at the prospect of doing something towards the salvation of my father, who had died without a knowledge of the gospel, that the tears chased each other down my face like rain. It was the first time I had heard the princi-

ples by which the grand chain which shall link the great human family together will be formed.

Seeing that threats and abuse availed nothing, making no impression upon me, my mother and brothers took another course: they would not speak to me.

Although I lived in the same house and ate at the same table with them, they uttered not a word to me, and would not answer me when I spoke to them.

Even my mother's heart seemed entirely hardened towards me, and it often cut me keenly when she would meet me on the street and pass without speaking.

Notwithstanding all this I rejoiced in the gospel exceedingly, feeling that the cause of God was more dear to me than my nearest relatives.

On the next Sunday I went to the drawer where my best suit was usually kept, and discovered that it was gone. They had not even left me a clean shirt. Nothing daunted, however, I buttoned up my shabby, old, every-day coat, and marched off to meeting, feeling that I could worship God just as fervently and acceptably in an old suit as in a new one.

Instead of handing over my wages to my mother as I usually did, I kept them every week, and announced at home my intention of doing so until my clothes were returned to me, thinking this would induce them to give them up.

However, I happened to come home one day at an unusual time, and in turning over some articles to get something I wanted, I came upon a ticket which at once explained where my clothes had gone. They had been pawned.

That this term may be understood, it may be well to say that they were deposited in a place where money is loaned on goods, and when the money is returned, with an additional sum as interest, the goods are delivered back to the owner.

I took this ticket, and with my wages which I had saved, and a little money which I had borrowed, I went to the pawn-broker's and got my clothes, and left them, for safe keeping, at the house of a brother in the Church.

I dressed up on the following Sunday and presented myself at home at dinner time, when my brothers manifested no small astonishment and a little shame on seeing that I had discovered their trick.

I had forgotten to say that on several occasions after I had dressed for meeting, my brothers would attempt to stop me from going, by main force, and several times in their efforts to keep me in, had torn the breast out of my shirt, but I invariably succeeded in getting out, and when my shirt was torn I would button up my coat and go to meeting.

Matters went on in this way for over two years, during which time I had been frequently told to leave the house and never enter it

again. I paid no attention to this. On being told to go on one occasion, however, I said the next time I was ordered off I would go.

Not long afterwards my mother told me to leave the house for ever, and I announced my intention of doing so on the Sunday following.

When Saturday came I proceeded to tie up my clothes in a bundle. No sooner did they see me doing this than they seized my clothing, and tore up my shirts and several other articles.

On former occasions when I had been thus abused, it was my custom to resist, but this time this disposition had departed; my heart was full; I pitied them for their blindness, and I felt like weeping tears of sorrow.

I made my way out of the house as best I could, with my wardrobe reduced to a single pair of pants, besides the clothes I wore at the time. As I was leaving I told them that the course they had taken towards me would bring them no good. My mind was filled with grief and I slept none that night.

Six weeks after this my mother burst a blood vessel, from the effect of which she never recovered, being ill from that time till her death, which occurred a year afterwards. This broke up the family.

Hugh married, and my three other brothers, John, George, and William went to live with him. Some time afterwards John came to me and told me they had quarrelled, and he wished me to go and settle matters between the brothers, which I did, and the result was that John lived apart from the others.

William, who was the most peaceable and amiable of my brothers, was taken very ill, and one evening I was impressed to go and see him. I found all the members of the family gathered around him, as he was not expected to live through the night.

After everybody had left the room but myself, he said to me, "Robert, do you believe I shall die tonight?"

I said: "No, I do not."

"I ask you because the others are hypocrites, for when I ask whether they think I will die, they say, 'No, you will live,' and then I hear them in the adjoining room arranging how they will dress me when I am dead."

He fell asleep, and I laid hands upon him and administered to him in the name of Jesus Christ, and when he awoke he was much better, and he lived for four months after this.

This is a little of my first experience as a Latert-day Saint. Nearly every true disciple of Jesus has passed through circumstances that are instructive, although trying at the time they occur, and sometimes the relating of such things has a good effect, however simple the narrative may be.

GEORGE WASHINGTON'S SCHOOL DAYS.

The great and good man whom we affectionately call "The Father of His Country" was, as all great men have been, a manly little fellow, even if he did cut down the cherry-tree, as they say he did. A writer in "The American Boy" tells of George Washington's days in an interesting manner.

When twelve years old George entered the neighborhood school near his home in Westmoreland, Va. At Wakefield his teacher was a Mr. Williams, who had come over from England, where he had been a teacher in Wakefield Academy in Yorkshire.

While in Mr. Williams' school Washington drew up a code of rules of conduct. In these rules Washington pictures the boys whose manners should be avoided. Here is an exact copy—spelling, punctuation and all—of some of these rules:

"Do not Puff up the cheeks, Loll out the tongue, rub the hands or beard thrust out the lips or bite them or keep the lips too long open or Close.

"Kill no vermin as Fleas Lice ticks &c., in the sight of others. If you see any filth put your foot dexteriously upon it. If it be on the cloaths of your Companions Put it off privately, or if it be on your own Cloths return thanks to him who puts it off.

"Shake not the head Feet or legs rowl not the Eyes, lift not one eyebrow higher than the other wry not the mouth and bedew no man's face with your spittle by approaching him while you speak.

"Put not off your cloths in the presence of Others nor go out of your chambers half drest.

"SHIFT not yourself in the sight of others nor Gnaw your nails.

"KEEP your Nails clean and short, also your Hands and Teeth clean, without showing any great concern for them.

"WHEN you Sit down Keep your feet firm and Even without putting them one on the other or crossing them.

"IF YOU Cough Sneeze or yawn do it not Loud but; privately and Speak not in your Yawning, but put your handkerchief before your face and turn aside.

"Spit not in the Fire nor Stoop low before it neither put your hands into the flame to warm them nor set feet upon the Fire especially if there be meat before it.

"At Play or at fire it is good manners to give place to the last-comer, and affect not to speak louder than ordinary.

"WEAR not your Cloths foul unript or Dusty but See they be Brush't once every day at least and take heed that you approach not to any uncleanness.

"In your apparel be modest and endeavor to accommodate Nature

rather than procure Admiration Keep to the Fashion of your equals Such as are Civil and orderly with respect to Times and Places.

"BEING at meat scratch not neither Spit cough or blow your nose except there be a necessity for it.

"Take no Salt nor cut Bread with your knife greasy.

"If you soak Bread in the Sauce let it be no more than what you put in your Mouth at a time, and blow not your Breath at Table but stay till (it) Cools of it Self.

"Put not an other bit into your Mouth with your Knife in your Hand neither Spit forth the Stones of any Fruit pye upon a Dish nor cast anything under the Table.

"Put not an other bit into your Mouth til the former be swallowed let not the Morsels be too big for the jowls.

"Cleanse not your teeth with the Table Cloth, Napkin, fork or knife, but if Others do it let it be done with a pick tooth.

"RINSE not your Mouth in the Presence of others."

On Christmas Day, 1779, the school-house in which Washington had laid the foundations for his greatness burned to the ground, destroying the school-books, maps, etc., of Washington's school-days. School-boys in those days wrote out in rude blank-books maps, arithmetic tables and copies of practice in penmanship. This was largely because there were so few books to be had. About all the facilities Mr. Williams had were a big globe, a wall-map, and a geography as big as a family Bible. Each boy really had to write his own geography, and there is in existence the one that Washington wrote. Here is how he bounds America:

"America is bounded on ye East with ye Atlantic Ocean on the West with ye Pacifick Sea and on the North without Bounds on the South by ye Megellanie Sea."

There are many pages in this geography. Some of them are filled with astronomy work.

As will be imagined from the rules of conduct we have quoted, Washington was a neat boy, though not a fop. One of Washington's biographers, speaking of Washington's play, says that he could never endure trifling games, such as marbles and tops. His delight was in a manly sort of game—jumping with a long pole, heaving heavy weights, running, wrestling, etc. In these he excelled. He early cultivated an exceedingly accurate eye for measurement, and it is said that Mr. Williams was especially skilful in this, and that a good part of his instruction lay in the measuring of distances with the eye.

From Washington's manuscript-books we learn that he studied arithmetic very thoroughly, even geometry and trigonometry. He left school before his sixteenth birthday, the last months of his schooling being devoted to higher mathematics and surveying.—*Cumberland Presbyterian.*

A HOUSE NOT MADE WITH HANDS.

Kenyon and Edith Palmore were lying on the grass in the shadows of the orchard. The first Sabbath in June was almost gone, it was close to supper time, and their hour with mother would soon begin. Remembering the questions Mrs. Palmore always asked on Sunday evenings, Edith said:

"Ken, I can't remember what the preacher's text was this morning. I knew it at dinner time but I can't think of a word of it now."

"Why, you ought to know it," said Kenyon, who was the elder of the two. "It was very short: 'A house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens.'"

Edith repeated it several times.

"What do you s'pose it means—'A house not made with hands?'" asked Edith.

"Why, it means heaven, of course," replied Kenyon. "That's what the preacher said."

"But how could a house be built without hands? The preacher didn't say anything about that," persisted Edith.

"Let's ask mother," suggested Kenyon, as he started into the house.

In a little while the few chores about the simple household were done, supper was over, and in the deepening twilight of the unlighted sitting room Mrs. Palmore sat down with Kenyon and Edith beside her, ready for the Sunday evening story she always told them. They lived in the country and there were no services in reach of them on Sunday nights.

"Do you know the text from which the minister preached this morning?" Mrs. Palmore asked them.

"Yes," they answered in concert.

"You may repeat it, Kenyon," she said.

"'A house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens,'" repeated Kenyon.

"Mother," said Edith, as soon as Kenyon had finished, "what does it mean by 'a house not made with hands?' How could a house be made without hands?"

Mrs. Palmore was silent for a little while, gazing through the open window upon the fast deepening shadows beyond. She did not reply for so long that presently Kenyon spoke:

"Tell us what it means, mother," he urged.

"Perhaps you will understand better if I tell you a story first," she said, presently, and then went on: "Your father and I were married a long time ago when we were both very young. He was rich, and people said I was very beautiful. We had a lovely home in Washington City—a home that was like a palace. There were great, beautiful rooms, the walls hung with costly paintings, and everything was luxurious.

We had great chests of silver and beautiful closets of lovely china, and there were lots of servants, horses, carriages, and, indeed, all that one could wish for.

"But we had not been married very long before we found ourselves extremely unhappy. Your father spent almost all his time at his business and I tried to have a good time in society, and somehow we rapidly drifted apart. I came to believe that your father had married me just because I was beautiful—that he thought of me much as he would have thought of a beautiful painting or other pretty things; and he came to believe that I had married him because he was rich and could give me all the lovely and luxurious things I had not enjoyed before we were married. And so we were very unhappy and miserable. Sometimes we even quarreled; sometimes we hardly saw each other for weeks.

"And then suddenly we lost everything, or almost all. The beautiful home and all it contained, with the horses and carriages and everything, were sold, and when your father had paid what he owed, there were only a few hundred dollars remaining.

"The loss of all we had brought us closer together. I really loved your father very dearly and was anxious to have him love me as I once thought he did, and so I told him that it did not make any difference how much we lost, just so I did not lose him. The next Sunday, before we had decided what we would do or where we would go, we went to church together for the first time in many months. The minister's text was the same one you heard this morning: 'A house not made with hands eternal in the heavens.' On our way from church to the hotel where we were staying temporarily I suggested that we buy a small farm somewhere and try country life for awhile. Your father's health was not good and he was almost broken down by the strain and worry preceding his failure in business, and I hoped that the country air and exercise on the farm would make him well and strong again.

"So we came here. We found this house a mere cabin compared to the elegant home to which we had been accustomed—and here we began to make our new home, not so much with our hands as with our hearts. We had not been here long when God sent you to us, Kenyon, and a little later you, Edith, and we have been very, very happy ever since. We have never wanted to go back to the fine house we were so proud of once, but have been content and happy with our home 'not made with hands.' You see, our home has been made of love, and not of the things that men can build or that money can buy."

As Mrs. Palmore paused, Mr. Palmore left his seat near the window where he had been listening to his wife's story, and kneeling before her, he put his arms about Kenyon and Edith and said, softly: "Was that a good story mother has been telling you?"

"Yes," they whispered, in reply.

"And do you understand the minister's text now?" he asked.

"Yes," they whispered, again.

After the children had gone to their bedroom adjoining their mother's, and were ready for sleep, Mr. and Mrs. Palmore heard Edith call to Kenyon from her little bed near his own:

"Ken, 'a house not made with hands' means a home of love, doesn't it?"

"Yes," repeated Kenyon, "a home of love."

"Then where is heaven, Ken?" asked Edith.

There was silence for a moment, and then Kenyon replied, slowly:

"I guess it's 'most anywhere where love is; right here for one place."—*R. Lawrence Ownbey.*

HANS PETERSON'S HIND.

Hans Peterson found it hard work supporting the little family. This he had done for two years, since the day of the accident, leaving his mother a widow and her two children orphans.

Mrs. Peterson had been an invalid before they came to America. The new scenes and change of climate had failed to do what she had fondly hoped,—"make," as she said, "a new woman of her."

Hans had worked bravely, running errands in the morning, and evenings, selling the city dailies. And, aided by the little Mrs. Peterson could make, the boy had kept the family going.

Years before Mrs. Peterson left Copenhagen, her brother Olaf had emigrated to America, and to the bitter disappointment of the family at home, nothing had been heard of him since his landing in New York.

"If only we could find some trace of him," often thought Hans' mother, when alone in her scantily furnished room. "He'd be able to help us, perhaps, and Hans could go to school. But he may have"— Then Mrs. Peterson would leave her sentence unfinished. "Of course, he's living, but why has he never written?"

One bright May afternoon, as Hans started out on his paper route, he noticed many people on the streets, all moving one way,—toward Washington Park. "I wonder, what"— He was watching a group of boys eagerly reading a "flyer." "Oh, I know, it's the champion baseball game between the Kenyons and the Mohicans. Its' to-day they're going to play!" He turned wistfully in the direction of the moving crowd.

"I wish I"— He stopped on the corner, irresolutely. "It will be great fun! But"— He was thinking of his papers. "If I should, my regular customers would have to go without their Herald, and I'd miss selling the extras. But," after a moment's reflection, "'twould be only once!"

After considering the matter hurriedly, Hans decided to go toward the park, anyway. Perhaps he wouldn't go in! "If they should make complaint," thought Hans, uncomfortably, "'twould be"— He thrust one hand into his trousers' pocket. "But they'll not, just this once!"

As he neared the gate to the ball grounds, Hans "changed over!" his

papers. His left arm was growing tired. As he did so, his eyes fell upon the bold headlines of a half column of closely-printed matter in the Herald: "Accident Caused by Boy's Not Attending to His Duty!"

Hans suddenly turned about and began to whistle. Somehow, he felt greater pleasure starting toward his paper route, than he had felt with the anticipation of a ball game in view.

Hans had distributed the papers to his regular customers, and was crossing the street at the corner of Winthrop and Newland Avenues, with the "left-overs," when a young man before him remarked to his companion, "Wait a moment, I must have a paper."

Something in Hans' appearance caught the young man's attention. "He looks so much like Brother Olaf," Hans heard him say:

The boy had passed on, when the young man turned.

"Just out of curiosity, would you mind telling me your name?"

"Peterson—Hans Peterson," Hans replied curiously.

"I wonder; say, did your folks come from Denmark—from Copenhagen?" and the stranger looked at him critically.

"Yes, sir."

"Then I'll wager you're my cousin, you look so much like Olaf, my brother!"

So it turned out. And it all happened through Hans doing his duty!

"I am always going to keep that paper for a reminder," declared Hans determinedly, after the surprises were all over, and he was once again alone with his mother.

WORDS OF LINCOLN.

"Gold is good in its place; but living patriotic men are better than gold."

"God must like common people or He would not have made so many."

"This country with its institutions belongs to the people who inhabit it."

"Let us have that faith that right makes might, and in that faith let us, to the end, dare to do our duty as we understand it."

"The reasonable man has long since agreed that intemperance is one of the greatest, if not the greatest, of all evils among mankind."

"The purposes of the Almighty are perfect and must prevail, though we erring mortals may fail to accurately perceive them in advance."

"A nation may be said to consist of its territory, its people, and its laws."

"I believe this government cannot permanently endure half slave and half free."

THE BE'S.

A recitation suitable for Sunday review.
All—

We are the teacher's hive of busy Be's
We are flying in and out the live-long day,
She couldn't do without us, if you please,
Just ask her and then see what she will say.

First Child—Be Polite.

Be Polite is such a pleasant little bee
Always ready to pick up a book or slate
When he meets you takes his hat off, as you see
For a "Thank you" never lets a person wait.
When he hears somebody speaking he keeps still,
For he knows to interrupt is never right:
He is such a gentleman, go where he will,
You will always find him welcomed with delight.

Second Child—Be Punctual.

Then Be Punctual, on time is always here.
For his duties or his pleasures never late;
I think since he is ready it is clear
That he never has to hunt a book or slate.
When he's thinking of his work that he must do
He will never stop to play with "By and by,"
But when his work is over, it is true
He's as ready then for play as you or I.

Third Child—Be Orderly.

Here's Be Orderly who keeps his things in place;
If he wants to use his pencil, it is there,
And he never does forget to wash his face,
And he always has clean hands and well-brushed hair.
He will try to keep the corners of his mind
Free from rubbish and his thoughts so well in place,
So that when you hear him talking you will find
That they're just as clean and pleasant as his face.

Fourth Child—Be Cheerful.

And Be Cheerful we could never do without,
For he's something like the sunshine every day,
Tho' his lessons long and hard be without a doubt,
He will get them just as though he thought 'twas play;
Sometimes things do not suit him, it is true.
Does he stop to sulk and grumble?
No, not he. He just smiles and makes the best of it,
and you
Never saw a nicer, happier little Be.

Fifth Child—Be Quiet.

Be Quiet never bumps his slate about
  Nor scuffles with his feet upon the floor,
And when he's coming in or going out
  He will neither squeak his shoes nor slam the door;
He never thinks of whispering at all,
  Nor studies so his lips will make a noise,
And whether on the grounds or in the hall
  He's the stillest one of all the little boys.

Sixth Child—Be Generous.

Here's Be Generous, a happy little Be,
  For he knows that pleasure shared is pleasure doubled,
And when he has a good thing you will see
  That he shares it and there's never any trouble.
Sometimes he lends his playthings, he has many,
  His whistle, jack-knife, marbles, ball or kite;
He is sorry for the boys who haven't any,
  So he always tries to do whatever's right.

All—

There are other little Be's within this hive;
  There's Be Prompt, Be Brave, Be Patient and
    Be Kind,
Be Careful, Be Attentive, who all strive
  To make up all the honey they can find,
For they are the teacher's hive of busy Be's;
  They are flying in and out the live-long day;
She could not do without them if you please;
  Just ask her and then see what she will say.

ABOUT VALENTINES.

As February comes in the earliest spring time, when good old mother nature is about to open her icy brooks and rivers, and the snow and frost are getting ready to say good bye, she gives her people the first choice gifts of the season—sweet flowers, gay voiced birds, tinted butterflies, warm skies and sweet odors. And imitating her, the lads and lassies of long ago decorated them with bright flowers, gay colored birds and loving verses, just as nature decorates the earth with sweet gifts for her children.

So Valentine's Day became a gift day, and as it comes after the long winter and whispers to us of joy and happiness that spring is so near, the little girls and boys of today send each other pretty valentines as a reminder of the sweet gifts of nature soon to follow.

HOW WASHINGTON TAUGHT A LESSON.

One day a corporal was superintending the removal of a heavy piece of timber, but did not lend his assistance. His orders were given in a loud and peremptory voice, when a man came riding by on horseback. Seeing how the case stood, he stopped and said to the corporal: "Why don't you help? Don't you see that the load is too heavy for your men?" The corporal drew himself up proudly and replied: "I am a corporal, and *that* is not my work." The rider dismounted and quietly assisted the men. After the work was completed he turned to the corporal and said: "Next time you want anything like that done call on your commander-in-chief." The corporal was much chagrined to learn that the rider was General George Washington.

"YOU MIGHT SEE ME THROUGH."

Abraham Lincoln during the war frequently visited the hospitals and addressed cheering words to the wounded soldiers.

On one occasion he found a young fellow whose leg had been amputated, and who was evidently sinking fast.

"Is there anything I can do for you?" asked Lincoln.

"You might write a letter to my mother," was the faint reply.

The President wrote at the youth's dictation: "My dear mother, I have been shot bad, but am bearing up. I tried to do my duty. They tell me I cannot recover. God bless you and father. Kiss May and John for me."

At the end came these words as post-script: This letter was written by Abraham Lincoln."

When the boy perused the epistle and saw these added words, he looked with astonished gaze at the visitor as he asked: "Are you our President?"

"Yes," was the quiet answer; "and now you know that, is there anything else I can do for you?"

Feebly the lad said, "I guess you might hold my hand and see me through."

FOR VALENTINE'S DAY.

Out of a snow-cloud cold and gray,
Something dropped on St. Valentine's day,
Whirling and twirling, and soft and light,
Like little wee letters, all dainty and white;
And I guess the sky children were sending down
Their valentines straight to the children in town.

—*Youth's Companion.*

WASHINGTON.

You know the ringing story
Of Washington's great glory,
  For mighty is his fame;
And how they love to linger—
The poet and the singer—
  Upon that deathless name.

He towers above the others,
His smaller, weaker brothers,
  Like pine tree on a height.
Though silent, yet he speaketh
To guide the soul that seeketh
  The way of truth and right.

For ah! the tale that's nearest,
The sweetest and the dearest,
  Is not of manhoods' prime;
'Tis of a lad so slender,
Clear-eyed and true and tender,
  'Tis of his boyhood's time.

The cherry tree and hatchet—
No beauteous tale can match it,
  Of any noble youth;
The grandest preparation
To rule one's heart or nation,
  Is fearless search for truth!

—*Anthony E. Anderson.*

MY COUNTRY.

My country, I love thee,
Though but a child I be—
    Of thee I sing.
I love the stories told
Of all thy heroes bold.
With each bright starry fold
    Thy flag I bring.

My country, I would pray
To serve thee every day,
    Like those before—
I would a hero be,
To live and fight for thee,
To keep thee fair and free
    Forevermore.

—*Selected.*

MOTHER'S VALENTINE.

She's very sweet, my mother dear,
I want to tell her so just here;
And give to her this heart of mine
And sign myself *her Valentine.*

—*Selected.*

Officers' Department.

The management of The Children's Friend desire to thank all the workers who are doing so well in getting subscriptions for volume seven. We feel sure from present indications that there are a great number of wide-awake, energetic officers engaged in the labors of the Primary associations, and the same force which can send in goodly numbers of subscriptions will see to it that the weekly work with the children is just as successful.

No association can successfully begin the new year without new roll and minute books and enough *Friends* to insure good results during the year 1908.

We believe that it is a good plan to pay as we go; we have not kept accounts in the past, and we do not intend to, so please do not ask us to send out books without pay, it is very embarrassing to be compelled to refuse.

GOOD-NATURED.

A Massachusetts business firm prints this paragraph at the top of its letter-heads: "Errors—we make them; so does everyone. We will cheerfully correct them if you will write to us. Try to write good-naturedly if you can, but write to us anyway. Do not complain to some one else first, or let the matter pass. We want the first opportunity to make right any injustice that we may do." The little sermon deserves a wide audience. Few people have not had occasion at some time in their lives to regret the sending of a harsh or hasty note of complaint. It may be necessary to assert one's rights in subsequent letters, but there is no better rule of correspondence than to make the first one good-natured.—*Youth's Companion.*

THE WORK THAT ENDURES.

If we work upon marble, it will perish; if we work upon brass, time will efface it; if we rear temples, they will crumble into dust; but if we work upon immortal minds, if we imbue them with principles, with the just fear of God and love of our fellowman, we engrave on those tablets something that will brighten all eternity.—*Daniel Webster.*

"Remember, teacher, you are the very best teacher some child will ever have."

"Close association with a few simple people, who may not be technically trained religiously, but who have the Spirit of God, will quicken

the child's spiritual consciousness as nothing else will, and that, too, without any precocious forcing."

"It is no trouble for a woman to "hold the attention" of a man who is in love with her—though she needs patience even then. And it is no trouble for a teacher to hold the attention of a class that is in love with her—though she, too, may need patience."

OFFICERS' PAPER.

ENVIRONMENT.

In education the point of emphasis used to be placed upon the subject matter to be taught, and people sought a teacher who knew books and their contents. Later the emphasis was placed upon child study and the psychology of child life. Today, however, the emphasis in education is being placed upon the relating of each pupil to the life of society in which he lives, moves and has a being.

In work heretofore we have placed more emphasis upon the study of the Bible than upon the study of the child, and as a result much of our teaching has failed to interest him, and, what is worse, has failed utterly to help him to relate himself to the life of the world about him. It is of prime importance to change our point of emphasis to the child himself and the conditions of his life. These we should carefully study while at the same time we are studying the word of God that is to be our moral and spiritual guide in every human relation.

We will treat this subject by showing, first, the need for such study on the part of the teacher; by stating, secondly, precisely what we mean by environment; and by pointing out, thirdly, how the teacher may learn the facts of the child's environment.

1. If the teacher expects to make her work effective she must know what the child has been doing during the week. In an address, Dr. Hillis said that much of our preaching was as logical as the treatment of a physician would be who, visiting a ward in the hospital, should open his medicine case and, finding he had more ipecac than anything else, should give each patient a dose of ipecac; or, finding more fly-blister than anything else, should put a fly-blister upon each. So often the teacher, instead of studying each child and the conditions of his life, and giving him the particular truth and impulse needed by him as an individual, gives him instead some general truth to which he has come round in the course of lessons, without any serious study of the child's nature or surroundings or the emergencies of his life. The teacher cannot know what or how to teach until he has first studied the boy or girl to be taught. Books on child study are important; so are lesson helps. But the true preparation for the class must be a knowledge of what the boys and girls really are, and what they have

been doing all the week days. This need is emphasized again by the fact that environment in the life of the child is as strong or stronger than hereditary influences. The reports of the best-managed orphan asylums show that eighty-five per cent of the children placed out under good environment never show any signs of hereditary defects of a moral character, even though their parentage is known to have been immoral, if not actually vicious and criminal.

2. By environment we mean first, the home life of your child: the character of the father and mother, their dispositions and their manner of treating children: the brothers and sisters and their probable influence upon the life of the child; the dwelling itself; the character of the pictures on the wall, the books and literature read in the home, the kind of games and amusements permitted, the toys and pets that belong to the child or for which he seems to long. Secondly, we include the outdoor and street life of the child, his playgrounds, the character of his companions, the character of his surroundings when under employment, as farm hand, newsboy, cash boy, messenger, what not? Thirdly, his school life, his teacher, his text-books, his forms of play, his standing in the class and in the grades, his likes and dislikes as to his studies, his ambitions and desires with respect to a life-work after school is over. Very much may be learned from his personal preferences among secular school teachers; often a teacher who is a prime favorite with one child, some other is positively averse to; and the cause of this is usually temperamental, and therefore of much service in the study of the children. Fourthly, personal traits and capabilities, health, signs of slow or rapid response to influence or incentive, the changing features of adolescence, etc. All of these facts are included in the environmental study of the boy or girl in the class, and while they may seem too great in scope for the ordinary teacher, yet their mastery is not so difficult as at first appears. Perhaps you know more of them now than you make use of.

3. How is the teacher, busy with other things, to study these facts of child-environment? This is not so difficult a task as it may seem to be. Many of the facts may be learned by visits to the child's home, and talks with his parents; by cultivating a familiar acquaintance with the neighborhood; or by a direct conversation with the child in private. Often they will come out incidentally during the class hour. The consecrated teacher has nothing in common with the inquisitive gossip or the meddlesome busybody; and she will of course shrink from invading the sacred privacy of others' lives. But since the spiritual nurture of the child has been intrusted to her she has a right, and it becomes her duty, to know everything that could possibly affect the child's moral nature. She should talk with the teacher of the public school about Mary or John, as the case may be. But these principles of social study apply to all classes, to girls the same as to boys, and to children in rural neighborhoods the same as to those of the city. Last, but

not least in importance, do not forget your own childhood, and the dispositions and tendencies displayed in your own conduct, and how perhaps even you narrowly escaped being guilty of some misdemeanor that under the present laws would bring you to the juveuile court, and place you under the care of a probation officer.

All this can be done in a very little while if systematically undertaken and persisted in, and can be done effectively and without offense if only done with sympathy. What you learn of one boy or girl in a community will apply as a clue, if not as a matter of fact, in the study of others of the same or similar communities. And to the conscientious teacher what more interesting work can possibly be undertaken than the study of the conditions that day by day are molding the characters of the boys and girls she loves?

Subject for March, "Prayer."

Subject for the month: Loyalty.

Divisions: Lesson 5, Loyalty to Duty; Lesson 6, Loyalty to Friends; Lesson 7, Loyalty to Country; Lesson 8, Loyalty to Church.

Lesson 5.

Subject: "Loyalty to Duty."

Introductory talk:

"Of all the watchwords of life, duty is the highest and best. He who sincerely adopts it lives a true life; he is really the successful one. It pertains to all parts and relations of life. There is no moment, place or condition where its claims are not imperative. The poet states it well:

> "I slept and dreamed that life was Beauty;
> I woke and found that life was Duty."

Obedience to the commands of duty and the ruling desire to be useful, are cardinal elements of success. It is at the trumpet call which duty sounds, that all the nobler attributes spring into life; and duty is something that must be done without regard to discomfort, sacrifice, or death. It must be done in secret, as well as in public; and according to the measure of our faithfulness in this respect, will be the real measure of our growth.

History and biography are fairly crowded with examples of the faithful performance of duty, and the glorious results which have followed, such as Nelson, Luther, Washington, Grant and others. But equally valuable are the cases of ordinary life. The engineer on the locomotive; the pilot at the helm of the storm-tossed vessel; the mother in her daily routine of work; the merchant upholding laws of trade in

honor; the school child plodding through studies with thoroughness; the reformer letting her little candle of service shine in the dark;—all these and similar instances are full of guidance and inspiration. There are two aspects of duty; namely, cheerful duty and drudging duty. One says, "I want to do something;" the other says, "I must." Our New England forefathers were followers of duty, but they found very little joy in it, as we understand that word. We should endeavor to improve upon their methods, but we shall find it difficult to improve upon their faithfulness.

Just what is meant by faithfulness to duty may be clearly seen in the following incident. During the famous dark day of 1780, in Connecticut, candles were lighted in many houses, and domestic fowls went to their roosts. The people thought the day of judgment had come. The legislature was then in session in Hartford. The house of representatives adjourned. In the council, which corresponds to the modern senate, an adjournment was also proposed. Colonel Davenport objected, saying, "The day of judgment is either approaching, or it is not. If it is not, there is no cause for adjourning; if it is, I choose to be found doing my duty. I wish, therefore, that candles may be brought."

The doing of small duties well, sometimes leads to success, as may be seen in the following story:

"A minister, dying, left two children, a boy and a girl, and a widow with only a small pittance to live upon. When the boy reached the age of twelve years, he resolved to seek work in Manchester, but not an opening could he find.

Nevertheless the lad persevered. One day he applied to a well-known business-man. He found the merchant reading the morning paper, and said to him:

"Do you want a boy, sir?"

The gentleman studied a moment, and then asked:

"What can you do?"

"I will do anything that will give me an honest living."

"Well, take these boots downstairs and black them."

The boy was "at home" blacking boots, he had been trained to do it. His father used to say that blacking ministers' boots was washing disciples' feet. In a few minutes he returned with the boots so handsomely polished that the merchant said:

"Well, my lad, you have done those very well indeed."

"Yes, sir," murmured the boy, modestly, "mother told me always to do well whatever I did."

"Come here tomorrow morning, and I will give you a trial."

The boy became a success, stood high as a merchant, and eventually became the president of a great banking company."

Boys and girls should get the habit of doing duties, as soon as we

are old enough to do things, it is right and proper that we should take our share of the world's work; doing what we can willingly, cheerfully, and objecting to others doing that which we should do. Sometimes we need to be helped to form good habits. Here is a story of one boy that needed help and his mother was good enough to give it to him:

"Did you order the soup-bone on your way to school this morning, Sam? Because it didn't come."

"Why, no, mother! I forgot it."

Sam's mother looked more vexed than you might have expected; for, of course, little boys will forget sometimes, and people have to be patient with them.

But Sam was not surprised; he knew that it was not just now and then that he forgot; it was almost all the time. He forgot to open the window in the morning when he left his bedroom, and mother always had to attend to it; he forgot to shut the front door behind him; he forgot to wear his overshoes when it rained; he forgot to hang up his hat; he forgot to wash his hands and brush his hair for dinner; he forgot to feed the goldfish; he forgot to water the geraniums—oh, the list would be so long you would fall asleep over it were I to tell you all the things Sam constantly forgot to do.

And he did not seem to think that it was his fault; he always said: "I forgot," as if it were a perfectly good excuse.

"I am going to give you some medicine, little boy," said the mother, "to improve your memory."

"Medicine, mother, out of a bottle?"

"No, not out of a bottle; you'll find out about it presently."

That night at tea Sam's mush had no sugar in it, and he made a very wry face. "Oh, I told Hannah she might forget the sugar," said his mother, "you are used to forgettings."

My, what a week it was! Everything went wrong with Sam. There was no salt in his oatmeal, no spoon on his plate, no gown under his pillow, no fire in his bedroom, no water in his pitcher, no buttons on his shirtwaist; the things that other people had been used to doing for him all went undone, and to every complaint his mother answered smilingly, "Why, Sam, you ought not to mind people forgetting."

But mothers do not like to see their little boys unhappy, or even uncomfortable; so pretty soon this mother said: "Suppose we start over again, little son, and keep the Golden Rule: 'Whatsoever ye would that men, women and children should do to you, or for you, do you even so to them.'"

Here is a little story about the young king of Italy, which is being printed in the Italian papers, and which is worth reproducing. The king was staying in the country at his palace in Racconigi. He is little known to the people there, for in his walks about the neighborhood

he always strives to preserve his disguise. Hence come some curious adventures. One day while out tramping, he became very thirsty, and seeing a woman milking a cow in a field near by, he went up to her and asked her for a glass of milk.

"I can't give you any of this," said the woman; "but if you'll mind the cow, I'll go to the house and get you some."

So the king minded the cow till the woman returned with a glass of cool milk. Then he asked her where all the farm hands had gone.

"Oh, they're always running away now to try to see the king," answered the woman.

"And why do you not go? Don't you want to see the king?"

"Some one must stay and look after things."

"Well, little mother," smiled the guest, "you see the king without running away from your work."

"You're joking!" exclaimed the woman, who could not believe that a monarch could be so quietly dressed. But when the king put a gold coin into her hands, she fell on her knees, while he continued his walk, laughing over the incident.

Memory Gems.

"The secret of success in life is for a man to be faithful to all his duties and obligations."

"The path of duty is the way to glory."

The consciousness of duty performed "gives us music at midnight."

"Do thy duty; that is best; leave unto the Lord the rest."

"Whether your time calls you to live or die do both like a prince."

"There is no other way in which one's life will be so surely, so quickly transfigured, as in the faithful, happy, cheerful doing of everyday tasks."

First Grade.

Read "Suggestions for First Grade Teachers," page 26, January number.

Opening exercises.

Memory gems.

Singing.

Use of picture: Review last lesson. Continue story by telling that when Jesus was old enough Mary and Joseph took Him to the Temple to be blessed; relate the incident with the ordinance of blessing as practised in our Church.

Concert poem, "Golden Keys."

A bunch of golden keys is mine
To make each day with gladness shine.
"Good morning" is the golden key
That unlocks every door for me.

When evening comes, "God night," I say,
And close the door of each glad day.
When at the table, "If you please,"
I take from off my bunch of keys.

When friends give anything to me
I'll use the little "Thank you" key,
"Excuse me," "Beg your pardon," too,
When by mistake some harm I do,
Or if unkindly harm I've given,
With "Forgive me" I'll be forgiven.

On a golden ring those keys I'll bind,
This is it's motto, "Be ye kind."
I'll often use each golden key,
And then a child polite I'll be.

Hearts like doors open with ease
To very, very little keys;
And don't forget that they are these:
"I thank you, sir," and "If you please."

—*Selected.*

Story, "Wrong Side Out:"

Jack was cross; nothing pleased him. His mother gave him the choicest morsels for his breakfast, and the nicest toys; but he did nothing but fret and complain. At last his mother said, "Jack, I want you now to go right up to your room, and put on all your clothes wrong side out."

Jack stared in astonishment.

"I mean it, Jack," she repeated.

Jack had to mind. He had to turn his stockings wrong side out, and put on his coat and his pants and his collar wrong side out.

When his mother came up to him, there he stood—a forlorn and funny-looking boy, all linings and seams and ravelings—before the glass, wondering what his mother meant; but he was not quite clear in his conscience. Then his mother, turning him around, said, "This is what you have been doing all day, making the worst of everything. You have been turning everything wrong side out. Do you really like your things this way so much, Jack?"

"No, mamma," answered Jack, very shame-facedly. "Can't I turn them right?"

"Yes; you may if you try to speak what is pleasant and do what is pleasant. You must do with your temper and manners as you prefer to do with clothes, wear them right side out."—*Exchange.*

Lesson adapted from "Loyalty to Duty."

Memory gem on lesson.

Second Grade.

Review of previous lesson.
Introductory talk. Page 72.
Story: "The Hidden Treasure." Page 45.

Memory gem:

"Do thy duty, that is best;
Leave unto thy God the rest."

Show that no person can live for himself alone—each one is dependent to some extent upon others; that there are certain duties we owe to each other and to God. Tell some of these duties. Let the children undersand that it is right to perform these duties, and that they should be performed cheerfully, because it is right. If every duty to God and to others and to themselves is performed, then the Lord will give them the blessings they deserve.

Third Grade.

Introductory talk. Page 72.

Topics for class.

1. Have each member look up in the dictionary the meaning of loyalty and discuss it in class.

2. Have each member memorize Proverbs 22: 29; let one or more repeat it to the class and discuss it from the point of loyalty to others.

3. Read Luke 17: 10, and explain what Jesus meant in speaking of unprofitable servants.

4. Tell story of "The Leak in the Dyke." It may be found in some school book, or someone may remember it. Discuss the courage and loyalty of Peter's act, his suffering and endurance for what he knew was his duty.

5. Ask class to look up and relate incidents in history which tell of loyalty to duty such as: "The Boy Stood on the Burning Deck," etc.

Story: "The Hidden Treasure." Page 45.

Lesson 6.

Subject: "Loyalty to Friends."

Introductory talk:

"I like Helen because she's always the same," said a schoolgirl, speaking of her friend. "So many of the girls play fast and loose. They're devoted to you one day, and the next they're with somebody else, and have a way of making you feel that you are not even wanted in the circle. You never are sure of them. Helen isn't one bit like that; she is always the same dear, kind, self." That was a girl's way of saying that her friend was loyal.

"He's a fellow to tie to; he'll never go back on his friends, and you always know where to find him," said a boy of his companion. And that was his way of saying that his friend was loyal.

We all know what loyalty means, though we may find the word itself not quite easy to define. It is a trait that is inborn in every true and right nature, but it is one that may be weakened and trampled out by selfishness, or it may grow by use and training to its highest and best form.

"What's anybody good for that'll not stand up for his own?" asked a man one day. Perhaps standing up for our own is as good a way as we can find for expressing what we mean by loyalty. Our family, our friends, our country, our church, whatever is dear to us, whatever we believe right we should be ready to "stand up for"—to work for, defend, speak for, and suffer for and with, if necessary. Loyalty is a natural feeling, but carrying it into action is not always easy, for, as has been said, selfishness can weaken and crush it out.

Men who believe in and love their country have found loyalty a costly thing, when, in some hour of need, it has called them to leave home and comfort for warfare and danger. But loyalty to other things often brings hardship also—hardship in daily life where there is not the cheer of music and banners. It is not always easy even to speak up bravely when we hear causes we believe in misrepresented, or laughed at. A word of careless contempt, a sneering laugh, are hard to meet, especially if those who use them are older and in higher positions than we ourselves. The cowardly dread of ridicule has sometimes been strong enough to make one even deny his own kindred—those whom he feared would be looked down upon by his companions. Often we pass by in silence, or even faintly smile at, some mocking jest or contemptuous word aimed at things we hold sacred. We do not mean to be disloyal, but we shrink from bringing ridicule upon ourselves. Usually the fear is a groundless one, for earnestness and sincerity commonly command respect however people may differ in beliefs; but, in any case, no one can be strong and true who does not learn to stand bravely and quietly by what he thinks is right.

Loyalty to one's family calls for interest in all family matters, help wherever one can give it, and silence to all outsiders concerning the faults of any of its members, its secrets should be sacredly kept; it ought not to be necessary after a family conference for any one to say, "Now, don't repeat this." The matter of silence in regard to faults and to confidences runs, or should run, through all friendships. True loyalty is something fine and strong; it makes one worthy of trust and reliance from others, and no life that lacks it can be really noble or worth while.—*S. S. Visitor.*

Memory Gems.

"A faithful friend is the true image of the Deity."

"Be more prompt to go to a friend in adversity than in prosperity."

"A true friend is the gift of God."

"The only way to have a friend is to be one."

He who seeks a faultless friend rests friendless.—*Samuel Johnson.*

Be slow in choosing a friend, slower in changing.—*Benjamin Franklin.*

Friendship is the highest degree of perfection in society.—*Montague.*

Only he who lives a life of his own can help the lives of other men.—*Phillips Brooks.*

Two persons will not be friends long if they cannot forgive each other's little failings.—*La Bruyere.*

The nearer you come into relation with a person, the more necessary do tact and courtesy become.—*Holmes.*

First Grade.

Opening exercises.
Memory Gems.
Singing.

Story, "The Happiest Boy."

Once a king had a son whom he loved dearly. He gave him beautiful rooms to live in, and pictures and toys and books, a pony to ride, and a boat on the lake. He provided teachers to give him knowledge that would make him good and great.

But the young prince was not happy. He was always wishing for something he did not have.

One day a magician came to court. He said to the king: "I can make your son happy. But you must pay me my own price for telling the secret."

"Well," said the king, "what you ask I will give."

So the magician took the boy into a private room. He wrote something with a white substance on a piece of paper. Next he gave the boy a candle, and told him to light it and hold it under the paper, and then see what he could read. He then went away and asked no price at all.

The boy did as he was told, and the white letters on the paper turned into a beautiful blue. They formed these words:

"Do a kindness to someone every day."

The prince made use of the secret, and became the happiest boy in the kingdom. That is good advice for every boy and girl. Do you not think so?

Concert poem. Page 76.

Lesson adapted from "Loyalty to Friends."

Memory gem on lesson.

Second Grade.

Review of previous lesson.

Introductory talk. Page 78.

Story: "Damon and Pythias." Page 48.

Supplementary story, "Told in the Twilight." Page 49.

Memory Gem:

"A heart that feels for another's woe,
And shares in his joy with a friendly glow,
With sympathy large enough to enfold
All men as brothers,—is better than gold."

Lead the children to tell what is meant by "A heart that feels for another's woe;" and how they can share in another's joy. In order to be a friend worthy of the name, one must be able to trust the friend; must rejoice in the success and good fortune of the other, without envy; one must give all love, tenderness, and sympathy, and give it freely and gladly, without the thought of having anything in return. To be able to be a good true friend to all is better than to possess great riches.

Third Grade.

Introductory talk. Page 78.

Topics for class.

1. Have class bring sentiments of loyalty to friends and discuss them in class.

2. Relate story of Ruth and discuss in class her loyalty to Naomi. Repeat the sentence beginning with "Entreat me not to leave thee," etc., and explain that this is one of the most beautiful expressions of loyalty ever written.

3. Read and discuss Proverbs 18: 24.
4. Read and discuss Proverbs 25: 19.
5. Read and discuss Proverbs 27: 17.
6. Read and discuss John 15: 12-14.

Story: "Damon and Pythias." Page 48.
Story: "Told in the Twilight." Page 49.

Lesson 7.

Subject: "Loyalty to Country.'
Introductory talk:

"As it is natural to love our home, it is natural to love our country also. As the poorest homes are sometimes most tenderly loved, so the poorest and barest country is sometimes held in most affection. There is, perhaps, not a country in the world the inhabitants of which have not, at some time or other, been willing to suffer and die for it.

But as we think of our land, we quickly perceive that no body of young people ever had a more valuable inheritance than that which we have received; and we are under the greatest obligations to protect and preserve this land, and transmit it, full of the grandest achievements and most glorious recollections, to posterity.

This affection is natural, because the town and the nation in which one has lived, is, like the home, bound up with all the experiences of one's life. The games of childhood, the affection of parents, the love of friends, all the joys, the sorrows, the activities of life, are bound up in the thought of one's native land.

It is not merely natural to be patriotic and loyal, but it is also reasonable and right. Nearly all that makes life pleasant and desirable comes to us through the town or the nation to which we belong. Think how many thousands in our country have toiled for us! They have made roads, and they have built churches and schoolhouses. They have established mails and post offices. They have cultivated farms to provide for our needs, and have built ships that cross the ocean to bring to us the good things which we could not produce at home. They have provided protection against wrongdoers; so that if we sleep in peace, and work and study and play in safety, we are indebted for all this to the town and nation.

When the bells are ringing, and the cannons are firing, on the Fourth of July, we must not think merely of the noise and fun. We must remember those who on that day agreed that they would risk their lives and everything that was dear to them, that their country might be free. We must also think of those who in times of peril have

given themselves for the nation's good; of those who found the land a wilderness, and suffered pain and privation while they made the beginning of a nation. We must think of those who, ever since that time, whenever the liberty or the unity of the nation has been in peril, have sprung to its defense.

At the end of the war of the revolution, Washington was at the head of a mighty army, and was the object of the enthusiastic love of the whole people. He might easily have made himself a king or an emperor. It was a marvel to the civilized world when he quietly laid down all his power. He suffered himself to be twice chosen president; and then he became simply a private citizen. This seems to us now the most natural thing in the world; but really it was something very rare, and gave him a fame such as few heroes of the world enjoy.

Boys were very patriotic a century and more ago; many of them, fourteen, fifteen, and sixteen years of age, were in the Revolutionary Army. Andrew Jackson was but nine years old when independence was declared. And yet, at thirteen years of age, he was a soldier in the army, defending the coast of his native state, North Carolina. He was a bright, enterprising, courageous boy, full of enthusiasm and the spirit of seventy-six. His country was not much of a country then, as compared with what it is now, but he loved it, and would have died for it as his eldest brother did.

The love of God's ancient people for Jerusalem was the highest type of patriotic loyalty. "If I forget thee, O Jerusalem, let my right hand forget her cunning. If I do not remember thee let my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth; if I prefer not Jerusalem to my chief joy."

In the Civil War, several hundred thousand loyal men sacrificed their lives for the Union. They went forth to conflict at their country's call, knowing full well that they might fall in the service; but they voluntarily accepted the situation with all its perils. Their love of country exceeded their love of life."

"Above the beautiful lake of Constance has stood for a thousand years or more the quaint old Tyrolean city of Bregenz; and the legend of how the town was saved one night, three hundred years ago, is as follows: A Tyrol girl left her home and friends to go to service in the Swiss valleys. She stayed in Switzerland so long that her homesickness was forgotten, the language of her new friends was no longer strange; and when she led her cattle out to the pasture she looked no more on this side and that, wondering in which direction lay dear old Bergenz. Still, she used to sing to her master's children the songs of her native land; and at night, when she knelt for her simple prayer, it was the words of her childhood that came to her. Suddenly arose in the peaceful valley strange rumors of war and strife; there was little talk of working among the women, and even the little children seemed afraid to go out alone to play. One night the men and women were assembled, and talked over a plan for a secret attack on the stronghold

of the enemy, Bregenz. Their words were like death to the heart of the poor Tyrol maiden; and as she thought of the beauty of her native city, and that it was her old home, where her kinsfolk still lived, she saw in her new friends only the foes of her country. These words sounded in her ear: "Go forth, save Bregenz; and then, if need be, die." She went with trembling haste to the shed, loosed the strong white horse that fed daily from her hand, mounted him, and turned his head towards Bregenz. She hears before her the rushing of the Rhone. Her horse draws back in terror, for the bank is steep and high—one moment, and in he plunges. It is a hard struggle; she cannot see through the darkness; the waters rush above the mane of her horse; but at last it is over, and the noble horse bears up the steep bank on the other side. Again they rush onward, and just at midnight reach the city. Bergenz is saved. The battlements are manned before daylight, and the advancing army is met with defiance. That was three hundred years ago; but the old stone gateway, which was erected on the hill to do her honor, stands there still. And still, as the warder paces to and fro, guarding the old gateway and calling each passing hour, when midnight comes he calls the maiden's name."

Memory Gems.

"He serves his country best
Who lives pure life and doeth righteous deed,
And walks straight paths, however others stray,
And leaves his sons, as uttermost bequest,
A stainless record; which all men may read;
This is the better way."

"To God, thy country, and thy friend be true, then thou'lt ne'er be false to anyone."

"The noblest principle in education is to teach how best to live for one's country."

"Love your country and obey its laws."

First Grade.

Opening exercises.
Memory Gems.
Singing.

Story, "How Johnny Helped:"

"Oh, such a dreadful thing has happened!" said Johnny, running home to his mother.

"What is it, Johnny?"

"Old Mrs. Lane has fallen down and broken her ankle."

"That is too bad."

"And she is crying, because she can't go out to feed her chickens and her pigs."

"Poor old woman! What will she do?"

"I will feed the chickens," said Johnny's sister Susy. "I would like to; they are such pretty things."

"That will be very nice," said her mother. "I will give you all the table scraps to feed them with, Susy."

Johnny sat silent for a while; then he said to his mother: "Do you think that I ought to feed the pigs?"

"I shall leave you to decide that, my boy," she said. "You know we are told that whatever we do for those who are helpless is a service to Jesus Himself."

Johnny did not like to feed pigs; but he bravely took it as a duty, and before long he was pleased at seeing how the little grunters learned to know when he came.

When Mrs. Lane got well, she said that the pigs were fatter than if she had taken care of them herself.

Don't you think Johnny was glad that he had given help to one of the Lord's poor?—*Exchange.*

Concert poem. Page 76.

Lesson adapted from "Loyalty to Country."

Memory gem on lesson.

Second Grade.

Review of previous lesson.

Introductory talk. Page 81.

Story: "The Boy Who Found His Country." Page 51.

Memory Gem.

"To God, thy country, and thy friends be true; then thou'lt ne'er be false to anyone."

Explain some of the duties we owe to God, such as keeping His commandments, gratitude for His blessings, etc.; and tell why we owe them. Tell some of the duties we owe to our country, such as keeping the laws, honoring the flag, etc. Tell the story of Nathan Hale and Benedict Arnold. Show them that by performing our duty, we are helping to make our country a good and a great one.

Third Grade.

Introductory talk. Page 81.

Topics for class:

1. Have class look up quotations and poems that express loyalty to our country. Read and discuss in class.

2. Relate an incident from the life of George Washington which proves that he was loyal to his country.

3. Relate an incident from the life of Abraham Lincoln which shows his sacrifice for his country.

4. Relate story of Nathan Hale; discuss his sacrifice for his country.

5. Relate story of Benedict Arnold and compare his life with that of Nathan Hale.

6. Relate story of Queen Esther and discuss her loyalty to her people.

7. Relate story of Mormon Battalion and discuss the loyalty of the Latter-day Saints to their country.

8. Relate incident from life of President Brigham Young which shows his loyalty to the United States.

9. Have member of the class memorize and recite to the class the following poem by Owen Hall:

PATRIOTISM.

To love one's country ,to desire
For her the best of all that heaven can give;
Peace in her borders, freedom's deathless fire,
Just laws, and all that makes it good to live.
To love, and, loving, to translate
Love into efforts, such as wait
Upon the heart's best passions, and declare
What deeds alone are able to express—
Self-sacrificing deeds, not words of air—
The longing for a people's happiness.
—*Harper's Weekly.*

Story: "The Boy Who Found His Country." Page .....

Lesson 8.

Subject: Loyalty to the Church.

Introductory talk: Not very long after Jesus had ascended to heaven, Peter and John, two of His apostles, went to the temple at the hour of prayer. A poor man who had been lame ever since he was born asked them to give him something. Peter told him to get up and walk, and the man became strong and well, and went into the temple praising God. All the people who saw him were surprised. Peter told them by whose power it had been accomplished, and preached the gospel to them.

Some of the people who had heard them were angry at what they said, and had the apostles put in prison and kept them until the next day, when all the council met together. They had Peter and John brought in, and asked by what power they had healed the lame man. Peter told them it was by the power of Jesus. He told them, although they had considered Jesus worth nothing on earth, yet God had made Him to be ruler over all, and that there was no other person in all the world who could save them from being punished for their sins.

The rulers noticed that the apostles were not afaid to speak about

Jesus, and they were surprised. They sent Peter and John out of the room, and asked each other what they could do to such men.

"They have performed a great miracle, and it is known to the people in all Jerusalem, and we cannot contradict it. But we do not want the news to spread any further; so we will tell them that we will punish them if they preach any more to the people."

They called the apostles in again, and told them they must not preach about Jesus any more; or they would be punished. Peter and John said:

"Whether it is right for us to obey you more than God, you yourselves may judge; for we cannot help teaching the people about Jesus, and telling them of the things we have heard Him speak and have seen Him do."

No fear of punishment could make these apostles disown their church nor the teachings of the Savior, and no hardship was too great to show their love for their Master, and they preached to the people and taught them what they had learned.

We can read in the Bible of so many who were ready to suffer, yes, even to die, for their religion. Daniel went willingly into the den of lions, when he might have spared himself that ordeal if he had consented to pray to the king; but he preferred death to refusing to acknowledge his God. His three companions, Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego, were cast into the fiery furnace because they refused to deny the true God and worship the image set up by the king.

The Christians in early times endured all kinds of hardships, even to death, to be loyal to the Church.

In these days, also, many have been driven from their comfortable homes, have suffered from cold and hunger, because they would not forsake their religion.

The Prophet Joseph Smith, and his brother Hyrum and others have given their lives for a cause they knew was right.

Ask the missionaries who go away to preach the Gospel how they are often received, and they will no doubt tell you how hard it is to bear the jeers, the laughter, and the sneers which they hear about the Church. Yet they are willing to bear that and much more rather than deny that they are Latter-day Saints.

It is a noble thing to die for one's religion; and it is noble also to live for it; to live so that other people will want to belong to the same Church—to let your light so shine before men, that they may see your good works and glorify your Father which is in heaven.

Even boys and girls can show their loyalty to their religion. They are justly proud of the title of "Latter-day Saints." They can show they are proud of it. They can refuse to join or listen to any conversation that ridicules the Church or its leaders. They can be brave enough to stand for the right, even if they are laughed and sneered at, or even have to suffer in other ways; for they can remember that Jesus said:

"Blessed are ye when men shall revile you, and persecute you, and shall say all manner of evil against you falsely, for my sake. Rejoice and be exceeding glad; for great is your reward in heaven; for so persecuted they the prophets which were before you."

First Grade.

Opening exercises.
Memory gems.
Singing.

Story, "Killing the Dragon:"

A little boy, four years old, said to his father:

"Father, I want to be a saint."

"Very well, John," said his father, "you may be a saint if you choose, but you will find it very hard work."

"I don't mind," replied John. "I want to be a saint and fight a dragon. I am sure I could kill one!"

"So you shall, my boy."

"But when can I be one?" persisted the child.

"You can begin today," said his father.

"But where is the dragon?"

"I will tell you when he comes out."

So the boy ran off contentedly to play with his sister.

In the course of the day some presents came for the two children. John's was a book and his sister Catherine's a beautiful doll. Now, John was too young to care for a book, but he dearly loved dolls, and when he found that his sister had what he considered a much nicer present than his own, he threw himself on the floor in a passion of tears.

His father, who happened to be there, said quietly, "Now, John, the dragon is out."

The child stopped crying, but said nothing. That evening, however, when he bade his father good-night, he whispered, "Papa, I am very glad Catherine has the doll. I did kill the dragon.—*Selected.*

Concert poem. Page 76.
Lesson adapted from "Loyalty to Church."
Memory gem on lesson.

Second Grade.

Review of previous lesson.
Introductory talk. Page 85.
Story: "Early Experience of a Latter-day Saint." Page 54.

Memory Gem.

"Let your light so shine before men, that they may see your good works and glorify your father which is in heaven."

Let the children tell of what use a light is, and why Jesus said it should not be put under a bushel but in a candle stick. What did He mean by "your light?" We wish to have people believe in our re-

ligion and see its beauties, and by living good, pure, beautiful lives we can make people have a desire to live that way. We can best show our loyalty to our Church by being true to it, and making the world better by trying to be good Latter-day Saints.

Third Grade.

Introductory talk. Page 85.

Topics for class:

1. Have class bring, for discussion, instances of loyalty to our Church. These may be obtained from Church History, Faith Promoting Series, parents, relatives or friends.

2. Read Romans 12th and explain in your own words, how by doing as Paul directs we would be loyal to our Church.

3. State how and why Moses was loyal to God.

4. State in your own words the loyalty of Job.

5. In the story of Daniel are a number of instances where he gave proof of his loyalty to God, relate them as briefly as you can to the class.

6. Read John 3: 23-36. Relate in your own words John's loyalty to the Savior.

7. Read Luke 6: 32-35. Discuss how to treat others, even those whom we do not like, if we would be loyal to God's commandments.

Story: "Early Experience of a Latter-day Saint." Page 54.

THE MODEL AMERICAN BOY.

If you're seeking a boy for position of trust,
Let me tell you just where he'll be found.
He is honest and faithful, likewise he is just,
And he'll suit you "way down to the ground."
And now, can you guess whom this youngster may be
Who is full of much mischief and joy?
I should think you would know without questioning me,
He's our model American Boy.
Why, of course, he has faults ,or he'd not be a boy:
For that follows, as day follows night.
But he makes the world laugh with his wonderful joy,
That will make darkest days appear light.
Then let him laugh on, and be merry and gay;
He's pure gold with but little alloy.
Use him well, and he will all your kindness repay—
Will our model American Boy.
And he dreams of a time—if it ever should come,
When his country will call for brave men;
If he's grown, 'neath the flag he will follow the drum—
Oh! you'll not find him cowardly then.
At last—should he fall in the thick of the fray,
With his face to the foes that destroy,
Make his shroud of the flag, twine the laurel and bay,
And we'll mourn our American Boy.

—*Mrs. Will M. Beadle.*

9. JESUS SITTING IN THE MIDST OF THE DOCTORS. St. Luke ii. 46.

American Tissot Society, New York. Copyright by Tissot, 1895–96.

"They found Him in the temple, sitting in the midst of the doctors."

The Children's Friend

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A TRUE INCIDENT.

NOTE.—The following letters explain themselves, and tell their story without any explanation or comments.

EVANSTON, WYO., Oct. 17, 1907.

Dr. Landenburger,
Salt Lake,

DEAR SIR: Inclosed find P. O. order for $20.00, which I send you as payment on Mrs. Julia A. Moore's operation, as mamma isn't able to work yet, so I have worked hard at shining shoes to earn enough to pay something to you, so she won't worry. I am only 13 years old. I go to school and shine shoes after hours, and I want to surprise her, so send me the receipt so I can send it to her. I am living with my sister in Evanston, so send it to me here. I will make some more as soon as I can, but there isn't much work right now. Mamma isn't very well by her last letter. She can't work yet.

I will close hoping you get this all O. K.

MASTER ORVILLE MOORE.

Evanston, Wyo.

My Dear Master Orville Moore:

Today I have received twenty dollars from you as payment in part of your mother's bill.

This is quite a surprise, coming from such a little boy as you, and I thank you greatly.

The remaining sixty dollars of your mother's bill I shall give to you to show you how the world admires good little boys. So now you can write to your mother and tell her that her bill is all paid, that she doesn't owe me anything.

I hope, young man, that you may continue through all of your life the way you have begun, and that your career will be most successful. I remain

Sincerely,

J. C. LANDENBERGER.

Oct. 19, 1907.

TROOPER BASSETT'S RELEASE.

A STORY OF THE SOUTH AFRICAN WAR.

Trooper Frank Bassett nodded in perfect understanding. He was now exchanging his uneasy dreams of home for something harder.

"So the only thing you're to keep fast," said the Colonel, "is this. 'Wilmansdorp' stands for Harrisburg. If you get through, give that to Major Smith. If you let it slip to the enemy—"

Bassett's face hardened. Colonel Morris smiled.

"Very well. Don't risk your life for the letter itself—the secret is the thing. Of course you know the risks you will run."

He handed over the despatch, and Bassett placed it safely away. Then he saluted and marched out. "Safe as a rock," thought the Colonel. "He would die first, and perhaps he will! It's a pity—but war is war!"

Half an hour later Trooper Bassett trotted out of camp. In the district they were now clearing there was no regular communication by telegraph, and despatch riders had to do the work. Colonel Morris' plan was to make a swoop upon Harrisburg from the south, with Smith's force assisting from the west; but in the letter "Wilmansdorp" had been purposely written to deceive the enemy if Bassett should fall into their hands. If he failed to get through, the attack would have to be made without Smith's help.

Bassett thought it all out a hundred times before the time of his failure. That was late in the afternoon, when the sight of a single horseman far ahead was his first danger signal. Then came a shot from some rough ground on his left. He reflected, rather bitterly, that dreams of home had very little connection with this real business of life and death.

Presently, and very shortly, his horse was down, and the sharp running-fight was over. Before he could pick himself up, half-a-dozen Boers were upon him. Then he found himself upon his feet, gripped by strong hands. The leader of the party was examining the dispatch.

Apparently he could make nothing of it save the name "Wilmansdorp," but he said something in Dutch as he hid it away, and a horse was brought. Then the whole party struck off to the North, Bassett riding between two rifles. He wished he could forget that "Wilmansdorp" meant Harrisburg.

In an hour they reached a great laager. Bassett saw that there were more Boers in the vicinity than had been supposed, and felt that if they secured the secret Colonel Morris' expedition might end badly. He listened eagerly for the leader's name, and his face grew very grave when some one mentioned Van Zylder.

And Van Zylder it was—a man still young, with closely-trimmed beard, and hard, keen, gray eyes. He read the despatch, but he was not

the man to be deceived. He signed to the men to move away, and stood face to face with Bassett.

"You have more than this!" he said, briskly.

There was no answer. The men measured each other well. "Of course," repeated the Boer, "there is more than this. Will you give me the rest?"

Again no answer. Van Zylder had a way of speaking to the point. "You refuse? You know my name—Van Zylder? And you know what must happen!"

Still Bassett was silent. Van Zylder waited for just a moment, then shrugged his shoulders, and moved away to his men. They went to the other side of the enclosure, just out of earshot, and there began to talk.

Bassett sat down upon the grass. Ten yards off stood a man with a ready rifle, and farther away again a group of children, looking at the prisoner with plain dislike. Bassett glanced once at them, and then tried to consider himself. It was full time.

Things were very bitter on both sides now, and Van Zylder was one of the bitterest on the other side. He fancied that he could guess the end—one of the "risks" Colonel Morris had hinted at. There was a donga near by—and in the result, Private Bassett would be reported "Missing." That was one of the incidents of war.

Then he thought of those who would not be able to forget him quickly, and wish with all his heart that he had not dreamed of home the night before. Dreams come whether you want them or not, and this one had made him feel "softer"—that was the word— than he wished to feel just now. Anyway, it was quite clear that his five-year-old sister had prayed for him so regularly all in vain. Missing!

Then he heard a curious sound behind him and turned quickly.

The sight was as curious as the sound. A plump little Dutch girl of three or four years had come up, unawares, with a toy wagon, which she dragged over the uneven ground by a cord. The wagon found the ground all the more difficult because its wheels were four-no, three, for one was off-ordinary cotten reels, cunningly screwed to the axles. For all this was evidently a camp-made toy, the work of some handy fighting-man when there was no fighting on.

Bassett's 'soft' mood was the cause of the rest. He smiled at the wagon, and the child came nearer. Then he saw the missing wheel and screw in her hand. The harder Frank Bassett would have scowled, but—

"Want me to mend it?" he asked gently.

She understood his gesture if not his words. In another moment he had commenced repairs.

It was in that strange way that his minutes fled. He had no tools, but with the help of a stone he managed to replace the reel. As he finished his task he became aware of a shadow over him, and looked up. It was Van Zylder.

Bassett rose to face him, wagon in hand. The Boer, however,

was not looking at his prisoner, but at the mended toy. His first words were startling in their nature.

"I made that," he said; and his stern face had a suggestion of a smile upon it.

"You?' ' echoed Bassett.

"Yes. Take it away, little one."

The little one obeyed. A few moments passed in silence. Bassett wondered what had happened to change everything. Within twenty yards he saw a group of five men. and remembered the donga. But somehow he felt that his danger was passed.

Bassett shook his head. Then they looked each other in the eyes, in a curious kind of mutual understanding. A moment afterwards the Boer turned away, shouting an order.

It was obeyed at once. The laager became a scene of work and noise, during which the prisoner was left unheeded. Oxen were put to the wagons, and messengers rode out in various directions to gather in the cattle and horses. Knowing that troops were moving, and uncertain as to their movements, Van Zylder had resolved to change his ground; and just as darkness set in Bassett found himself left alone upon the veldt, horseless, unarmed, and helpless indeed, but safe and sound. The Boer leader had given some order which had left him free.

Twenty hours later he was picked up by a patrol from Morris' advancing force. To those who knew Van Zylder's reputation, his story was surprising; but he only told a part of it, keeping one portion sacred. In his own plain way the young fellow had come to a conclusion.

"There's no doubt," he had decided, "that it was the praying of the little one at home that brought my dream, and it was the dream that made me soft enough to mend that wagon. And it was the wagon that changed Van Zylder's mind about me."

So, he argued, thus getting many new thoughts for those hard days and after. For he had had some true glimpse, perhaps, of the way in which prayer binds all, friend and foe alike, in golden chains about the feet of its hearer."—*Selected.*

SAINT GEORGE AND THE DRAGON.

George was the name given by a Christian father and mother of noble birth, who lived in Cappadocia, to their little son, who was born some time towards the end of the third century. When George grew up he entered the army, and proved a brave and courageous soldier, and the Emperor promoted him to high rank for valor. Soon after, however, a persecution set in against the Christians, and the Christian soldier remained true to his faith, and even tore down from where they were posted some of the orders commanding the persecutions of his fellow-Christians. For this he was imprisoned, tortured, and finally

died a martyr's death by beheading. As years passed by, poets began to write verses about the brave St. George, and story- tellers told wonderful tales of his courage. Perhaps in the first these writers told just the brave things which St. George did, but as time went by a little was added here and a little there by other writers, until now we cannot say that any of the stories are the truth, but some of them are so beautiful, we like to hear them. They help us to see how to be brave and strong in time of trouble and always to give thanks to God when He helps us, and especially in the one we are going to tell you it shows how a strong, brave man was humble and gave thanks to God when he might have taken it to himself.

"In that old time when nations which are now Christian were still pagan, there was a city called Lysia, and it was built on the edge of a great swamp. In the center of this swamp among the weeds and willows, lived at that time a fiery dragon. It was a great serpent-like creature, with huge wings, with a head like a rhinoceros, and a long scale-covered body like a crocodile; and its breath was fire. And day by day, at the same hour, this terrible monster would shoot forth his ugly head from his den of willows, and bend his long neck, first to one side, then to another, and then would turn his face to Lysia, and come gliding, and curving, and spitting fire, to that spot on the edge of the swamp where the gate of the city was. And lying there, his tail in the water, and his vile head on the bank, he would fix his eyes on the gate, and whoever came out, or went up to go in, was sure to die; for the glance of the dragon's eye was death, and the fire of his breath destruction. And soldiers riding forth on messages from the king, and women and children coming down to the swamp for water, and shepherds driving home their flocks, had been seized by the monster and killed by his breath of fire, and devoured. Then, when he had got his meal for the day, he drew down his head from the bank, and turned, and went curving and gliding back to his den. When this had gone on for some time, the citizens came together and said to the king, "O king Xevius, deliver us from this dragon!" But the old king, rising from his throne, could only say, "My children, how shall I deliver you?" Then one of the citizens said, "Let us send messages to other cities, and offer prizes of gold, and silver, and arms, to their best champions. It may be that one may come who shall be able to deliver us from the dragon." This plan was thought a good one; and many champions came; but the dragon prevailed, and killed one after another, until no more would come. And the beast came forth from his den, and waited at the gateway, and seized and swallowed those who went out or in, just as before. And when this had continued another while, the citizens came again to the king and said, "King Xevius, save us from this terrible dragon." But the king could only say, "If the heavens might open and the gods descend, the dragon might be slain." When the citizens saw that their king had lost hope, they began to despair; until one suggested that they might drain the swamp, and set fire to the weeds and willows, and so destroy the beast. But they could not determine how

to set about it, and while they debated, the dragon was daily adding another victim to those he had slain. And so a year passed. And again the people came to the king; and now they were angry at him, and blamed him for the delay. Then one of the citizens suggested that, instead of letting the dragon destroy men and women, they should give it cattle. The citizens did not like this proposal first, for their cattle was their wealth; but at last they consented. And one day an ox, and the next day a sheep, was placed at the gate, in the morning. And when the monster had swallowed his victim, he turned and went back to his den. And for a whole year the city had peace. But at the end of that time the shepherds came down from the hills, and said, "Will you take all our flocks and herds from us, and leave our children and ourselves to perish from want?" And they turned angry looks on the king and the citizens. And the citizens, because the hill people had no more cattle, were forced to cast lots daily. And on whatever house the lot should fall, from that house a child should be taken and sent forth to be devoured by the monster. But at this a horror of great darkness fell on all the city; and every household was in terror. From the house on which the lot fell at eventide, a boy or girl had to be sent forth in the morning. And the father and mothers wept for the curse had entered the city and darkened all the joy of their homes. One evening the lot fell on Cleotilda, the daughter of the king. And the news went far and wide, that next morning the beautiful princess, who had thought some day to be a queen, must go forth to be devoured by the dragon. Oh! then the heart of the king was wrung with sorrow. And he said to the people, "Be pitiful, O my citizens, and spare my daughter!" But the people set their teeth, and doubled their fists, and were angry at him. Their sons and daughters had been taken; and if he would not give up his daughter, they would burn his palace and his daughter and himself. And the king saw that this was justly spoken. But he pleaded with them, as he was their king, and a gray-haired man, and she was his only child, that they would grant him eight days more, that he might look at her, and love her, and weep with her, before she went forth to die. And they consented. But the eighth day came; and in the morning the king dressed his daughter in white, and put a gold crown on her head, and took her by the hand, and walked down with her to the gate. And then, kissing her many times, and weeping sore, the gate was opened to let her forth, and then shut again, and the maiden stood outside of the wall alone, waiting for her doom. The walls of the city were crowded with citizens, in tears, who waited to see her die; but the king returned to his palace, that he might be alone and weep. And when the people looked to the swamp, they saw the dragon putting forth his head, then craning this way and that, then curving out of his den and gliding straight as an arrow to the spot on the shore where the white-robed maiden stood. Now, there ran all along the edge of that swamp one of the famous roads of Imperial Rome. And it chanced that morning that a Christian knight, of the name of George, was riding on some service of the Emperor, along that very road. And, coming to the edge of the swamp, he

saw the great dragon curving and gliding to the shore, and at the shore, alone, before the closed gateway, the crowned and white-robed daughter of the king, in tears. Putting spurs to his horse, he rode swiftly up to her, and asked her what the meaning of it all was. And Cleotilda pointed to the dragon, and told him all the woe of the city, and said, "The lot has fallen on me, and I have come forth to die." But the knight said, "By Christ's sake, you shall not die. Take me this day to be your champion, and He will help me to deliver you from this beast." But the maiden said, "Not so, kind Sir Knight; champions too many have been destroyed for the monster, and one more shall not die for me." But the knight said, "Christ is my strength and my sword, and He has made this promise to me—'The dragon shalt thou trample under foot." When the Princess heard him mention the name of Christ again she understood he was speaking of the gods, and she said, remembering her father's words, 'If the gods from heaven fight for you, the dragon may indeed be slain.' And when George told her that heaven would surely help, she gave consent. Then the brave knight, lifting up his eyes to heaven, said, "O Jesus, my Captain, my Lord! I have no strength but what Thou shalt give me. For Thy mercy's sake, and for the pity that is in Thy heart for Thy children, help me this day to deliver this Thy child, and the glory shall be Thine for ever and ever." And Jesus heard the prayer of His knight, and strengthened him with great strength. And George grasped his spear firmly in his right hand, raised it above his shoulder, and with his left reined back his horse some paces, and, once more committing himself to Christ, rode straight in upon the monster. And then, with his whole soul's and body's might, he hurled his uplifted spear down into the monster's neck, and pierced him through and through. And leaping down from his horse suddenly, with one blow of his sword the knight severed the monster's head from its body. And then he knelt down and gave Christ thanks. And he fastened the head of the monster to the reins of his horse, and set the princess on the saddle, and led her through the gate, which, only a half hour before she thought had closed on her forever. The people on the walls had seen the combat, and their glad shouts rang through the city. And they told the king; and he ran down to the gate. And they met the knight walking humbly by the head of his horse, and leading Cleotilda home. And the knight, being told that Xevius was king, delivered up the princess to him, and bade him give the praise to Christ. Then, going up to the place of assembly in the city, Sir George spoke to the people of what had been done, and gave all the glory of it to Christ. And he told them that Christ was able to do a thousand times more and better than he had done. And he told them of His death and resurrection at Jerusalem, and of the great love He has for men, and invited them to become sharers of that love, and Christians. And Xevius, Cleotilda, and ten thousand more, old and young, hearkened to his words and believed. And having baptized them, the knight mounted his horse and went on his way."

LITTLE ARTHUR'S PRAYER.

The little boys of the school went quietly to their own beds, and began undressing and talking to each other in whispers; while the elder, amongst whom was Tom, sat chatting about on one another's beds, with their jackets and waistcoats off. Poor little Arthur was overwhelmed with the novelty of his position. The idea of sleeping in the room with strange boys had clearly never crossed his mind before, and was as painful as it was strange to him. He could hardly bear to take his jacket off; however, presently, with an effort, off it came, and then he paused and looked at Tom, who was sitting at the bottom of his bed, talking and laughing.

"Please, Brown," he whispered, "may I wash my face and hands?"

"Of course, if you like," said Tom, staring; "that's your wash-hand stand, under the window, second from your bed. You'll have to go down for more water in the morning if you use it all." And on he went with his talk, while Arthur stole timidly from between the beds out to his wash-hand stand, and began his ablutions, thereby drawing for a moment on himself the attention of the room.

On went the talk and laughter. Arthur finished his washing and undressing, and put on his night-gown. He then looked round more nervously than ever. Two or three of the little boys were already in bed, sitting up with their chins on their knees. The light burned clear, the noise went on. It was a trying moment for the poor little lonely boy; however, this time he didn't ask Tom what he might or might not do, but dropped on his knees by his bedside, as he had done every day from his childhood, to open his heart to Him who heareth the cry and heareth the sorrows of the tender child, and the strong man in agony.

Tom was sitting at the bottom of his bed unlacing his boots, so that his back was towards Arthur, and he didn't see what had happened, and looked up in wonder at the sudden silence. Then two or three boys laughed and sneered, and a big brutal fellow, who was standing in the middle of the room, picked up a slipper, and shied it at the kneeling boy, calling him a snivelling young shaver. Then Tom saw the whole, and the next moment the boot he had just pulled off flew straight at the head of the bully, who had just time to throw up his arm and catch it on his elbow.

"What's that for, Brown?" roared he, stamping with pain.

"Never mind what it's for," said Tom, stepping onto the floor, every drop of blood in his body tingling, "if any fellow wants the other boot, he knows how to get it."

What would have been the result is doubtful, for at this moment the sixth-form boy came in, and not another word could be said. Tom and the rest rushed into bed and finished their unrobing there, and the old servant, as punctual as the clock, had put out the candle in another minute, and toddled on to the next room, shutting their door with his usual "Good night, gentlemen."

There were many boys in the room by whom that little scene was taken to heart before they slept. But sleep seemed to have deserted the pillow of Tom. For some time his excitement, and the flood of memories which chased one another through his brain, kept him from thinking or resolving. His head throbbed, his heart leaped, and he could hardly keep himself from springing out of bed and rushing about the room. Then the thought of his own mother came across him, and the promise he had made at her knee, years ago, never to forget to kneel by his bedside, and give himself up to his Father before he laid his head on the pillow, from which he might never rise; and he lay down gently and cried as if his heart would break. He was only fourteen years old.

It was no light act of courage in those days for a little boy to say his prayers publicly, even at Rugby. A few years later, when Arnold's manly piety had begun to leaven the school, the tables were turned; before he died, in the school house at least, and I believe in the other houses, the rule was the other way. But poor Tom had come to school in other times. The first few nights after he came he did not kneel down because of the noise, but sat up in bed till the candle was out. So did many another poor little fellow. Then he began to think that he might just as well say his prayers in bed, and then that it did not matter whether he was kneeling or sitting, or lying down. And so it had come to pass with Tom as with all those who will not confess their Lord before men; and for the last year he had probably not said his prayer in earnest a dozen times.

Poor Tom! the first and bitterest feeling which was like to break his heart, was the sense of his own cowardice. The vice of all others which he loathed, was brought in and burned in on his own soul. He had lied to his mother, to his conscience, to his God. How could he bear it? And then the poor little weak boy, whom he had pitied and almost scorned for his weakness, had done that which he, braggart as he was, dared not do. The first dawn of comfort came to him in vowing to himself that he would stand by that boy through thick and thin, and cheer him, and help him and bear his burdens, for the good deed done that night.

Then he resolved to write home next day and tell his mother all, and what a coward her son had been. And then peace came to him as he resolved, lastly, to bear his testimony next morning. The morning would be harder than the night to begin with, but he felt that he could not afford to let one chance slip. Several times he faltered, for the tempter showed first all his old friends calling him "Saint" and "Square toes," and a dozen hard names, and whispered to him that his motives would be misunderstood, and he would only be left alone with the new boy; whereas it was his duty to keep all means of influence, that he might do good to the largest number. And then came the more subtle temptation, "Shall I not be showing myself braver than others by doing this? Have I any right to begin now? Ought I not rather to pray in my own study, letting the other boys know that I do so, and trying to lead them to it, while in public at least, I should go on as I have done?"

However, his good angel was too strong that night, and he turned on his side and slept, tired of trying to reason, but resolved to follow the impulse which had been so strong, and in which he had found peace.

Next morning he was up and washed and dressed, all but his jacket and waistcoat, just as the ten minutes bell began to ring, and then in the face of the whole room knelt down to pray. Not five words could he say—the bell mocked him; he was listening for every whisper in the room—what were they all thinking of him? He was ashamed to go on kneeling, ashamed to rise from his knees. At last, as it were from his inmost heart, a still small voice seemed to breathe forth the words, "God be merciful to me, a sinner!" He repeated them over and over, clinging to them as for his life, and rose from his knees comforted and humbled, ready to face the whole world. It was not needed; two other boys besides Arthur had already followed his example, and he went down to the great school with the glimmer of another lesson in his heart—the lesson that he who has conquered his own coward spirit has conquered the whole outward world.

He found, too, how greatly he had exaggerated the effect to be produced by this act. For a few nights there was a sneer or a laugh when he knelt down, but this passed off soon, and one by one all the other boys but three or four followed the lead.—*From "Tom Brown's School Days."*

WHY HE WAS STRONG.

In the midst of simple daily duties unexpected emergencies are likely to arise. Then character is taken unawares, and must stand for whatever it is worth.

Along the New Jersey coast, as elsewhere, the national Government maintains a series of well-equipped life-saving stations. Not only is the outfit complete mechanically, but it is in the hands of trained men. These men have very little of the dramatically heroic in their lives. Weeks and months will pass with no memorable opportunity for testing the nerve and skill of the men in actual life-saving, though day in and day out everyone of them is kept in training for the saving of life and property from the relentless fury of the sea. It all becomes an everyday, matter-of-fact business for these faithful, watchful men, and they are loath to consider themselves such wonderful fellows as their visitors like to picture them.

Among my friends in one of these stations is a huge, six-foot longshoreman with a family of eight children, and numerous relations who look to him for support. He has always seemed to me a man of great strength in every way, and I was not surprised when I heard the story of an emergency wherein his character came suddenly to the test.

He had taken a man and his wife and her maid out for an after-

noon's sail in a boat with which he was not familiar. But sailing a boat was child's play to him—ordinarily. On that day he made his way out over the bar in smooth water, and stood out to sea.

When he was well offshore with his little party he saw that the weather was changing. He went about and filled away for the harbor, with an increasing wind and sea astern. Ordinarily there would have been nothing alarming in the circumstances, but he noticed in the distance that the seas, instead of slipping quietly over the bar, were tumbled and torn into a white smother as they raced over the long shoals.

The life guard tried one channel after another, and found to his dismay that contrary tides and winds had driven breaking seas across all the well known entrances. His passengers were not much troubled until he got out the two life-preservers the little yacht carried. These he quietly handed to the man, who at once adjusted them upon the two women.

It was folly to think of staying outside to take the chances of survival in the open sea; it was very doubtful whether the small yacht, riding low in the water, could cross the bar without swamping. But Brainerd headed straight for the white turmoil where the best channel had been. It he could drive the yacht through, well and good, but if a single great sea should tumble over the stern and into the open craft, then—but he took the risk boldly.

When he told me the story it was in the same quiet tone that he always used in conversation about the simplest things. He said the passengers seemed thoroughly frightened when the yacht got into the breakers. But what thrilled in his voice for a moment was his admiration for the little craft that rode the combing seas like a duck, never shipped a barrel of water, and bore them safely into the stillness of the harbor. There was seemingly no thought of himself in his mind at all. He had been trained to meet an emergency.

But this courage had its secret. One night I went on patrol with him. A light mist was drawing in from the sea. The darkness was broken only by the lights of a summer city far up the beach. Beyond the surf line and miles away in the night glimmered the lights of a steamer rolling up from the Capes in the lifting swell. We trudged along the tide-hardened sands and over grassy dunes, and talked of the sea and its ways. After an hour's tramp, I saw just ahead of us, snugly tucked away among the low bluffs, a little shanty.

"This is the end of my beat," said Brainerd, as we turned aside and entered the darkness within the door.

Another man was seated on a bench along the wall. His white lifeguard blouse made him visible as we entered. I sat on an opposite bench and took what part I could in the conversation.

These two men of the beach patrol had evidently been close friends for years, and as they talked I found that this was no chance meeting between them, for they had met there night after night for years, each man at the outer limit of his patrol,—one from our station to the south, the other from the station several miles to the north.

After a half hour's talk, we bade the northern guard good night and started down the beach. Brainerd seemed ill at ease.

"I think perhaps I ought to tell you— don't know but what I did wrong back there," he said, at last, and he nodded toward the shanty.

"What's the trouble?" I asked, with no thought of the real cause of the big man's concern.

"Well," said he, "that man and I for years have been meeting there, you know, and we are in the habit of having prayers together in the shanty. I wanted to do that tonight, but I wasn't sure you would understand just how it came about."

"Brainerd, I wish you had. I would have been glad indeed. But tell me—how did you come to have prayers there and what made you do it?' '

Was I wrong in probing into this man's soul? He was embarrassed by my question. He hesitated at first and then burst out with:

"Why, it was this way. I know something of the dangers and hardships of the beach, and I tell you when I think of what I may be called upon to do, I feel so weak! That's the reason, and that's why we like to pray together for strength."

The secret of Brainerd's sturdy manhood was out. What matters it that I know of more than one occasion when he was put to the test? Why should I tell of the remainder of our talk and walk that night? I had learned how a noble character had come to be strong through consciousness of weakness, and I have the notion that anyone is strong who counts upon the upholding hand of the Almighty God in times of emergency and at all times.—*Philip E. Howard.*

VICTORY THROUGH PATIENCE.

A writer in *Our Sunday Afternoon* tells of a young Sunday school teacher in the city of Boston, who long ago had in her class a boy who seemed fairly incorrigible. It was apparently impossible to interest him in anything good and true.

But Miss M—— clung to him. She prayed for him every day, and often a dozen times a day. She heard how he was going from bad to worse in his daily life.

Finally he was arrested for being an accomplice in a burglary, and sent to prison for two years. Miss M—— did not give him up then, but visited him often in prison, always finding him hard, sullen and defiant.

After his release from prison he disappeared, and no one knew where he went, but everyone was confident that he had gone to destruction.

Years and years passed. Miss M—— married and went far from her native town to live. She had grown children of her own when she and her husband went to the Pacific slope to visit relatives

and friends. They found the town, or city in which one of their friends lived, greatly agitated over the liquor question.

"We are trying hard to elect a 'no licence' Mayor," said Mr. K——, the gentleman Mr. and Mrs. H—— were visiting. "We hope to succeed, for our candidate for Mayor is such an intensely earnest man, and he has the confidence and respect of the community. He is coming to dinner this evening, and I'll be glad to have you meet him."

When he came, Mrs. H—— saw a tall, full-bearded and exceptionally fine-looking man, whom she would have said at once she had never met before.

"Why," he said, as he grasped her hand, "are you not Miss M—?"

"I was Miss M——," she replied.

"And you lived in Boston?"

"Yes, I did."

"And you taught a class in a Sunday school called the West End Mission?"

"Yes."

"And there was a bad boy in that class named Roger Martin?"

"There was a boy of that name in the class. I have never forgotten him."

"And yet you don't know him when he stands before you, for I am that same Roger Martin."

Miss M——'s unceasing prayers had been heard and answered.

"I tried to forget you and all your teachings," said Mr. Martin. "I tried to forget God. I lived a wicked life for fifteen years after I left my home, but in all those years of sinfulness I could not forget your loving patience, nor some of the things you had said to me. I feel that I owe my final conversion and acceptance of God to you. I wrote and told you so when I was converted, but the letter came back to me through the dead-letter office. I wanted you to know that after many days and years God had answered your prayers for me, and that none of your efforts in my behalf were lost."

"I never felt that you were lost," said Mrs. H——, "and I have been praying for you all of these years."

THE POWER OF PRAYER.

If thou shouldst never see my face again,
Pray for my soul. More things are wrought by prayer
Than this world dreams of. Wherefore, let thy voice
Rise like a fountain for me night and day.
For what are men better than sheep and goats
That nourish a blind life within the brain,
If, knowing God, they lift not hands of prayer
Both for themselves and those who call them friend?
For so the whole round earth is every way
Bound with gold chains about the feet of God.

—*Tennyson's "Passing of Arthur."*

Officers' Department.

THE TEACHER'S PART.

We are fellow-workers with God. He calls us to stand beside Him and do a part while He does a part. The teacher sits down with her class. The aim of the teaching is, the bringing of the children to be Latter-day Saints, the building up in them of a good character, and the leading of them out into ways of usefulness and loving service. What is the teacher's part? She can make plain to her class the word and will of God, and she can also represent Christ to them, showing them in His own life glimpses of the divine compassion, tenderness, yearning, truth, purity, and love. But she cannot herself do what needs to be done in their young lives; only God can do that. But God and the teacher are fellow-workers.

We are the chisel with which God carves his statues. Unquestionably we must do the work. Are we worthy to do it? Hawthorne, speaking of a block of marble and the possibilities of beauty that lie in it, waiting to be brought out, said that the stone assumed a sacred character, and that no man should touch it unless he felt within himself a consecration and priesthood. If this be true when it is only a block of marble that is to be wrought upon, how much more is it true of a human soul,—a child's life, for example, laid in your hands or mine,—that we may free the angel that waits within it! It is a most sacred moment when a life is put before us to be touched by us.

Suppose that you or I should not do the holy work well, and the life should be marred, hurt, stunted, its beauty blurred, its purity stained, its development impaired, its power weakened; think of the sadness of the result. How heavenly must the teacher keep in temper, when she is sitting beside the Master, working with him on the lives of the children!

"Perchance in heaven one day to me
Some blessed saint will come, and say,
'All hail, beloved, but for thee
My soul to death had fallen a prey:'
And oh, what rapture in the thought—
One soul to glory to have brought!"

When you begin to grow lax about keeping in communion with God; when you begin to neglect your Bible, and when you get too busy about other things to pray; something else is going to happen, something which will bring sad surprise and humiliation to you.

Officers' Paper.

ORDER IN THE PRIMARY ASSOCIATIONS.

"I do not think a boy should be allowed to behave in God's house in such a manner that it would be considered a disgrace for him to act so in my parlor or in my office," said a man to one who was defending a disorderly Primary association on the ground that as good order could not be expected there as elsewhere. Was not the man's position correct? Should we be satisfied with disorder in the Primary association such as we would not allow in other places? How shall we have an orderly association? is the question which we endeavor to answer at this time.

There is among others at least three essentials to an orderly Primary association. While they do not cover the entire ground, they form a very satisfactory starting-point for those who wish to discuss this matter fairly and intelligently. Those desiring an orderly meeting should know what order in the Primary association is. There is much indefiniteness of thought and expression in regard to the matter of order in the Primary association. There are those who tell us that we cannot expect the same order here as in day-school. Others declare that the Primary association is neither an army nor a prison, where things are to be done under strict military discipline. While this is true, there are many who content themselves with giving assent to these generalities, while allowing the association to run riot in its disorder. Whatever interferes with that which should engage the attention of the members at a given time may be considered disorder. For example, whatever will attract the attention of teachers and children from the services, should be considered disorder. Again, whatever will interfere with the class work during the time assigned it, ought to have the stamp of disapproval. Whoever it is, officer, teacher, or child, who does that which keeps others from attending strictly to what should engage their attention at the time, is disorderly. That he may have an excuse for his disorder, is no reason for it.

Determine to have order. There are many who say they know the kind of order they should have, but they cannot get it. If it is right to have it, it can be secured. The difficulty in too many cases lies in the fact that officers and teachers are afraid of hurting the feelings of their children and causing them to remain away from the meeting. The truth is: One disorderly boy or girl will do more to keep others from the Primary association than will the demands of the officers and teachers who maintain order. Should those in charge agree that there shall be order, it will come if the three essentials be recognized and adhered to.

Be willing to work for order. In the first place there must be an agreement among the officers and teachers as to what should be done in certain cases, and then there must be a determination on the part of all to do it. In this, as in so many other matters, the time element is very important. God is a God of order. The Bible commands that all things be done decently and in order. This gives us the assurance that we are on God's side in insisting on having order. The Almighty, however, works through His servants. Leaders must be willing to work patiently and for a long while in order to have that which is right. Spasmodic efforts to have order result in very little. It is steady, continuous effort put forth intelligently and prayerfully that counts most.

Taking for granted that the above essentials have been agreed upon, the next step is to determine how to have order. Here, perhaps, as in no other regard, should the officers and teachers pray for the ability to see themselves as others see them. There is no question that one reason why so many associations are disorderly is because the members simply follow the example of their leaders. Many classes are out of order because children are imitating their teachers. That one may have the power to see herself as she is seen, two suggestions are given:

(1) Disorderly workers should be studied for the purpose of avoiding their mistakes. A young man once determined to make a success of night-school teaching. He was informed by those older than himself that the very first requisite was his ability to discipline his class. He made a great success of this, and became not only an effective but a beloved teacher. The hoodlums from the street who gathered in his class, not only learned much that was of benefit to them in after life, but became enthusiastically devoted to their teacher. When others less successful than he endeavored to ascertain how he had accomplished such results, he told them the story of which the following is an abridgement:

"When I was a boy, I went to night-school and was placed in charge of a teacher who could control neither himself nor his class. He had ordinary boys, many of whom were good, a few of whom were bad, and most of whom were fair to middling; but as a result of his treatment of his pupils the class was continually in disorder. I used to sit and watch this man, and, when he made one of his blunders, say, 'If I were a teacher I would not do as you do.' When my own teaching time came, several times a week, I sat down and thought over the mistakes of my former teacher, and tried to avoid doing what he had done, for somehow I had come to realize that the boys in my class were about the same as those he had handled so badly."

(2) Orderly workers should be studied for the purpose of imitating their example. It is no credit to any officer to declare that she has never visited another association. In remaining continually at her post she has probably lost much. Many of the very best workers have

brought their association to a high plane of order by visiting other associations and noting how order was obtained therein. Probably in no other matter is the old adage so true as in that of discipline. "Trifles make perfection, but perfection is no trifle." It is by observing how others manage the so-called little things connected with the running of an association, and then endeavoring to imitate what is good in them, that a president or other officer is able to help her own association to have better order.

Those who study successful workers for the purpose of forming just conclusions concerning their methods of obtaining order, will find one thing almost invariably true: The one who has good order is master of herself. The one who cannot master herself of course cannot have an orderly association.

In a sentence, by knowing what to avoid as manifested by those disorderly workers, and knowing what to imitate as manifested by orderly workers, a great step forward has been taken by her who is endeavoring to have an orderly association. Of course, her knowledge will be of very little avail unless it be put into practice. In order that this may be the case it is not enough to use one's eyes and ears. Questions must be asked as to why this is done, and why the other is left undone. Notes, not only of the answers, but of what is observed, must be taken, and then should be prayerfully studied in order to get the best results. She who trusts her memory is apt to be counted among the disorderly workers.

No one in the association plays a more important part, so far as order is concerned, than the president herself. While it is not true that an orderly president will have an orderly association—for much depends upon the other officers and teachers—it may be affirmed that a disorderly president will rarely have an orderly association, while an orderly president will do much toward having her association become what it should be. There are some essentials that the president cannot afford to overlook.

In the first place, before she comes to the meeting she must have an exact program of what she is going to do. In most cases this program should be written. There are those who can work it out and carry it in their heads, but this takes an experienced leader. It is pitiable to meet a president who comes to meeting without knowing what she is going to do during the session.

In the next place, the president should attend to as many details connected with the working of the association before the meeting opens, as she can possibly look after. Other matters of importance should be attended to at other times. Things which have to do with the successful running of the association should be carefully arranged for before the meeting opens.

In the third place it should be distinctly understood that when the time comes for the opening of the meeting, the president, if she is to

conduct the devotional services, is to pay attention to nothing else but those services. No president should allow herself to be subjected to interruptions by anyone she could have seen before the meeting opened, or whose business can be deferred until after the close of the meeting. In many instances irregular work is due to interruptions caused by the president's failure to arrange the details of the work before the meeting opened.

In order to be perfectly fair to all the interests of the association, it should be understood that, after the session, the president is willing to meet and talk with any who have business connected with the association. The time devoted to this purpose enables officers and teachers to consult with the president concerning those things which are of importance and which cannot be decided then and there.

Perhaps the most important essential in the orderly president's make-up is her note-book. In this should be dotted down those things which come to her attention before, during, and after the session, many of which can be attended to by herself or others during the week, but some of which must be looked after just before the opening of a meeting of the association.

There is no patented method whereby the president can be orderly and then help her association to be orderly. Much, however, may be done by putting the same kind of intelligence into the Primary work that is put into the arranging of the details of any good business, be it in a home or an office.

Given an orderly president, the next requisite is a board of orderly officers. To have such it is necessary that certain things be done by persons agreed on beforehand; that they be done in ways agreed upon; and that they be done at times agreed upon. For example, if the secretary has business that must be presented, it should be given during the time that is set apart for the presentation of the part assigned for secretaries' work, otherwise she may break in at any time and cause disorder. So with the treasurer, the librarian, and other officers of the association who have duties to perform during the session.

The officers of the Primary association are familiar with the plan suggested for the securing of this co-operation among our workers. It is to have a council of the officers where all matters pertaining to the meetings may be carefully considered, and all the details mapped out so that each individual officer knows exactly what is required of her in the succeeding meeting.

But agreeing to do things is not enough. From time to time the president and counselors should consult as to methods of work employed and the arrangement of program, to see that each is doing her part just as it should be done, and also to endeavor from time to time to so improve the methods that friction and waste of time may be avoided.

The president and officers need to act together that the associa-

tion may be orderly. Leaders must have those who are willing to be led. In order to follow intelligently, each officer should know just what is expected of her, and then be willing to live up to this expectation. If any injustice is done, it should be reported in the preparation meeting and corrected as speedily as possible. Officers have certain rights which should be strictly respected. No one should be allowed to infringe upon these rights. Given their rights, they should in turn do everything in their power to help the president in her attempts to get order. For example, a teacher who talks with her pupils during the services, is as worthy of condemnation as is the boy who talks with his neighbor. The teacher may have something very important to say, but it would better be left unsaid until after the meeting. During the lesson period the teacher in charge of the class, should, of course, maintain discipline, but she should always do what she can to keep her class in order during all other times.

If the president and officers know what good order is, determine to have it, and are working together for it, there need be no doubt that the children will fall in with them and imitate their example. Hence, little need be said concerning the children's part in maintaining discipline in the Primary Association. Occasionally there will be a foolish girl or a rebellious boy, but such may be easily dealt with in a private, personal interview. The writer is of the opinion that the question of order, so far as the children are concerned, will not be such a difficult one when the officers of the Primary Associations are strictly in order. —*Adapted.*

Lesson for April: "Perseverence."

A PETITION.

"Words are things of little cost,
Quickly spoken, quickly lost;
We forget them; but they stand
Witnesses at God's right hand;
And their testimonies bear
For us or against us there.

Oh, how often ours have been
Idle words and words of sin;
Words of anger, scorn or pride,
Or deceit our faults to hide;
Envious tales or strife unkind
Leaving bitter thoughts behind.

Grant us, Lord, from day to day,
Strength to watch and grace to pray;
May our lips from sin kept free,
Love to speak and sing of Thee—
Till in Heaven we learn to raise
Hymns of everlasting praise."

Subject for the month: Prayer.

Divisions: Lesson 9, Influence of Prayer; Lesson 10, Prayer of Humility; Lesson 11, How to Pray; Lesson 12, Prayer for Wisdom.

Lesson 9.

Subject: "Influence of Prayer."
Introductory talk:

"Yes, pray for whom thou lovest; thou mayest vainly, idly seek
The fervid words of tenderness by feeble words to speak;
Go kneel before thy Father's throne ,and meekly, humbly there
Ask blessings for the loved ones in the silent hour of prayer.

"Yes, pray for whom thou lovest; if uncounted wealth were thine—
The treasures of the boundless deep, the riches of the mine—
Thou couldst not to thy cherished friends a gift so dear impart
As the earnest benediction of a deeply loving heart."

Did you ever get up early in the morning, just as the sun was rising, and the tops of the hills were bright with sunshine; and the air was fresh and cool? Did you not feel so full of life and vigor that your heart was filled with love and gratitude that you were here to enjoy all these blessings? That feeling was a prayer of thanksgiving, although no word was spoken. It was a prayer in the heart. And sometimes, too, when you were in trouble or worried about something, and you didn't know what was best to do, your heart has gone out to your heavenly Father, with a wish that He would help you, and He has seemed very near to you. That, too, was a prayer, although nothing was said. What a comfort, what a blessing it is to know there is One to whom you can always go in times of trouble and in times of happiness. Great things are accomplished by prayer.

In June, 1834, the cholera, a terrible disease, appeared in Zion's Camp. Many of the people were sick and several died. The Prophet Joseph and his brother Hyrum went among the sick, doing all they could to help them, and soon they were themselves taken down with the cholera. "They were together when it seized them; and together they knelt down and prayed for deliverance. Three times they bowed in supplication, the third time with a vow that they would not rise until deliverance from the destroyer was vouchsafed. While they were thus upon their knees a vision of comfort came to Hyrum. He saw their mother afar off in Kirtland praying for her absent sons, and he felt that the Lord was answering her cry. Hyrum told Joseph of the comforting vision, and together they arose, made whole every whit."

We ask blessings not only for ourselves, but for others. In praying, as in other things, in helping others, we help ourselves. It is said

that "unless we pray for others, we are lacking in that spirit in which alone we can pray hopefully for ourselves, and we are living in neglect of a prime duty to God's dear ones who need and deserve our prayers."

In the prayers offered in many of our meetings, there is a petition for blessings for the leaders of our Church and often for the leaders of our nation. We have not all said the prayer aloud, but whenever we say "Amen," we mean that in our hearts we ask that the prayer which has been said shall be granted, just as if we had said the prayer aloud. Perhaps we feel that not all these prayers are needed or answered, but this is not so. The Lord hears the prayers of the children and answers them.

"In the early days of the Church in Kirtland, when persecution was raging against the Prophet of the Lord, and his enemies were hunting him down to betray him into the hands of wicked men, he was staying in the home of a family, guarded by faithful brethren day and night, for he had been roughly treated at different times previously.

"In this house there were several little children, from four years old to ten, and some neighbors' little ones visiting them; these little folks had heard the older people talking of the danger to the Prophet, and they all loved him dearly; so they held a little meeting in the mother's bedroom, and spoke and prayed to the Lord in the most earnest manner that he would keep 'Brother Joseph' safe from those wicked men; and the mother knew of this little meeting, and told the Prophet what they were doing for him; he stood and listened to the simple prayers offered for his protection; he was so affected by their sincerity and great love for him that he wept like a child himself until the tears rolled down his cheeks; finally one of them, a little girl of seven, rose from her knees by the bedside, saying: 'I've got the testimony, I've got the testimony, Brother Joseph is safe, the wicked men can't take him,' and all the little ones rose from their knees (as she spoke these prophetic words) repeating the words after her in their childish enthusiasm, and it is said they clapped their hands for joy. The Prophet hurried from the door into the room where the brethren were, and told them they could go home, for he knew he should be safe, he felt sure the Lord had heard the prayers of these innocent little ones and he could lie down and sleep in peace, without the least fear of being molested; and it was so; the brethren who were guarding him went to their homes, and the Prophet slept safely that night, according to the testimony of these little children."

In the winter of 1864 between forty and fifty women connected with the Sanitary Commission met in Washington to "talk it over." After the business had been concluded, about half the delegates decided to call upon President Lincoln. To one of their number, at least,—Helen Evertson Smith,—the interview offered a wonderfully impressive illustration of Lincoln's trust in God, and the strength and comfort he derived from it.

There was no special reason for the call, except, perhaps, a pardon-

able curiosity on the part of the women to see "Old Abe" at close hand, and to hear his voice. The demand upon his time was a matter that probably had not occurred to them.

Long, lank, haggard and embarrassed, the President certainly looked as if, in the depths of his generous heart, he were silently wishing that this additional burden had not been laid upon him. His sorrowful dark eyes were far sunken under cavernous eyebrows. His thick, dark hair lay wildly at cross-purposes over his head. His large nose loomed above a wide mouth set in a heavy, muscular framing which looked as if it had never smiled.

Each one of the women, as she shook hands with him, had tried to say some pleasant thing, and he had gravely and perfunctorily replied with an expressionless "Thank you." The moments were getting fearfully long.

"Could we not get out?" a lady asked, in a whisper.

Just then a dear old Quaker lady took the long-suffering giant's down-stretched hand. She had to rise on tiptoe, and as she did it her sweet voice uttered some words difficult to catch. But their effect was easy to see. As when the lights suddenly blaze behind a cathedral window, so the radiance illumined those rugged features, and poured from the wonderful eyes. The gaunt form straightened. The mouth became beautiful in its sweetness. It is not possible to give the words of either exactly, but this was their purport:

"Yes, friend Abraham, thee need not think thee stands alone. We are all praying for thee. The hearts of all the people are behind thee, and thee cannot fail. The Lord has appointed thee, the Lord will sustain thee, and the people love thee. Yea, as no man was ever loved before, does this people love thee. We are only a few weak women, but we represent many. Take comfort, friend Abraham. God is with thee. The people are behind thee."

"I know it." The great, soft voice rolled solemnly and sweetly forth from the trembling lips. "If I did not have the knowledge that God is sustaining and will sustain me until my appointed work is done, I could not live. If I did not believe that the hearts of all loyal people were with me, I could not endure it. My heart would have broken long ago.

"You have given a cup of cold water to a very thirsty and grateful man. Ladies, you have done me a great kindness today. I knew it before. I knew that good men and women were praying for me, but I was so tired I had almost forgotten. God bless you all!"—*Youth's Companion.*

The prayers of loving parents keep many from harm, accident, and temptation. Many a loving mother kneels at night and asks God's care to be over her boys and girls, who are not doing just as they should, and their prayers are answered.

We pray for our fathers, mothers, brothers, sisters, friends, and

all our dear ones, and we pray for ourselves. But this is not enough. Jesus, who set an example for us in all things, said, Pray for those who despitefully use you." Even when He was suffering, he prayed for those who had brought that suffering upon Him. "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do." That prayer has taught us how to treat our enemies. They will not be enemies long if we can pray for them, and we shall be able to forgive them for their sins, and help them to do better.

Memory Gems:

"Pray then for all who love thee,
All who are loved by thee,
Pray, too, for those who hate thee,
If any such there be;
Then for thyself, in meekness,
God's blessings humbly claim,
And join with each petition
Thy great Redeemer's name.
Pray then to God sincerely,
Pray for His holy light;
Rich blessings He will grant thee,
If only asked aright."

"Prayer is the soul's sincere desire,
Uttered or unexpressed;
The motion of a hidden fire
That trembles in the breast."

First Grade.

Read "Suggestions for First Grade Teachers." Page 26, January number, 1908.

Opening exercises.

Singing.

Memory gems.

Use of picture: Review work on previous pictures. Let children examine new picture and ask questions about it. Talk only about the temple, the wise men and the little boy sitting in the midst talking to those so much older than he.

Song about Jesus. Suggested song, "Jesus once was a little child."

Concert poem: "What the Clock Says."

Clock upon the tall church tower
Tell the children what's the hour.
"God gives you a bright new day,
Happy hour for work and play—"
So the clock and sunbeams say.

Hark! is that the clock so soon?
Twelve loud strokes say "It is noon,
Hungry children, God is good,
Thank our Father for your food,
As the birds do in the wood."

Now the darkness brings the night,
Skies are dark, but stars are bright;
Hear the clock voice, loud and deep,
Say "Dear children, go to sleep—
God His little ones will keep."

—*Jewels.*

Story, "Little Brother:"

"Oh, dear! Oh, dear!" said Little Brother. "I don't know what to do!" Then he cried.

"I wouldn't cry," said his nurse. For Little Brother was very ill, and had to have a nurse close beside him all the time.

"I can't help it," he said. "My big brother is coming today, and he is cross at me. He said he would do something awful to me when he came back; and I know he will, because I was bad, nurse. I spoiled all his nice papers that he had worked at a long time."

"But you are sorry?" said nurse.

"Oh, yes," said Little Brother. "I'm sorry; but the papers are all spoiled. And he said, when he came he would pay me off, and I know he will; and I don't know what to do!" Then he cried.

"Why don't you pray about it?" asked nurse. Little Brother stopped crying and looked at her.

"Do you mean, say my prayers?" he asked. "Why, I do, every night."

"But I mean, why don't you tell your Father in heaven all about it? Just how naughty you were and how sorry you are, and that you are afraid of your big brother, and ask him to get Big Brother to forgive you."

"How could he?" said Little Brother. "My big brother does not love me, I guess. He is very cross at me, and he said he would fix me."

"The Father in heaven knows all about it," said nurse.

After that Little Brother lay still for a good while and thought. Then he closed his eyes and his lips moved. After a while he said:

"Nurse, I told Him all about it; and I'm going to give my big brother all the money I have in my bank to buy himself some more paper; but I'm scared all the same."

After that he went to sleep. While he lay there, looking very pale and weak, his big brother came, and nurse told him all about it.

"Poor little chap!" said the big brother. "Poor little fellow!" And he leaned over and kissed the little pale face very gently, but it awoke the sleeper.

"Why!" he said, gazing up into his brother's face. "Why-ee! Did you kiss me?"

"Yes, darling," said the big brother. "I kissed you very softly, but it woke you up. That is too bad!"

"But do you love me?" said Little Brother, his eyes very big and earnest. 'Do you truly love me again? You said I was a little nuisance and you would fix me. Don't you remember? Have you truly forgiven me?"

"Yes, indeed!" said the big brother, and the tears came into his eyes. "I forgave you long ago, and I didn't mean you were a little nuisance."

"You said so."

"But I'll never say so again. If you only will hurry and get well, I will call you a little darling."

"I'm so glad that you are not cross at me any more, brother. I think I shall get well real soon now. I'm very sorry I spoiled all those nice papers. I've been sorry ever since."

"Nurse," said Little Brother, after Big Brother left the room, "God fixed that, didn't he?"—*Pansy.*

Story adapted from lesson: "Influence of Prayer."

Memory gem on lesson.

Second Grade.

Review previous lesson.

Introductory talk. Page 108.

"Story: "Trooper Bassett's Release." Page 90.

Song: "Prayer is the Soul's Sincere Desire."

Memory gem:

"Pray then for all who love thee,
  All who are loved by thee,
Pray, too, for those who hate thee,
  If any such there be;
Then, for thyself, in meekness,
  God's blessings humbly claim,
And join with each petition
Thy great Redeemer's name.
Pray then to God sincerely,
  Pray for His holy light;
Rich blessings He will grant thee,
  If only asked aright."

Let the children tell for whom they pray. Let them also tell what Jesus said about it, and lead them to see that by praying for those who have wronged them, they will be able to forgive and forget more easily. Let them tell of some incidents of answer to prayer in their own experience. Teach the memory gem.

Third Grade.

Introductory talk. Page 108.

Topics for members of the class.

1. Have a number of the class bring short selections (prose or poetry) that tell of the influence of prayer.

2. Have a number of the class relate personal instances of how prayer affects their lives, in a general way, and at some particular time.

3. Explain why one person offers prayer in an assembly, at family prayers in the home, and in the asking of the blessing on the food. How should those who are present during such prayers act? Why should each take turns in offering prayers? Give the meaning of Amen.

4. Discuss these two forms of prayer: To repeat a prayer that has been memorized. To pray to God in the same manner that one would talk to a loved and honored parent.

5. Give the titles of a number of our Church hymns and explain why they are prayers in song. State what you think of expressing such emotions as, petition, gratitude and praise in song, what is the value of such singing in congregational form.

6. Have following selection read by a good reader; then discuss it carefully:

PRAYER AND WAITING.

It is easy to pray for things, but hard to wait for them; and we often rush to the conclusion that because prayers are not answered in a moment they are not answered at all. A little thought would end this kind of skepticism and give us patience to wait on the Lord without repining or sinking of heart.

Great blessings sometimes come suddenly, but none before they have been prepared for by some kind of spiritual training; great orators sometimes suddenly come to light in apparently commonplace careers, but not unless there have been rich possibilities hidden beneath the routine of daily work. No man, in any great crisis, shows a gift for speech or action or heroism unless the germs of those things were already in him. Great moments do not put great qualities into the souls of men; they simply reveal what is already there.

The fruits of character cannot be realized until the seeds of nobility have had time to grow; and education of some kind must precede all forms of sustained strength. Weak men have often, by prayer, been made strong in critical moments, but they acquire the habit of strength only by exercise. The weak arm does not become muscular by taking thought, but by taking exercise; the irritable temper is not made sweet by a sudden act of will, but by patient repression of an unhappy tendency; the man of unclean mind is not cleansed because he resolves to become white, but because he forms the habit of purity.

We are continually asking God to give us the fruits of character without the discipline of training, not realizing that we are asking Him to do for us the work that alone would strengthen our muscles and give us the power we crave. We ask to be fed by a miracle instead of tilling the ground, sowing the seed, and reaping the harvest with our own hands, and so getting strength from the soil. He is ready to help us in any time of need, but moral help must be secured by moral exertion; we must not ask God to pauperize us.

Men ought to pray every day for sweetness of temper, since the lack of it blights homes and neutralizes many noble qualities; but they ought to remember that sweetness is born out of the subjection of strength, the mastery of temper, the control of the tones of voice, and that to gain the blessed gift one must wait on the Lord, and let education give prayer its ultimate effectiveness.—*The Outlook*.

Story: "Trooper Bassett's Release." Page 90.

Lesson 10.

Subject: "The Prayer of Humility."

Introductory talk.

How many of you, when you pray to your Heavenly Father, say the prayer which begins, "Now I lay me down to sleep?" How many of you add some other prayer to that, something of your own, not anything that you have learned by heart? How many pray in the morning as well as at night? (Encourage free conversation along these lines.)

What is prayer? Repeat some of the hymn, "Prayer is the soul's sincere desire," and ask questions as to its meaning.

Do you talk with your earthly father every day? Many times a day? What do you talk with him about? Do you think that he would like it if you spoke to him only once a day, and simply said to him something that you had learned by heart, reciting the same thing every day? Would he like it if you never spoke to him except when you wanted him to do something for you? Do you think that he likes to have you tell him sometimes that you love him? Does he like to hear about your school-work, about the good times you have had in play, and the other things that interest you? I think that our heavenly Father is very much like a loving earthly father, and that He wishes His children to tell Him of their love and to talk with Him about everything that they are interested in.

The disciples of Jesus felt that they did not know how to pray or for what they ought to pray; so one day they asked Jesus to teach them. What was the prayer that He taught? Let us all repeat it in concert.

Jesus often told the people stories or parables to help them to understand how to do right and there is one that tells how to pray. It is called the parable of the Pharisee and the Publican.

Two men went up into the temple to pray; the one a Pharisee and the other a publican. The Pharisee stood and prayed thus with himself, God, I think thee, that I am not as the rest of men,—or even as this Publican. I fast twice in the week! I give tithes of all I get. But the Publican, standing afar off, would not lift up so much as his eyes to heaven, but smote his breast, saying, God, be thou merciful to me, a sinner. I say unto you, this man went down to his house justified rather than the other: for every one that exalteth himself shall be humbled: but he that humbleth himself shall be exalted.

The temple was on a high hill and parts of it were open for prayer at certain hours of each day, and at that time there was always a number of people. The Phrisee was proud and told aloud of the things which he did, seeking for praise and wanting everybody to know that he thought himself a very good kind of a man. The Publican was very different; he did not think about the good things that he had done, but rather of his many faults, he was so humble that he did not raise his eyes and he stood where he thought no one would notice him, and said, "God be merciful to me, a sinner," and his prayer was answered.

Jesus gave His disciples many encouragements to pray. He knew how hard it was sometimes to do right and to believe that God would answer prayer. How kind He was to comfort them, cheering the weary and helping those who needed help. There is a God above us, who is always near at hand, and He will hear the cries of His people. If the answer seems to be slow, it is not because God does not care, it is because He knows when it is the very best time to answer a prayer. He is so wise and kind that whatever He does is always for the best. He will always care for His people, watch over them tenderly; He knows when a prayer comes to him, whether it is like the Pharisee's prayer or if it is humble like that offered by the publican.

"There was once a king who built a beautiful temple to the honor and glory of God. So anxious was he to have the sole credit of it that it was his express command that no one else should bestow a single cent upon it, as he wished to build it from his own treasures. And so it came to pass that the temple was completed, beautiful and worthy, with all splendor and adornment. And the king had a large marble tablet erected, on which he caused to be inscribed in golden letters that he, the king, alone had built the temple, and that no other person had contributed to it. When the tablet had been up one day and night, and the king and his retinue had assembled to open the temple, the inscription was found to have been changed. Instead of the King's name stood another—that of a very poor, humble woman—so that it now read as if she had built the beautiful temple. This sorely irritated the king. He ordered it changed back to his own name. But next morning the name of the poor woman stood again upon the tablet, and every one read that she was the founder of the temple. The third time was the name of the king engraved upon the tablet, and again the third time it disappeared and the other took its place. Then the king, warned by his priests, saw at last that the finger of God had written it, and he was humbled, and commanded that the woman should be sought and brought before his throne. Terrified, and full of anxiety, she came before the king, who said to her, "Woman, wonderful things have happened. Tell me, by your life, the truth! Did you not hear of my command, that no one should give to the temple, and have you then presumed to do it?" Then the poor woman fell down at the feet of the king and said: "Have mercy, my lord and my king; I will confess all. I am only a very poor woman; I earn my daily bread by spinning. I had laid by a cent which I would gladly have brought to the building of God's temple; but I

feared, O sire, your command and your threats; and so I bought with my bit of money a bundle of hay, which I strewed along the way over which the oxen drew the stones for the temple; and they ate it. And so I fulfilled my own wishes without breaking your command." The king was powerfully moved. He saw how God had honored the pure motive of this humble woman, and accepted it as a higher sacrifice than his own rich treasures. And the king rewarded the poor woman bountifully, and took to heart the rebuke of his own vain-glory."

Prayers are not always put in words, in this story we see how a person may desire to thank God and praise Him by doing things, and so in a way the actions of the king and the poor woman are like those of the Pharisee and the publican, and we know that it is not the big prayer or the big action that God likes best, but that any deed, be it ever so small or little, if it is done with the right spirit, will receive the blessing of God.

Memory gems:

"Humble we must be, if to heaven we go;
High is the roof there, but the gate is low."

"True prayer always receives what it asks, or something better."

He who prays as he ought will endeavor to live as he prays."

First Grade.

Opening exercises.
Singing.
Memory gems.

Use of picture: Tell about the Jewish passover, how the people came from all over the country to Jerusalem; liken it to our conferences. We have a temple in Salt Lake City, Utah. The Jews had one in Jerusalem, where the passover was held. Let the children look again at the picture. Encourage them in asking questions about it.

Song about Jesus.

Concert poem. Page 111.

Story, "Little Boys and Little Sheep:"

Joe came home with his clothes and even his little curls, all wringing wet.

"Just knew the ice wasn't strong enough!" he grumbled.

"Then why did you slide?" asked aunty.

"'Cause all the other boys did," said Joe; "so I had to, or they'd laugh."

His aunt gave him dry clothes, sat him down behind the stove, and made him drink hot ginger tea. Then she told him a story.

"When I was a little girl, Joe, my father had a great flock of sheep. They were queer things; where one went, all the rest followed. One day the big ram found a gap in the fence, and he thought it would be

fun to see what was in the other field. So he jumped, without looking where he was going, and down he tumbled to the bottom of an old dry well, where father used to throw stones and rubbish. The next sheep never stopped to see what had become of him, but jumped right after him, and the next, and the next, although father tried to drive them back, and Watch, the old sheep-dog, barked his very loudest. But they just kept on jumping, till the well was full. Then father had to pull them out as best he could; and the sheep at the bottom of the well were almost smothered to death."

"My! What silly fellows!" exclaimed Joe. Then he looked up at his aunt and laughed.—*Youth's Companion.*

Story adapted from lesson "Prayer of Humility."

Memory gem on lesson.

NOTE.—If the teacher wishes to use the story, "St. George and the Dragon," care must be used to leave out such parts as are liable to distress the children.

Second Grade.

Review previous lesson.
Introductory talk. Page 115.
Story: "St. George and the Dragon." Page 92.
Song: "Prayer is the Soul's Sincere Desire."

Memory gem:

"Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer,
That calls me from a world of care,
And bids me at my Father's throne
Make all my wants and wishes known.
In seasons of distress and grief
My soul has often found relief,
And oft escaped the tempter's snare
By thy return, sweet hour of prayer!"

Explain the meaning of "world of care." Talk about the throne: that people on earth who occupy thrones have power; but that the Lord has all power, and nothing is impossible unto Him; that children can go to the Lord with their little troubles and with their happiness, just as well as grown people; and He will hear them, help them to resist temptation, and guard them at all times, if they will ask Him humbly and sincerely.

Teach the memory gem.

Third Grade.

Introductory talk. Page 115.
Topics for members of the class.

1. Read Exodus 15: 1-19. This is a song of triumph and a prayer of thanksgiving. Read carefully and explain why it is the expression of a humble man.

2. Read Exodus 15: 20-21. Explain why the song of Miriam proves that Moses was a humble man.

3. Read I Chronicles 29: 10-19, and re-tell David's prayer in your own words.

4. Read Mark 12: 38-40. Explain meaning of these two verses.

5. Read Luke 22: 42. Explain why this prayer is the greatest expression of humility.

6. Read the story of the Pharisee and the Publican and explain what there was about the attitude and words of the Pharisee that was displeasing in the sight of the Lord, and what made the prayer of the Publican an acceptable prayer.

7. Read the Sermon on the Mount, Matthew 5. Tell how humility will be rewarded.

8. Read Philippians 4: 6-9, and explain.

9. Copy I Thessalonians 5: 17-18, and read to the class.

10. Read the following, entitled "Goodness and Greatness," and discuss it, showing that humility must be culitvated not only in praying, but in daily actions:

"We read a pretty story of St. Anthony, who, being in the wilderness, led there a very hard and straight life, insomuch that none at that time did the like; to whom came a voice from heaven, saying: "Anthony, thou art not so perfect as is a cobbler that dwelleth at Alexandria." Anthony, hearing this, rose up forthwith, and took his staff, and went till he came to Alexandria, where he found the cobbler. The cobbler was astonished to see so reverend a person come to his house. Then Anthony said to him, "Come and tell me thy whole conversation, and how thou spendest thy time." "Sir," said the cobbler, 'as for me, good works have I none; for my life is but simple and slender. I am but a poor cobbler. In the morning, when I rise, I pray for the whole city wherein I dwell, especially for all such neighbors and poor friends as I have; after, I set me at my labor, where I spend the whole day in getting my living; and I keep me from all falsehood, for I hate nothing so much as I do deceitfulness; wherefore, when I make to any man a promise, I keep it and perform it truly. And thus I spend my time poorly with my wife and children, whom I teach and instruct, as far as my wit will serve me, to fear and dread God. And this is the sum of my simple life." In this story you see how God loveth those that follow their vocation, live uprightly, are humble, without any falsehood in their dealing. This Anthony was a great, holy man; and yet this cobbler was as much esteemed before God as he."

Story: "St. George and the Dragon." Page 92.

Lesson 11.

Subject: "How to Pray."

Introductory talk:

When you want anything, whom do you ask for it? If your father and mother think it is best, and they can get it for you, you usually get it. Sometimes they know what you ask for is not best for you, and they do not give it to you. It is not because they like to refuse you; but it is because they love you too well to give you anything that is not right. There are times when you ask your heavenly Father for something, and you do not get it. You must think then that it is best for you not to have it. Earthly fathers sometimes make mistakes, but our heavenly Father never does. Whatever He does for you is best. Often it may seem strange, because you cannot understand it, but in your heart you must know it is right; for His love is so great and He understands everything that affects the life of any of His children. You must always remember that He knows best.

When your father or mother has given you something you have asked for, of course you thank them for it, and do all you can to show your gratitude. But do you always thank your heavenly Father when He gives His blessings to you? Do you always do something to show your gratitude to Him? In prayers there is usually asked for, a supplication, and there should also be thanks for the blessings that have been received. Listen carefully to the prayers offered in your meetings and in Sunday School, and you will usually hear thanks given to our Father in heaven. "It is only the unthinking one who accepts blessings as a mater of course, and whose heart does not feel a glow of gratitude to Him whose loving kindness and tender mercies encircle every life."

Some prayers are all thanks. When the Children of Israel were led out of bondage, they had beautiful prayers of thanksgiving. There are many prayers of thanksgiving in the Bible. Get your parents to read some of them to you.

When you sit down at the table for your meals, what is said before you eat? Have you ever thought that that is the way we say "Thank you to our heavenly Father for our food? You would indeed be ungrateful if you should neglect it.

Olfonso X, surnamed "The Wise," on learning that his pages neglected to ask the divine blessing on their daily meals and return thanks for the same, determined to rebuke them. He invited the pages of his court to dine with him. A bountiful repast was spread, and when they were assembled around the table the king gave a sign that all was in readiness for them to begin. They all enjoyed the rich feast, but not one remembered to thank God. Just then there entered a poor, ragged beggar who unceremoniously seated himself at the royal table, and ate and drank undisturbed. Astonishment was depicted on every face.

When his hunger was appeased, the beggar arose, and without a word of thanks, departed.

"What a despicably mean fellow!" cried the pages.

Calmly the king arose, and with much earnestness, said, "Boys, bolder and more audacious than this beggar have you all been. Every day you sit down to a table supplied by the bounty of your heavenly Father, yet you ask no blessing and return no thanks."

It is needless to say the pages felt the king's rebuke.—*Selected.*

In most meetings it is the grown up people who offer the prayers; but this is not because children cannot pray. You do pray in your Primary meetings, and you each say your own prayers at home. It does not need large words. The Lord likes simple, earnest prayers, such as children say. The disciples of Jesus did not ask Him to teach them how to preach, but they did ask Him to teach them how to pray. He taught them the beautiful prayer which has been said ever since, the one you all know. It is called the Lord's prayer, because He gave it. Even the shortest, simplest prayer is heard, perhaps better than some of those which are longer. You remember the story of the Publican and Sinner. It does not matter so much what words are used as what we mean in our hearts. Words alone cannot make a prayer; it is the feeling that goes with it.

A young mother left her guests one evening to go up and bid goodnight to the small daughter whom the nurse had just left.

"Why, Esther, you haven't said your prayers!" exclaimed the mother, as the child climbed into bed.

"No, mother, I'm so sleepy tonight. You know our Sunday school prayer begins:

To say my prayer is not to pray
Unless I mean the words I say,
Unless I think to whom I speak
And with my heart His favor seek.

The mother did not like making excuses, and she little understood the spiritual life of this child of hers.

"Do you think it's nice to go all day without saying your prayers?" she asked.

Esther sat up in bed, surprised and hurt, and her blue eyes widened as she exclaimed, "Why, mother, dear, you don't suppose, you don't think, that this is the only time I pray, do you?" She was wide awake now.

"When do you pray?" demanded the mother, in her turn.

"Oh, many times a day," answered the child, "whenever I need to."

"What do you pray about?" she asked again, with a strange sense of distance between her heart and that of the child.

"Oh, I talk to God about the things I'm doing," said Esther, falling back on her pillow, "and when I do wrong I ask His forgiveness and

His help to do better next time. Because He understands and is so great, you know," she added.

"And then," continued Esther, "sometimes I pray because I'm so happy. I just have to."

The mother stooped to kiss the earnest little face on the pillow. "We will talk about it more," she said, "and if you are sleepy you need not say, 'Now I lay me' to night, for God likes waking prayers best, we know."

Go to your Father in Heaven for whatever you want. He is ready and willing to hear and answer your prayers, in even the smallest and simplest matter, if only asked in an earnest and heartfelt manner. He listens to the youngest as well as to the oldest, to the weakest and the strongest. Don't be afraid to ask Him, and be sure to thank Him for all of your blessings. You must feel that He will hear you.

"Trusting Him we believe
That the blessings we're needing we'll surely receive."

for nothing is impossible unto the Lord.

Memory gems:

"Lord teach me how to pray."

"Prayer is the key of day and the lock of night."

"Prayer is the simplest form of speech
That infant lips can try;
Prayer, the sublimest strains that reach
The Majesty on high."

First Grade.

Opening exercises.

Singing.

Memory gems.

Use of picture: Tell about Jesus at home in Nazareth. When it is time for the passover, Joseph and Mary decide to take Jesus with them. It is His first journey. Describe the journey. Examine pictures and talk about them.

Song about Jesus.

Concert poem. Page 111.

Story, "I Happied Him Up:"

One day, in answer to her mother's call, Agnes came running home from a neighbor's two or three doors away. Her eyes were so bright, her lips so smiling, that her mother smiled, too. "Do you want me, mother?" asked Agnes.

"No, dear," said her mother. "Not for anything important. I missed you, that is all. Where were you, daughter?"

"At the Browns. And—O—mother, Walter was cross, but I happied him up so that he got all over it; and then the baby cried, and I had to happy her up; then someone stepped on the kitten's tail, and I was just going to happy her up, when you called me."

The mother laughed. "Why, what a happy time you had! It must make you happy yourself to happy up little boys and babies and kittens, for you look as happy as possible."

And this is true, dear little folks. The more we try to make others happy, the happier we shall be ourselves. Then put away frowns and pouting lips. Try to "happy up" those who are troubled, cross, or sick, and soon you will find yourself so happy that your face will shine with smiles.—*Selected.*

Story adapted from lesson, "How to pray."

Memory gem on lesson.

Second Grade.

Review previous lesson.

Introductory talk. Page 120.

Story, "Little Arthur's Prayer." Page 96.

Song: "Prayer is the Soul's Sincere Desire."

Memory Gem:

"Prayer is the key of day and the lock of night."

Talk of the uses of locks and keys: show that they are used for the safety of things; that children need to be kept safe throughout the day and night; and by praying the Lord will guard them. Night is not the only time they should pray. Pray in the morning also, for during the day they are more likely to be tempted to do wrong than during the night. One good man said:

"The morning is the gate of the day, and should be well guarded with prayer. It is one of the threads on which the day's actions are strung, and should be well knotted with devotion. If we felt more the majesty of life, we should be more careful of its mornings. He who rushes from his bed to his business and waiteth not to worship, is foolish, as though he had not put on his clothes or cleansed his face, and as unwise as though he had dashed into battle without arms or armor. But it is ours to bathe in the softly flowing river of communion with God, before the heat of the wilderness and the burden of the way begin to oppress." Explain the meaning of this.

Teach the memory gem.

Third Grade.

Introductory talk. Page 120.

Topics for members of the class.

1. Have one member describe attitudes of prayer.
2. Have following question explained: What effect does it have upon one to kneel and close the eyes in prayer?
3. Discuss with the class the following: How and when may prayer be offered without kneeling or closing the eyes in prayer?
4. Explain how a prayer may be offered that is not expressed in words.

5. Read Matthew 6: 1-8; explain what you think Jesus meant when He talked in this way to his disciples.

6. Repeat the Lord's Prayer. Matthew 6: 9-13.

7. The teacher will find a good lesson given on the Lord's Prayer in volume 4, page 345 of the *Children's Friend.* A brief review of it will be helpful at this point of the lesson.

8. Read and explain the following parable:

Once upon a time there was a great king who employed his people to weave for him. The silk and wool and patterns were also given by the king, and he looked for diligent work people. He was very indulgent, and told them when any difficulty arose to send for him and he would help them, and never to fear troubling him, but to ask for help and instruction.

Among many men and women busy at their work was one little child, whom the king did not think too young to work. Often alone at her work cheerfully and patiently she labored. One day, when the men and women were distressed at the sight of their failures—the silks were tangled and the weaving unlike the pattern—they gathered around the child, and said:

"Tell us how it is that you are so happy in your work. We are always in difficulties."

"Then why do you not send to the king?" said the little weaver; "he told us that we might do so."

"So we do, night and morning."

"Ah!" said the child, "but I send directly I find I have a little tangle."—*Great Thoughts.*

Story: "Little Arthur's Prayer." Page 96.

Lesson 12.

Subject: "Prayer for Wisdom."

Introductory talk:

The children of the Latter-day Saints are taught to pray; to pray in the family circle, in the Primary meetings and in secret prayer by ourselves. When we are in trouble we know that we can go by ourselves and tell God all about it and He will answer our prayers, perhaps not in the way we expect, but in the best way.

"It may not be my way,
It may not be thy way;
But still in His own way
The Lord will provide."

And we must remember this when we pray, and be careful to say, "Thy will, not mine, be done." There are many good things that we need to ask God for, but nothing is more important than to ask for wisdom, that we may know what to do and how to do; if we are wise and

careful we shall be able to avoid making mistakes and be ready to do what is right.

The Prophet Joseph Smith found the value of praying for wisdom, even when he was a young boy.

He was large for his age, and inclined to be serious in his thoughts. With the other members of his family, he took great interest in religion and felt it his duty to join some church and thereby be saved. But which church should he join? That was very hard for the boy to answer. The other members of the family decided that the Presbyterians were right, and the mother, with Hyrum, Samuel and Sophronia, joined their church. This made Joseph very uneasy, because he was inclined to believe with the Methodists, and the feeling between these two sects was very bitter.

His mind became greatly excited sometimes, for he felt that he ought to do something to gain salvation, and yet he could not decide what was right to do. He felt sure that all the churches could not be true, for if they were, they would unite to help each other instead of trying to do each other harm. He thought that he should not join any church until he knew the right one, and so he waited.

Joseph was only fourteen years old and did not have a good education, but he could read the Bible and could understand many of the truths written there. He made a practice of comparing the teachings of the ministers that were seeking to convert him with the teachings of Jesus and His Apostles. This made him all the more doubtful, for he saw that they did not entirely agree.

He was certainly in great difficulty, but he persevered, and at last found a way out. In his Bible he came upon a passage that was written for him and for all who need light. It is in the first chapter of the Apostle James' epistle to the Saints, the fifth verse: "If any of you lack wisdom, let him ask of God, that giveth to all men liberally, and upbraideth not; and it shall be given him." Those words sank deep into his heart. He thought them over again and again, and at length made up his mind to obey them and pray for wisdom. In the sixth and seventh verses James tells that we must not waver if we wish to receive anything from the Lord. Joseph probably read these verses, too, for when he made up his mind to seek wisdom, he was full of hope that the Lord would hear him.

It was morning, early in the spring of 1820. The sky was clear, the air cool and refreshing, and all was beautiful. Green woods surrounded the home of Joseph, and to them he took his way alone. He found a suitable spot and looked around to make sure that no one was near. Then he kneeled down, and, for the first time in his life, sought the Lord in vocal prayer.

He had barely begun when an unseen power seized him and made him speechless. All grew frightfully dark, and he felt as though he were about to be destroyed. He realized that it was the awful power of the evil one, and he called on God to save him. But his strength was fast giving way, and sickening despair was taking possession of him,

when a pillar of divine light appeared above him, and the prince of darkness fled.

The light descended, and within it Joseph beheld two radiant beings, too glorious and beautiful to be described. They looked just alike to him, and appeared to have equal splendor and authority, until one of them, pointing to the other, said, "Joseph, this is my beloved Son, hear Him."

The humble boy was almost overcome by the glory of the vision before him, and he could not at once continue his prayer for light. But the kindliness and love of the Father and of the Lord Jesus gave him assurance and he was at length able to speak. He asked which church was right, that he might join it, and even in the glory of the vision he was surprised, for the divine instruction came that all were wrong.

Jesus said that all their creeds were an abomination in His sight: that those professors were all corrupt; they drew near Him with their lips, but their hearts were far from Him; they taught for doctrine the commandments of men, having a form of godliness, but they denied the power thereof. He told Joseph that he should join none of them, but at some future time the true Gospel would be revealed to him. Other words of comfort and wisdom were spoken and then the vision withdrew.

When Joseph came to himself he was lying on the ground looking up into heaven. He was filled with a spirit of peace and joy, for now he knew that he would yet be taught how he might save his soul. He knew that God and Jesus were living beings, with bodies which his own resembled. He knew that they sympathized with him, and loved him, and oh, how intensely did he love them! He rose and returned home, feeling that he had a glad message for mankind, which they would rejoice to hear.

Some years after this first beautiful vision Joseph was working on the Book of Mormon and again he prayed to God for wisdom that he might know what to do. It was about a month after he had begun this great work, and while he was translating from the plates he came across a part that told about baptism. It said that it was necessary to be baptized in order that a person's sins may be washed away and forgiven. Oliver Cowdery was helping the Prophet and neither of them had been forgiven of past sins by baptism, and after talking over the matter earnestly, on the fifteenth of May, 1829, they went into the woods to pray for light. While they were kneeling, a voice from the midst of heaven bade them have peace, then, John the Baptist came down before them. This is the same brave prophet who preached repentance and the coming of the Savior, in the wilderness of Judea and baptized Him in the river Jordan.

John told Joseph and Oliver what they must do, and explained to them all about the principle of baptism and how when they were baptized they could receive the power of the priesthood and be able to give to others the blessings of the Holy Spirit.

There was a river near by and Joseph and Oliver went to it and

they were baptized, and then they were filled with the spirit of God and told wonderful things which should happen, how this Church should be established and should grow and be a great blessing to the people of the earth. Joseph and Oliver were very much happier after this and rejoiced in the wisdom which they had received from their Father in heaven.

Mary Fielding Smith was the mother of our dear President, Joseph F. Smith, and wife of Hyrum Smith, who was martyred with the Prophet. She was a woman of great energy, faith and determination, and possessed good business ability. Her faith was so strong that her son, through her influence, became filled with the same spirit, and as an example, we give the following incident, related by himself:

"In the spring of 1847 a portion of our family crossed the plains, following the pioneers to the valley of the Great Salt Lake, the remainder of the family intending to proceed on their journey to the west the following spring. In the fall of 1847, my mother and her brother, Joseph Fielding, made a trip down the Missouri river to St. Joseph, Mo., about 150 miles, for the purpose of obtaining provisions and clothing for the family for the coming winter, and for the journey across the plains the following spring. They took two wagons with two yoke of oxen on each. I was almost nine years of age at this time, and accompanied my mother and uncle on their journey as a teamster. The weather was unpropitious, the roads were bad, and it rained a great deal during the journey, so that the trip was a very hard, trying and unpleasant one.

"At St. Joseph we purchased our groceries and dry goods, and at Savannah we laid in our store of flour, meal, corn, bacon and other provisions. Returning to Winter Quarters, we camped one evening in an open prairie on the Missouri river bottoms, by the side of a small spring creek, which emptied into the river about three-quarters of a mile from us. We were in plain sight of the river, and could apparently see over every foot of the little open prairie where we were camped, to the river on the southwest, to the bluffs on the northeast, and to the timber which skirted the prairie on the right and left. Camping near by, on the other side of the creek, were some men with a herd of beef cattle, which they were driving to Savannah and St. Joseph for market. We usually unyoked our oxen and turned them loose to feed during our encampment at night, but this time, on account of the proximity of this herd of cattle, fearing they might get mixed up and driven off with them, we turned our oxen out to feed in their yokes. Next morning, when we came to look them up, to our great disappointment our best yoke of oxen was not to be found. Uncle Fielding and I spent all morning, well nigh until noon, hunting them, but without avail. The grass was tall and in the morning was wet with heavy dew. Tramping through this grass and through the woods and over bluffs, we were soaked to the skin, fatigued, disheartened and almost exhausted. In this pitiable plight I was the first to return to our wagons, and as I approached I saw my mother kneeling down, praying. I halted for a moment, and

then gently drew near enough to hear her pleading with the Lord not to suffer us to be left in this helpless condition, but to lead us to recover our lost team, that we might continue on our travels in safety. When she arose from her knees I was standing near by. The first expression I caught upon her precious face was a lovely smile, which, discouraged as I was, gave me renewed hope and an assurance I had not felt before. A few moments later Uncle Fielding came to the camp, wet with the dews, faint, fatigued and thoroughly disheartened. His first words were, 'Well, Mary, the cattle are gone!' Mother replied in a voice which fairly rang with cheerfulness. 'Never mind, your breakfast has been waiting for hours, and now, while you and Joseph are eating, I will take a walk out and see if I can find the cattle."

"My uncle held up his hands in blank astonishment, and if the Missouri river had suddenly turned to run up stream, neither of us could have been more surprised. 'Why, Mary,' he exclaimed, 'what do you mean? We have been all over this country, all through the timber and through the herd of cattle, and our oxen are gone; they are not to be found. I believe they have been driven off, and it is useless for you to attempt to do such a thing as hunt for them.'

" 'Never mind me,' said mother. 'Get your breakfast and I will see,' and she started toward the river, following down the little stream. Before she had proceeded out of speaking distance, the man in charge of the herd of beef cattle rode up from the opposite side of the creek and called out: 'Madam, I saw your oxen over in that direction this morning about daybreak,' pointing in the opposite direction from that in which mother was going. We heard plainly what he said, but mother went right on, paid no attention to his remark, and did not even turn her head to look at him. A moment later the man rode off rapidly toward his herd, which had been gathered in the opening near the edge of the woods, and they were soon under full drive for the road leading towards Savannah, and soon disappeared from view.

"My mother continued straight down the little stream of water, until she stood almost on the bank of the river, and then she beckoned to us. I was watching her every movement, and was determined that she should not get out of my sight. Instantly we rose from the 'mess-chest,' on which our breakfast had been spread, and started toward her. Like John, who outran the other disciple to the sepulchre, I outran my uncle and came first to the spot where my mother stood. There I saw our oxen fastened to a clump of willows growing in the bottom of a deep gulch, which had been washed out of the sandy banks of the river by the little spring creek, perfectly concealed from view. We were not long in releasing them from bondage and getting back to our camp, where the other cattle had been fastened to the wagon wheels all the morning, and we were soon on our way homeward bound, rejoicing.

"This circumstance was one of the first practical and positive demonstrations of the efficacy of prayer I had ever witnessed. It made an

indelible impression upon my mind, and has been a source of comfort, assurance and guidance to me throughout all my life."

Memory gems:

"If any of you lack wisdom, let him ask of God, that giveth to all men liberally, and upbraideth not; and it shall be given him."

"Our prayers should be for blessings in general, for God knows best what is good for us."

"Practice in life whatever you pray for, and God will give it to you more abundantly."

First Grade.

Opening exercises.

Singing.

Memory gems.

Use of picture: Review the whole story of the visit to Jerusalem. Tell how Jesus was lost and how found by Joseph and Mary. Emphasize the obedience manifested by Jesus towards his mother. Examine picture. Encourage free conversation with the children.

Song about Jesus.

Concert poem. Page 111.

Story, "The Ten Servants:"

This story tells us that once upon a time there was a king who had a little daughter whom he loved very much. He wanted to make her a beautiful and wise princess, so he sent her to a country where she was to pass through many schools and learn lessons that would fit her for her father's home. This kind father did not send his little daughter alone. He gave her ten servants to wait upon her.

Two of these servants were to show her all the beautiful and useful things that she would meet in her absence, and when she got homesick they were to tell it to her father, and he would hear and comfort her.

Two more were to help the little girl to hear sweet music and sounds that would give her joy, and voices that would tell her about what she saw, and bid her always remember her father's love.

Two more carried her wherever she went, and poor indeed would she have been without these little servants.

Another told her all that she wanted to say to those around her, and sang songs of praise to her father, the king.

Two more helped her to do everything that would make herself and others happy.

But the last servant was known only to her father and herself. This last servant always told his little mistress to love her father dearly, and not want to guide the other servants to do what would displease him.

Sometimes the princess would say to herself, "Father is not here,

and I will do what I please;" then in spite of this servant's pleading, she sought to guide the others into forbidden paths, and thus brought upon herself trouble and pain.

At last the loving father gave a command to each of his daughter's servants, calling them by name as he spoke. The names and commands were these:

"Little Eyes, look up to God,
Little Ears, hear His Word;
Little Feet, walk His ways,
Little Mouth, sing His praise,
Little Hands, do His will,
Little Heart, love Him still."

Story adapted from lesson, "Prayer for Wisdom."
Memory gem on lesson.

Second Grade.

Review previous lesson.
Introductory talk. Page 124.
Story: "Why He Was Strong." Page 98.
Song: "Prayer is the Soul's Sincere Desire."

Memory gem:

"If any of your lack wisdom, let him ask of God, that giveth to all men liberally and upbraideth not, and it shall be given him."

Talk about the meaning of the word "wisdom." Let them feel that if they need help with their lessons that they cannot understand, or if they are asked to do anything and do not know how, that they can ask in prayer for wisdom. Lead them to tell of having prayers answered.

Teach memory gem.

Third Grade.

Introductory talk. Page 124.
Topics for class.

1. Explain why wisdom would be one of the greatest and most desirable of gifts. Look up meaning of wisdom in some good dictionary. Find a quotation in the Bible that places a high value on the acquiring of wisdom.
2. Read Proverbs 4: 1-13. Explain it in your own words to the class.
3. Copy and read to the class Proverbs 16: 16.
4. Discuss with all the class the story of the Prophet Joseph Smith's first vision, emphasizing the value of finding out God's will when in doubt or trouble.

5. Read hymn beginning, "O happy is the man who hears," page 31, Latter-day Saints' Hymn Book. Discuss with the class, especially the sentence: "And who celestial wisdom makes his early, only choice.

6. Read I Kings 3. Relate in your own words Solomon's dream.

7. Read the following and explain why it is wisdom to pray often.

Prayer is a preparation for danger; it is the armor for battle. Go not into the world without it.

You kneel down at night to pray, and drowsiness weighs down your eyelids. A hard day's work is a kind excuse, and you shorten your prayer, and resign yourself softly to repose. The morning breaks, and it may be you rise late, and so your early devotions are omitted, or done with irregular haste.

It is no marvel if that day, in which you suffer drowsiness to interfere with prayer, be a day on which you betray Him by cowardice and soft shrinking from duty.

8. Read the following to class:

If our lives were as good as our prayers, we should be saintlike in character. Our duty is not to bring our praying down to lower levels, but to bring our lives up to higher reaches. "Bring back the colors!" shouted an officer to a color-sergeant, who was far up the heights, in advance of his regiment. "Bring up the men," answered the brave color-bearer from the hilltop. If we find that our prayers are beyond our living, our duty is not to lower them to suit the tenor of our living, but to bring our lives up to the higher standard of our praying.

Story: "Why He Was Strong." Page 98.

HE WILL ANSWER.

"Keep on sowing;
God will cause the seed to grow
Faster than your knownig.
Nothing e'er is sown in vain
If, his voice obeying,
You look upward for the rain,
And falter not in praying.

Keep on praying.
In the brightest, darkest day
Still his voice obeying.
Never from the gates of prayer
Turn with doubting sorrow,
For the One that standeth there
May answer you tomorrow."

PRAYER.

I do not undertake to say
  That literal answers come from heaven.
But this I know—that when I pray
  A comfort, a support, is given
That helps me rise o'er earthly things
As larks soar up on airy wings.

In vain the wise philosopher
  Points out to me my fabric's flaws;
In vain the scientists aver
  That all things are controlled by laws;
My life has taught me, day by day,
That it availeth much to pray.

I do not stop to reason out
  The why or how. I do not care,
Since I know this—that when I doubt,
  Life seems a blackness of despair;
The world a tomb; and when I trust,
Sweet blossoms spring up in the dust.

Since I know in the darkest hour,
  If I lift up my soul in prayer
Some sympathetic, loving power
  Sends hope and comfort to me there.
Since balm is dropped to ease my pain,
What need to argue or explain?

Prayer has a sweet, refining grace;
  It educates the soul and heart;
It lends a halo to the face,
  And by its elevating art,
It gives the mind an inner sight
That brings it near the Infinite.

From our gross selves it helps us rise
  To something which we yet may be,
And so I ask not to be wise,
  If thus my faith is lost to me—
Faith that, with angel voice and touch,
Says, "Pray, for prayer availeth much."

— *Ella Wheeler Wilcox.*

10. JESUS FOUND IN THE TEMPLE.
St. Luke ii. 49.

American Tissot Society, New York. Copyright by Tissot, 1895–96.

"And he said unto them, How is it that ye sought me? wist ye not that I must be about my Father's business?"

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GAIL AND THE WATERMELONS.

"There is quite a bit of ground next to the orchard, if you are a-mind to plant it to something. You might raise you a good bit of pin-money," announced farmer Caraway to his daughter Gail, one morning at the breakfast table. "I had the ground broke up, intending to plant it to melons—it's a little sandy and would raise capital melons—but the rains have put me back so with the farm work that I won't have time to bother with it. So if you like, you may have the ground and plant it to whatever you please."

"Thank you, father, I will be only too glad of the chance to earn a little money."

On Thursday previous to this conversation, Gail Caraway had graduated from the Ridgeway High School. For the past two years she had been planning to go the following September to Clifton College. A failure in the crops the last year had thrown her father into debt. Now, both the farm and farmer would have to do their best in order to straighten the accounts in the farmer's journal.

This meant keen disappointment to Gail, but she accepted it with a sunny face.

"Never mind, father; it won't hurt me to wait a year. I can do the work and let mother have a rest."

And farmer Caraway had taken up the year's burdens with a lighter heart.

In her room that night Gail had shed many tears, and with the tears there had come a new idea.

"Why not earn my own way?"

Ever since she had been turning over in her fertile brain all sorts of possible ways of earning money, now, though she answered her father calmly, her heart beat high with hope.

Her morning's work finished, she at once began to search the farm journals and papers for hints on melon raising.

Her father had said there was an acre of ground. How many melons would it produce? One hundred at thirty cents would be

thirty dollars; two hundred at twenty cents would be forty. Oh, there would surely be enough!

Gail roused herself from this dream.

"Foolishness!" she exclaimed. "Don't count your chickens before they are hatched. It's high time you were getting those seeds in the ground."

Arming herself with hoe, clothes-pin apron filled with a generous supply of melon seeds, she started forth. At the edge of the orchard she met her father.

"Behold! Alexander the Great goeth forth to conquer!" she exclaimed, waving her hoe in the air.

"I doubt not that you will have many a battle to fight, but all success to you, dear," answered her father, mopping the perspiration from his face.

As Gail threaded her way through the tall grass she reviewed in her mind the closing words of President Shelton's address to her class:

"There are three W's that make for success.

"The first is work; nothing else is worth anything. Genius is but another name for hard, persistent work.

"The second is wait; the hardest part of all.

"The third is win."

"Yes," said Gail, "there will be plenty of work, then waiting for the vines to come up and the melons to grow. And then—Oh, if I could only win!"

The sun was hot and Gail, unused to such labor, ached in every muscle.

"I don't know if the waiting is harder than the work," said Gail, as she drew off her old kid gloves and looked ruefully at the red palms.

"If the melons fail what about the waiting then? I wonder if that is what he meant when he said it would be hard to wait?"

"Bah!" exclaimed Gail, dramatically waving her sun-bonnet over her head.

"False wizard, avaunt!
I have marshalled my clan,
Her seeds are a million,
Her purpose is one!

And never shall Gail Caraway know defeat!"

About a fortnight after this Gail came to the house with a long face.

"Is there mutiny among the soldiers?" asked her father.

Gail laughed. "Worse than mutiny. While I slept last night a horde of barbarians invaded my territory—they call themselves the "Bugites"—and bid fair to leave naught but destruction in their wake."

"A bath of wood-ashes may drive them away," advised her father.

"Wood-ashes they shall get, then," said Gail, her face brightening.

Though she applied them night and morning for several days, the

enemy would not flee. Soap-suds, tansy, and catnip were also tried, but to no avail.

Poor, disheartened Gail sat down in her melon patch and though she struggled to keep back the tears, they dropped persistently into her lap.

In one of Gail's gay moods she had clipped from the college catalogue pictures of the campus, the basket-ball team, and the different college buildings, and pasted them on the hoe handle.

"They will make me forget my back-ache," she had said to herself.

Now, as her glance fell upon the hoe lying idly by, she seized it and exclaimed grandiloquently:

"O bugs with wings and feet,
O bugs with horrible teeth,
It's not only melons you're eating up,
But Latin, Philosophy and Greek."

She sprang to her feet again. "Your leader may be a Wellington, but I'm Alexander the Great, and you shall never defeat me. I shall win if I have to go on my knees and fight every last bug of you."

That night there came a heavy rain. Cool days followed. On a visit to her melon patch, Gail found that the enemy had decamped, and did not return.

The frequent sprinklings of ashes had enriched the soil and soon the field was covered with the green vines, dotted here and there with yellow flags of truce, as Gail called the blossoms.

While Gail waited for the melons to ripen, she overhauled trunks and closets, and brought to light unused material from which she fashioned dainty shirt waists, dressing sacques, and even skirts.

"I would not ask for a better wardrobe if I were the daughter of a millionaire," said Gail, as she hung away the last finished garment. "Motherkin thinks I have been wasting my time, but she doesn't know my little schemes," concluding with a little bang of the closet door.

So the days flew away, and by the last of July, Gail gathered her first load of melons.

"This is Alexander's hardest battle," thought Gail, as she climbed into the seat of the big wagon. "Won't the good people of Ridgeway stare when they see Gail Caraway 'a-peddlin' o' watermelons!' "

Just inside the dashboard, where no one could see, was a large picture of Clifton College.

The selling of the melons did not prove as great a trial as Gail had anticipated.

"What does it matter whether it is silk over a counter or melons out of a wagon? I am Gail Caraway, and these are my melons, homegrown, fresh and ripe."

So she sat up straight and the sweet, bright face under the neat sailor hat helped to sell her melons more than the owner knew.

Gail's money box grew heavier and heavier as the weeks went by, and many were the times she poured the silver coins into her lap and counted them over.

"Seems to me you must be laying up quite a bit of pin money," said Mr. Caraway to Gail one evening. "I don't know but I will let you run the whole farm next year. Alexander is a pretty good general."

Gail's eyes glistened. "Pin money, indeed! There's a whole year's college expenses in this little box, father Caraway."

"College expenses! And is that why my brave little general made such a desperate and determined fight?"

He replaced the box in Gail's hands.

"Go, my dear, and may God reward you, as you richly deserve."

Though Gail's four years at college were all full and happy years, she often said that the sweetest memories circled around that first hard-earned year.—*Mollie E. Green.*

FRANK DARREL'S "COLOR SCHEME."

"Five yards of brush braid and a spool of silk to match this sample."

The blood rose beatingly to Frank Darrel's temples as he took the small piece of cloth held out to him by a woman who stood at the other side of the counter. A lump that threatened to choke him rose in his throat, and for a moment the shades upon which he looked were blurred before his eyes.

Was this the end?—the end of all his dreams of high school and, perhaps, college? of the future to which he had looked forward so hopefully, that, at fourteen, he found himself behind the notion counter—that lowest round of the ladder—in a department store?

For the first three months after his father's death there had been room for nothing but grief in Frank's mind. Then came the conviction that he, as the second eldest and only boy in a family of five, must get to work without further delay. But employment for a lad not too robust in health was not easy to find; and, when the position in Briggs & Barnard's store was offered him he accepted it gladly.

Yet, only now, as he bunglingly waited on his first customer, did the realization of how hopelessly far, how at the very antipodes, all this was from that upon which he had set his heart, come over him like an engulfing wave. That same boyish heart felt sinking before the barrenness of the prospect opening ahead of it, as his eyes swept the crowded ill-ventilated store. The whirr of cash boxes overhead confused his brain. He felt stifled and choked as he stood at bay amid the wreck of his broken hopes, battling with the fierce despair which was upon him.

In a veritable daze of despondency he took his cap at noon, and left to get his meager lunch. All the ways of the store were new. He

laid hold upon the door leading to the street and tried to pull it inward. Then, as it resisted his efforts, he raised his eyes, and saw printed on a brass plate, just on a level with them, the word "Push."

Frank put his shoulder against the door and was soon on the street, drawing in deep breaths of the fresh air. But, as he passed along, those four letters still seemed suspended before his gaze. Push! What was the use of pushing? If it were anywhere—anything—but a dry goods store! At the best he could only hope to be transferred to another department. And a life spent in that overcrowded atmosphere seemed, just then, too blighting to contemplate.

Nevertheless the word had unconsciously awakened the germ of resoluteness in the boy's character, and once aroused, it clamored for mastery—to put his shoulder against the difficulties in his path, to work his own way out into the air and sunshine of success. Something began to stir in Frank—a determination to do this thing that was being asked of him, and to do it well. And, as the resolution strengthened, there flashed through his mind, like a bright shaft of encouragement, some words he had heard the Sunday before: "Faithful in little—faithful also in much."

It was a different boy who returned to Briggs & Barnard's's store His quick eyes selected those in the crowd of customers who seemed to have difficulty in getting served, and upon these he waited with an alacrity and cheerfulness which transformed the weary detail of matching silks and braids into something approaching pleasure.

"As a rule I object to being served by a new clerk," a dressmaker, whose patronage was important, said to the floorwalker near Frank's department as she passed from the store, "but that young fellow over there has won my heart, and made me forget that his fingers are bungling. He'll make a good salesman in the end."

Mr. Maynard, to whom she spoke, turned and looked at Frank, and, had the boy but known it, that look was the first step upward—a step honestly earned by his strict attention to the duties given him to do.

"We need another hand at the men's furnishings counter," the manager said to Mr. Maynard, a few months later. "Isn't there any one over here that could be spared?"

"There's a boy here whom I'd like to see get on," Mr. Maynard answered. There isn't a lazy bone in his body. Somehow, when all the others at his counter are idle, he seems to have a customer.

"That's the kind we want. Send him over at once;" and the manager hurried away.

Frank went home that night, as if he trod on air, his joyous whistle waking the echoes as he swung along the street. His salary was doubled. He was in a less crowded part of the store, near an entrance, where he got many glimpses of the street, and his customers were mostly men and boys.

All these were related with a boy's enthusiasm when he got

home, to the mother who gazed at him with moist eyes of love, and to the little sisters whose idol he was.

There was one thing about which Frank never spoke—had never spoken—to any one; a broken hope hidden deep in his own heart, upon which even now he dared not look, that one day he might have been an artist or designer. A love of color-blending was the passion of his life. It led him to stop one day on his way to lunch, to watch Mr. Witter, the window-trimmer, at work.

"Well, how do you like it?" the latter asked, pleasantly, noticing Frank's absorbed face.

"It's—it's very pretty."

But the tone held a reservation which the quick ear of the decorator was not slow to catch.

"Speak out, boy! What's wrong with it?" he said, briskly.

"Well, sir, if I were doing it,"—Frank's grey eyes looked up, mirthful with a sense of his own audacity—"I'd take out that blotch of red."

"That blotch of red! That's a thirty-five dollar imported hat!"

"But—but doesn't it spoil the color scheme?"

Frank passed on his way, but when he was gone, Mr. Witter at Frank more intently.

"My father was a wall-paper designer, sir."

"Humph!"

Frank passed on his way, but when he was gone, Mr. Witter stood back and surveyed the window, first with his head held critically on one side and then on the other. Finally he went away, and, after a few minutes came back, as if to get a totally fresh impression.

"The lad is right," he muttered; and out came the "blotch of red" to which Frank had objected.

He stopped at the men's furnishings counter the next day.

"See here, young man, you've got the making of a good window trimmer in you. Why don't you learn the trade?" he said, briskly.

Frank's eyes gleamed.

"How could I learn it, sir?"

"Come around to my house in the evenings, and I'll teach you all I can."

"I'm at evening high school now, but that closes next month, and then—"

"All right! Come along after that. You have too artistic an eye to be wasted on collars and neckties;" and Mr. Witter passed on.

A series of evenings began after that which were a delight to Frank. On an improvised frame he was shown, with the aid of small squares of tissue paper, how to arrange handkerchiefs in every conceivable and artistic design. And whenever Mr. Witter had decorated an especially good window in the store, he always called his pupil to come and look at it, not infrequently acting upon a suggestion given by the lad.

So two years passed for Frank Darrel. He was graduated from evening high school. His salary had been raised more than once, and his mother, looking back on the dark prospect of two years before, thanked God for her boy.

Then came many changes at Briggs & Barnard's. A new store had been opened in the next block, in order to compete with which improvements and expenditures were necessary. Among these were four enlarged and beautiful show windows. No pains or expense were spared to make the opening a success.

Everything was ready for Mr. Witter to begin work, when the news came that he had been taken suddenly ill. In a fume of worry the manager drove to the window trimmer's house that evening.

"You can telegraph to New York for a man, of course," the latter said, with his hand at his fevered head, "but there's a lad in the store—Frank Darrel—who can do it, and do it well."

Frank was sent for to come to the manager's private office next morning, and went with his heart pounding against his ribs.

"You know that the firm has been at a great deal of expense in order to make this opening the biggest thing we have ever done," his superior began. "Much depends on the window display, and Mr. Witter is too ill to leave his house. He tells me you can do it. Can you?"

The manager drummed impatiently with his fingers on the arm of the chair during the minute that it took Frank to decide. But he stopped when the steady gray eyes were lifted to his. There was a force he liked in the young face.

"I think I can, sir."

"Then get to work at once, Darrel. You can have what help you want. And remember—you have only two days.

Until midnight that day and the next, Frank worked behind his green baize curtain. All his artistic taste came into play. With flushed face and shining eyes, he draped costly fabrics, blended shades and colors until the whole was a work of art. Never had the goods of the establishment been so displayed. Each separate window was decorated after an original design of his own. His heart throbbed with delight in his work as he skilfully arranged imported rugs and draperies so as to get the very best light and effect. And through all his toil there ran, like a thread, the thought that perhaps, after all, the dream of his life was not wholly shattered; that if this gift, this talent which he felt was in him, did not find an outlet in the direction he had once hoped, it might yet do so in a way which would mean congenial occupation to him and substantial help for his mother and sisters.

Frank's limbs fairly trembled under him as he entered the store on the morning of the opening. Would they think his work well done? The manager was too absorbed to speak to him then, but congratulations began to pour in on him from every department in the house. And the crowd which gathered around the windows as the day wore on testified to the young artist's success. With kindling eyes and

quickly beating heart, Frank heard the involuntary exclamations of admiration as people passed in and out.

But the great moment of that day came for Frank when, late in the afternoon, he stood in the manager's office and received the thanks of no less a personage than the gray-haired senior member of the firm, Mr. Briggs himself.

"You have done well, my boy, and the firm is indebted to you," he said, heartily, with his hand on Frank's shoulder.

"Thank you, sir," said Frank. There was a mist before his eyes, and something in his throat made speech difficult. "I—I'm proud to have been of use—to the house," he jerked out at last.

"That's the right spirit, my lad. By the way, stop at the cashier's desk on your way down-stairs."

The envelope which Frank carried home to his mother that evening—and he walked the whole three miles from the store to the house, for no street car could contain his feelings just then; it needed the whole, clear vault of heaven—held a new twenty-dollar gold-piece. And that was apart from his week's salary.

"What do you mean by it?" Mr. Witter held him off at arm's length, gazing over his glasses with mock severity, when Frank, hearing he was convalescent, called a week later. "What's this I hear about your work causing such a furore and throwing mine in the shade? Frank, my boy," he took his pupil by the arms, growing suddenly grave, "I'm getting to be an old fellow, and my day of ambition is almost past, but, with your youth and talent, it will be your own fault if you do not become an expert window decorator; and that would mean what I know lies near your heart—an end to hard work for your mother; in fact, comparative ease for her and the little sisters. But, son, if I get you a good position,—and I think I can,—there's one thing I want you to do; keep the color scheme of your life right. Don't let anything come in to mar the clear, fresh tints which prevail there now."

"Mr. Witter,"—Frank raised clear, gray eyes, into which it was a joy to look, to his friend's face—"I have not spent so many evenings with you without learning something besides window trimming. And, anyhow, the color scheme is in safer hands than my own."—*Selected.*

A FIGHT FOR PROMOTION.

Ralph Hatcher had an ambition. He wanted to be an officer in the Tabor Military Academy; and this very ambition came near getting him into serious trouble.

Ralph always had wanted to be a great soldier. Even when he was a boy in bare feet, he used to form his companions into a motley military company, and march them up and down the dusty road, with very martial commands of "Right about face!" "Right shoulder, shift!"

and "Forward, march!" which he had often heard the gray-whiskered commander of the Grand Army shout, as the old soldiers marched across the town park and down the country road to the burying ground every Decoration Day.

So, when his bachelor uncle sent him to the military school the autumn he was fourteen, Ralph's joy was boundless. He was soon a gray-uniformed part of the schoolboy life, and reveling in its military glory.

Now his chance had come. Only yesterday this bulletin had been posted upon the roster board, after having been read to the corps:

HEADQUARTERS T. M. A.

General Orders, No. 27.

1. Corporal Harry Evers, having severed his connection with the Tabor Military Academy, is hereby honorably discharged from the cadet corps.

2. An election to fill the vacancy thus created is hereby called for May 7th, at 3 p. m. All cadets are eligible who have been continuously connected with the cadet corps for five months.

LIEUT. A. S. MORGAN, U. S. A.,
Commanding Corps.

LIEUT. JAY KERR, *Adjutant.*

Yes, that was his chance; and he wanted —oh, *how* he wanted to be a corporal! He wanted to wear the gold stripes on his sleeves, and to go out of bounds whenever he felt like it, just as all the officers could do. Then he would be looked up to by the other boys, just as he used to look up to Corporal Ben Myers.

Everyone knew that no one had a chance for the place but Ralph and Perry Marvin; all his friends told him that.

"Why," said Chubby Morse, "there ain't a single fellow that can drill like you except Perry—and he's bow-legged!"

"Yes, but he can shoot like anything," put in Foxy Robson.

"Well, he'd ought to," snapped Chubby. "He learned from his father, old Sargeant Marvin, in the Third Cavalry. That's where he got his bowlegs."

"Yes, and some of those small boys in the first year have gone wild over his Indian stories," said big Bruce McCoy, in disgust. "I tell you, Hatcher, we're going to get you in if we can do it, but it'll be a tough job." And Ralph thought that it must be so, for Bruce was seventeen, and away up in the fourth year besides.

Those few days before Tuesday, May seventh, went very slowly. The worst of it was, the fellows wouldn't say much to Ralph about his chances. There were meetings held in secret every afternoon; promises were mysteriously given, and taken, and many a small "first-year" boy went to bed shaking with fear of what would happen if he failed to vote for Hatcher or Marvin.

Monday things seemed to have reached a crisis. At last Ralph was summoned to a special meeting, to be held in the wood shed of the sixth-year cottage, just after noon mess.

All his crowd was there. There were big Bruce McCoy, his staunch helper, and Chubby Morse, and Foxy Robson, and Corporal Ben Myers, and two dozen other "second-year" boys, and—back in the corners—fifteen enthusiastic little "first years."

Big Bruce took command at once. "It's just this way, Hatcher. They are ahead of us one vote. Just count the fellows here. We have forty-five. Since Evers left, there are ninety-one in the academy. So the other fellows—the officers' crowd—have forty-six. We've done everything we can, but we can't budge one of those forty-six."

Then he waited for his dismal news to have its effect; and it had it. Ralph was much disappointed. He had thought that he would win, and now he was going to be defeated by one vote! He looked so gloomy that little Tommy Ryan piped out in a tearful voice:

"Don't cry, Hatcher; I'll vote for you!"

But Bruce silenced him with a look of fearful blackness, and Tommy withdrew, abashed, into the shadow of the kindling box.

Then Bruce spoke again: "But that's all right, Hatcher. We'll get you in yet, if you can fight. How's your muscle?"

Ralph looked up in wonder. "Muscle? Why?"

"Well, I'll tell you. We found out this morning, soon after mess, that we had only forty-five, and that Marvin had forty-six; and we couldn't change it. So I went up to him and asked him if he thought it was the gentlemanly thing to push himself in where he wasn't wanted."

"What did he say?"

"Why, he laughed at me, as I knew he would; but it made him mad, and he said just exactly what I wanted."

"What was it? What did he say?" the boys shouted.

"He says this: 'See here, we'll let the best man go in. You tell your man that, just after drill this afternoon, I'll be out with my following on the baseball grounds. Tell him to come there, and we'll fight it out until one of us has enough. Then that one must withdraw, and all his friends must vote for the other fellow.'

"And," added Bruce, "he meant it, and he'll stick to it. That's one thing Marvin will do; he'll keep his word. So it's all right, Hatcher; you can beat him, I know. Why, you're taller, and outweigh him. Now, fellows, hurrah for Corporal Hatcher!" And the boys ran out on the parade grounds with a cheer.

But Ralph was very quiet. That wasn't exactly what he had been looking for. He wasn't afraid of Perry Marvin—the boys told the truth about that; he could beat him easily. No, it wasn't that at all. But just at this time he remembered some of the words that his mother had said to him when he left her, eight months ago, away out in Colorado:

"My boy, don't get to fighting. It isn't manly to fight, after all, whatever other boys may think or say. It is manly to stand on your own self-respect, and to let other boys fight one another. Promise me,

Ralph, that you will never fight unless forced into it." And he had promised.

But here he was now, about to have a fight with a boy who had never done him any harm—a fight for promotion. "A fight for promotion"—that had a pleasant, brave sound. Surely mother wouldn't object when there was such a prize as the corporal's rank. So he marched into the school room with a determined air; he would fight —and he would win!

All through the afternoon's work he kept thinking of that fight, which he had promised his mother not to have part in. He tried to persuade himself that he was being forced into it, for his mother had not forbidden him to fight if he was forced to do so. But he knew better; if he entered the fight, it would be of his own accord.

At last he gave it up. He had promised; he would keep his word, even if the corporal's stripes did shine on Perry Marvin's sleeves.

Then out to drill the cadets marched. As the final "Post arms! Dismissed!" rang out, there was a rush toward the baseball field.

But, with a choking feeling in his throat, Ralph went up to Bruce. "Bruce, I'm very much obliged to you, but I can't fight," in a very quiet voice.

"Wh-what-what!" fairly shrieked his champion.

"I'm much obliged, but I can't fight."

"Why, why not? You'll have to now."

"No, I'll not. I can't fight. That's all there is about it."

"Why?"

"Because—because I'll not!"

Then Bruce turned to the others. "Here, fellows, there isn't going to be a fight. Baby Hatcher has showed the white feather. He'll not fight!"

"What! Not fight?" they all cried. "Why not?"

Then Ralph, with a white face, told them. "Well, if you must know, because I promised my mother I would not. But I'm much obliged"—

"Coward! Baby! Mother's boy!" they shouted at him. But Ralph with set teeth and flushed cheeks, went quietly to his room, while all the fellows scattered to different parts of the grounds.

It was lonesome there in his room. He couldn't go out now; there were too many big boys out there who knew that he was a coward and would not fight.

Then somebody knocked. Ralph jumped up from the bed on which he had been lying in his lonesomeness, and called, "Come in!"

Perry Marvin entered. "What's this, Hatcher? They say you'll not fight me. Why not? You know they'll all vote for me now."

"Yes, I know; but I can't fight."

"Why not?"

"Because, Marvin, I promised mother I wouldn't. That's all. I promised, and I'll not!" In desperation he leaped out of the window,

ran into the big pasture where Black Bess was calmly chewing her cud, and lay flat on his face under the big apple tree, feeling very much forsaken.

Perry stared at him a minute, gave a long, low whistle, and slowly walked to his own room.

That evening and the next morning was a dreary time to Ralph. No one spoke to him, no one seemed to notice his presence; he was boycotted. Even Tommy Ryan dared not speak the sympathy he felt.

When the time came for the election, Ralph felt like saying that he was sick and could not drill; he did not want to see Perry Marvin elected. But he was afterwards glad that the drill call came just then and kept him from remaining in his room. He didn't have time to decide not to drill before he found himself on the parade ground.

The company was quickly formed. Sergeant McClure called the roll, saluted the Lieutenant—"Colonel" Morgan—and took his post. Then the colonel called, "Attention, company!" Then, "Proceed to the election. Lieutenant Wallace, take the poll of your platoon. Lieutenant Jones"—

But what was this? Some one had stepped out of ranks; he had bowlegs; it was Marvin! What was he going to do now?

Perry advanced three paces, saluted the frowning colonel, and said, quickly: "Colonel Morgan, may I speak to the corps?"

Astonished, but interested because of the boy's intense earnestness, the colonel replied: "For a moment, Marvin."

Then the cadet faced about and, with sparkling eyes and flushed cheeks, called out to the long line of boys: "Fellows, I withdraw from the contest. We all want the bravest man in the corporal's place. Well, it's not I!"

In amazement, all gazed at him, scarcely breathing, so eager were they to hear the rest.

"We were going to have a fight to decide who should be corporal—another boy or I. At the last minute he refused to fight because his mother told him not to. Now, fellows, I don't know what it is to have a mother; mine died when I was two years old; but I think that any fellow that's got courage enough to stand up and say he'll not do a thing that he really wants to do, just because his mother doesn't want him to—I say, he's a lot braver than I am, or any of the rest of us."

Astonishment was on every face. Then some one gave a feeble cheer, and at once there went up such a shout that even the angry frown of the colonel could not hold, in the enthusiasm, as the cheers rang out.

Then the bugle sounded, and the colonel called again: "Attention, company!" But this time there was a little smile on his face, as he went on to make a speech to the boys:

"Cadets, we all admire bravery, wherever it is found. Cadet Marvin thinks that Cadet Hatcher manifested bravery in refusing to fight with him. I agree with him, and hereby promote Cadet Hatcher to be

corporal in the cadet corps of Tabor Military Academy! One minute," as the boys began a cheer; "I am not through yet. I think that Corporal Hatcher is not the only cadet who has shown bravery recently. I think that in giving up his rights to his rival, Cadet Marvin himself exhibited a brave spirit. I believe in rewarding bravery. Therefore I hereby promote Cadet Marvin to be lance corporal in the cadet—"

But the cheers had broken loose again; and the colonel only smiled at this defiance of discipline as he dismissed the corps. The two new corporals rode off the parade ground on the heaving shoulders of their enthusiastic comrades.—*Paul Hamilton.*

JONAH'S WHALE.

"Three dollars is a lot of money when you haven't it," reflected Jonah, mournfully.

The hair of Jonah was long. It was also straight, and unpleasantly denominated "sandy." He despised this word. It was not fitting. No sand in the neighborhood of the farm resembled his hair in the least; of that he was assured. But Jonah was untraveled.

For the rest of his attractions, they related simply to the appearance of any fifteen-year-old lad developed amid country surroundings, with a lack of meat and a predilection for indigestibles and inactivity. Possibly, in his case, one had to do with the other.

Now he sat upon the horse-block and lamented his resources.

Do not gather the impression that Jonah was a brainless youth. Quite the contrary. He was what is called "smart in the head." This reputation excused his feet and hands to a noteworthy extent. It was thoroughly conceded on all sides that farming would not be his line. Beyond this speculation went guessing.

The fact that the boy knew every flower of forest and field within his limited radius of observation, every bird which charmed the sweetness of the short New England summer, every insect which buzzed, stung, or piped, all the little animals of the adjacent woods, even the strange rock formations of the near mountains, was not put down as much of a credit mark. "All boys knew those things."

To a certain extent, yes, but not as Jonah knew them. He loved them, lived in them, and his shoulders seemed to hunch his sharp nose forward in craning anxiety for new discoveries.

Already could he discourse with long and badly mispronounced words upon subjects which interested no one but himself (the few tattered old books he had mysteriously acquired were so thoroughly assimilated); already could he drive his unfortunate parents into a desperation of silence with unanswerable questions; and, while they endeavored to appreciate the memory of and mental activity of their youngest-born, a wish that he were different oppressed them, for, as they were a plain and practical pair, such accomplishments not only

failed to appeal to them, but disconcerted them badly. Therefore conversation was avoided, but for that the boy cared little. He liked to be let alone.

His elder brother and his sister would have none of him, dubbing his ways but one remove from lunacy. At present Jonah was in disgrace. Only the week before, sent two miles into town with two dollars and injunctions to buy shoes and have his hair cut, he had returned, irresponsible, and with shining eyes, bearing a most uncanny chart, a small microscope, and all his hair.

The shoes! Oh! he forgot the shoes. Here was half a dollar.

Ebullitions of parental wrath and recrimination. Jonah was very sorry. He had gone into a book store. He didn't remember things after that. They might have his third interest in the pig (his only real property). And, yes, he would even submit to the indignity of the yellow bowl and the scissors, a hair-cutting operation of infinite humiliation. "Let it grow a week longer though."

Little more was said. The proposition was fair. It was useless to waste words on such as Jonah, who next morning retired to his fastnesses with the chart and glass, and was not seen until night, when he arrived very tired and happy with a whole pocketful of bugs.

It may be here remarked that the chart was entomological in character with magnified representations.

The next day Jonah's small attic room was newly decorated with a row of little brown corpses on pins. This apartment was the family terror, as living surprises frequently emerged upon the unwary from dark corners.

Still, it was not molested now. That had been given up. The fierce anger and grief of the boy upon the last occasion of the removal had really frightened those concerned in the disturbance of "his things." Besides, Jonah showed large capabilities for revenge, and it was not pleasant to find one's bed occupied by cold and clammy inhabitants.

The visit to the book-store, while productive of the immediate happiness in the acquisition of means to count and comprehend heretofore invisible charms, also left a sting. There had the lad seen a set of volumes to be dreamed of. Three, in particular, would not leave his thoughts.

For this reason he now sat in sorrowful consideration of apparent impossibilities.

"I've got to have 'em," he decided. "Someway. Is there a thing I can do?"

Over the mountains the aftermath of a night storm lowered in vapory masses, filling the ravines with fog-drifts, wreathing with shifting clouds the highest hilltops, and hushing usual bird-song with a damp and gloomy pall.

Suddenly the brave June sun sprang through the rifts, illumining with rosy fingers the disconsolation of nature. Little voices twittered

in the trees, the clinging mists dissolved and dissipated, great patches of blue sky appeared in cheering view, and Jonah smiled. He felt these things. A hope rose in him.

"What'll I do?" thought he. "Go fishin'? It's just the day"

"Sa-a-y!" an idea struck him. "Why not? I might sell a few." He slid off the square stone and disappeared around the barn

Boys who can do nothing else can usually catch fish. This has been noted. Jonah was no exception. In an hour he was on the big stream purring through the meadow, its waters swimming high with rain, kissing the weeds and grasses on the banks, and singing through the alders.

It was a long pole for a small boy, but he could handle it most efficaciously. The basket, too, was of a size to lose small fish in. Jonah liked room in all ways. With a tin box of fat worms, his equipment was entirely to his mind for execution.

So it would seem. The trout were feeding. They were looking for fat worms. They found them. Then followed much flopping in the basket. By noon it was half full.. The stomach of Jonah yearned for refreshment, but he kept on. The lunch had been overlooked in his hurry for departure.

"Such luck I never had," he commented excitedly. "Nice ones, ain't they. I'll get all I can. Oh, if I could only catch six pounds!

"Ain't much use trying the deep hole, but I'll drop in. Nothin' but suckers there now," he ruminated. "It's only wastin' time. Guess I never caught one in the old ditch."

This pool, one side fringed with bushes, the other open, was still, half-muddy, and not inviting. Jonah baited heavily, cast in, and set his stout bamboo.

Presently the line twitched slightly. "Sucker," grumbled the boy. "I'll let him have it. Come out now, old rubber-mouth," he added, after waiting a few moments.

Two minutes later, a perspiring youth was on his knees, well away from the stream. His wiry fingers clutched a splendid fish, and an exalted countenance shone above the struggling prize. "He's a whale—a reg-lar whale—a two pounder. Oh, my gracious!" gasped the lad in ecstasy, "I'll go home now."

"What luck?" sounded a voice.

Jonah glanced up in alarm. He feared spoliation. A look assured him.

"Pretty fair," was the reply in that tone of indifference used by fishermen when they are especially triumphant.

"Catching suckers?"

"No, sir! trout!"

The man came nearer—a very tall, thin personage, with eye-glasses and the expensive regalia of a city angler. His beautiful whip-like rod quivered with every motion.

"Let me see what you have, boy?"

"I've got one whale," cried Jonah, losing command of himself. "Look at that."

Still on his knees, he lifted the trout from the grass.

"Upon my soul! Well, I declare!" came faintly from the stranger. "I've only two little fellows."

"You ain't a fisherman, I guess," observed Jonah, politely. "See here!" He opened his basket.

"I am afraid you are right," answered the gentleman, meekly, with staring eyes. "Anyway, nothing rose to my best flies, and I've worked hard for three hours."

"Flies! They won't bite flies today."

"Won't they?"

"Course not!" indignantly.

"Oh!"

There was a silence. "Ahem! That is—would you care to sell those fish, or some of them, my boy?" began the unlucky one. "I—to tell the truth—I have not had much experience. Presuming I should have no difficulty in capturing plenty, I started out. The trouble is—" he stopped.

The boy was regarding him with great curiosity. "Say," remarked Jonah, "I'd like to know how many times you've ever been fishing, Mister."

The man laughed. "Only twice. Why?"

"Nothin'. Only you don't talk like a man that can catch fish. Yes, I'll sell them. I guess it's the easiest way for you to get a mess." He tried to hide his anxiety.

"Not all of them, of course. You wouldn't part from that big one? I—"

"I might, to oblige," put in Jonah hurriedly.

"Oh, I couldn't think of taking him from you, my son," said his companion, kindly.

"I won't mind, I guess," faltered the boy.

"Wouldn't you really, now?"

"No, sir, I'll sell him."

"You're an obliging lad," cried the stranger with great enthusiasm. "If I can have all—why, it's this way, sonny. I've a summer house over in town—a party of friends staying with me. I told them I would show them some fish when I returned. I will—eh! Won't I, though?" His long legs gave a joyful skip and he grinned benignly. "Now, how much?" putting his hand in a pocket.

Jonah was not good at a bargain. He was always beaten down. This was an oppressive reflection.

"There must be most six pounds, altogether," he quavered. "Ain't they worth—I ain't tryin' to cheat, Mister—I—I want three dollars."

The tall man smiled. "Here!" holding out a bill. "Take that, and call it a bargain. They are worth it."

Jonah gazed at the five-dollar note. "I can't change it," he said, slowly.

"Change it? You don't have to. It's yours. Why, what's the trouble, my son?"

The freckled nose of Jonah's was working like a rabbit's. Two large tears were coursing down his dirty cheeks. "I can buy the whole set," he broke forth with a queer choke—a sob, but a very happy one.

"The whole set? What? Tools?" queried the purchaser, concernedly.

"Tools! No, sir! Books." The reply came with a burst of relief.

"Books?" in a tone of suspicion. "What kind of books are you so anxious to get?"

The boy looked at him. "You'll guy me, same as they all do." He hesitated.

"No, I won't. Go ahead!"

"Fanley's 'Field and Forest Treasures,'" began Jonah. "It's a—"

"Come over to that bank and sit down," interrupted the man. "Now, don't be afraid. Tell me about it."

He appeared very solemn to the boy, but the gray eyes were kind and encouraging. Once started, it seemed an impossibility for Jonah to stop. "There!" he panted at last. "That's it, Mister. Folks laugh, but I don't care. Where do I live? Over yonder. I'm John Gaylord's son—Jonah's my name. Yes! I'll be home tomorrow. Why? You won't do nothin' to keep me from getting 'em?" His lip quivered.

"Goodness, no!" The long stranger turned suddenly, and his glasses fell off.

Jonah picked them up. The new friend patted his head.

"What's your name?" inquired the lad, trustfully. "You're a pretty good man, I guess."

"Why—hum! My name is Fanley, sonny. I wrote those books."

The director of the great Museum of Natural History is very gray now. He depends largely upon his able assistant of late—a lanky young man with alert eyes and a shock of light reddish-brown hair. If others are about, he is addressed as Professor Gaylord; but, when alone with his master it is Jonah.

JUSTICE.

Justice walks, we say, with a halting foot. But never a day will pass but you may see her overtake some one. Though we may fancy at times that sins are going unpunished, we may see at all times punishment actually alighting. The long iniquity is constantly being exposed; the bad habits, formed in slothful self-indulgence, at length recoil. . . . As surely as the planets move in their orbits, as surely as the seasons succeed one another, as surely as the harvest comes from the sowing, the works and ways of men come to their account. "Be not deceived; God is not mocked: for whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he reap."—*R. F. Horton.*

Officers' Department.

Perseverance Conquers All.

Genius, that power that dazzles mortal eyes,
Is oft but perseverance in disguise.
Continuous effort, of itself implies,
In spite of countless falls, the power to rise.
'Twixt failure and success, the point's so fine
Men sometimes know not when they touch the line.
Just when the pearl was waiting one more plunge!
How many a straggler has thrown up the sponge!
As the tide goes clear out, it comes clear in;
In business, 'tis at turns the wisest win.
And, oh! how true, when shades of doubt dismay,
"'Tis often darkest just before the day."
A little more persistence, courage, vim!
Success will dawn o'er fortune's cloudy rim.
Then take the honey for the bitterest cup;
"There's no failure save in giving up,
No real fall as long as one still tries.
For seeming setbacks made the strong wise.
There's no defeat in truth, save from within,
Unless you're beaten there, you're bound to win!"

—*Henry Austin.*

"The teacher must not forget that she must build up her own character as she participates in building up the character of others. It is as true in the case of the teacher as it is in the case of the child that character is a thing of growth."

"Teachers and parents should come to the fullest understanding in reference to their common interests. There are few instances in which co-operative effort yields more satisfactory returns. There is loss when each blindly pursues his own way indifferent to the other."

There is nothing in all the world so important as children, nothing so interesting. If you ever wish to go in for some philanthropy, if you ever wish to be of any real use in the world, do something for children. If you ever yearn to be truly wise, study children. We can dress the sore, bandage the wounded, imprison the criminal, heal the sick, and bury the dead; but there is always chance that we can *save* a child. If the great army of philanthropists ever exterminate sin and pestilence, ever work out our race's salvation, it will be because a little child has led them.—*David Starr Jordan.*

Officers' Paper.

CHILD ACTIVITY AND IMITATION.

To many people the term "Primary class" brings up but a single image—disorder, a wriggling, whispering, prankish incorrigible mass that keeps the teacher on the borders of despair. It is an old idea that the first duty of the teacher is the repression, by force if necessary, of physical activity; if the children do not sit still, it is because they are mischievous, and mischief is the unpardonable sin. The teacher of the old school worked by compulsion; he paralyzed the school, and called the paralysis order. Too often this has been true in the Primary class. The whole hour from beginning to end rings with threatenings and "don't" and prohibitions. The assistants are police officers and the president is executioner.

The most characteristic feature of childhood is its restlessness. The healthy child is a miracle of activity; one can never cease marveling at the tireless energy of a four-year-old boy; he is never still a moment save when he is asleep. He slips rapidly from one thing to another; one can no more keep him still than one can still the wind. He is incapable of sustained attention; the world is a great wonderland to him, as marvelous as that which Alice entered through the rabbit hole, and he lives in a state of continual excitement. Everything is new and perfect; marvels so swarm on every hand that he must jump rapidly from wonder to wonder. This feeble power of sustained attention is not a defect; it is nature's safeguard against a one-sided development. The teacher who compels attention to books for long periods is working against nature; she is making the child lopsided. The activities of child life should not be repressed, they should be directed. The weak power of sustained attention should not be treated as a defect, it should be recognized as a source of power, and used. There should be frequent changes of program; the children should be ruled by "Do" rather than "Don't;" there should be expression rather than repression. The old method was to compel order; the new method is to win it.

Lack of discipline is merely the teacher's lack of knowldge of her children. Have you lost the attention of the class? Are the boys at the back sticking pins into each other and squabbling over caps? Perhaps you have been too long at one point. Vary your program suddenly. Say with a change of tone: "I have something here that I want to show you." Every eye will instantly be turned in your direction. Are the children restless and growing unruly? Perhaps you have kept them sitting still too long. Have them arise for a motion song or a march about the room. The position of the children should be changed constantly. At the repeating of one verse they should arise; for another exercise they should face the rear, then they

should sit, then arise and march about the room. The teacher may sometimes stop with profit and put them through a short gymnastic exercise. The key to child life is action. The child must have something to do continually; he demands employment, and if nothing is given him, he will find something himself. The expert teacher keeps everyone in the room busy.

Are the children cross and incorrigible? Examine yourself. Have you been cheerful and sunny? Children reflect the teacher like a mirror. Have you been scolding? That would be a great mistake. Dr. Trumbull is wise at this point:

> Scolding—rapidly spoken censure and protest, in the exhibit of strong feeling—is never in order as a means of training and directing a child. . . . . If, indeed, scolding has any good effect at all, that effect is on the scolder, and not on the scolded. Scolding is an outburst of strong feeling that struggles for the mastery under the pressure of some outside provocation. It never benefits the one against whom it is directed, nor yet those who are its outside observers, however it may give physical relief to the one who indulges in it. If, therefore, scolding is an unavoidable necessity on the part of any parent, let that parent at once shut himself, or herself, up all alone in a room where the scolding can be indulged in without harming anyone. But let it be remembered that, as an element in child-training, scolding is never, never in order.—*Hints on Child-Training.*

Expert teachers handle disorder without calling attention to it. The mischievous boy in the rear may be called out to help assist in the work, or a group of restless, playing ones may on one pretext or another be separated, and located in other seats, the teacher meanwhile not changing at all the tone of her voice and not interrupting the course of the lesson. The ideal teacher disciplines her class without it for a moment suspecting her action.

Much that children are scolded for is not intentional mischief at all. A child who in her mother's absence painted the parlor chairs red honestly expected to be praised for her work. I have known a child to be scolded and even shaken because he was sleepy in Sunday school, and another violently threatened because he pounded with his heels. Says Professor Marks:

> In good sooth, many of the things we call "naughty" are not naughty. Many a time when a child is made unhappy in a railroad carriage, to the discomfort of all the passengers, it is somebody else who is restless and fidgety and causes all the trouble, not the child; it is the grandmother or mother who can't sit still, some "fixed idea" of childish naughtiness seeming to haunt her like an evil influence—a veritable bee in the bonnet. Think of the little mortal, every nerve in his body twitching with desire for activity—a desire which he cannot help, but which simply means that he is alive—his blood coursing uneasily in limbs, doomed by the fiat of his elders to be still! Moreover, children's movements are sometimes misunderstood. Some kind little impulse may be swaying the child, and he starts to perform the service. Small enough it may be, perhaps, even msitaken; but it was a genuinely good impulse, and the service the best the child knew how to render. Especially should we remember that physical movement,

something to be *done,* even though it may at times be contrary to the present mood or wish of the adult who is with the child, is the one way the child has of expressing moral impulse. He has not yet learned to talk his morals; he can but try, act, and make mistakes.—*The Teacher and the Child.*

Gentleness, patience, kindly explanation, tact, and, above all, sympathy must she have who would mold childhood. There must be no unnecessary harshness. The child that refrains because of fear of a whipping has not been morally benefited at all. Professor Hughes makes this very plain:

"You see what you may expect, sir, if you are not good," said a stern teacher to a little boy on his first day in school, after he had given another boy an unmerciful whipping. Whipped for "not being good," whipped for "not being good." This was the message that was sent echoing through the sensitive and aroused moral nature of the child. He did not learn to hate the wrong or the evil. He learned to hate "having to be good," because, if there was no such thing as "having to be good" he would not be whipped. His reasoning was logical. The master was wrong. Goodness should not be associated with punishment.—*Mistakes in Teaching.*

"Activity is the watchword of modern pedagogy." "Keep the scholar busy and he will not be disorderly." "Young children," says Dr. Hall, "cannot exercise their minds to good effect when sitting still." How to keep the child employed in the Primary is a question that requires much careful study. Each teacher must think it out in view of her own conditions. A few general suggestions may be made, however. If you are to show a picture, call a boy to hold it before the class. Vary the exercises continually. Use the blackboard constantly, if it is only to print words on. Get a boy to erase it. Have it moved into the light. Bring interesting things, nests, flowers, pictures, and ask questions. If a pupil is inattentive, call upon him frequently. Use praise freely. If there is disorder, go and stand by the disorderly ones, all the time continuing the lesson. If a child must be dealt with, retain him after the class is dismissed and try to make a friend of him.

This brings us to the next great characteristic of childhood—imitation. The child is a mirror held up for those about it to see themselves. Whatever he sees he imitates: the boy goes to the circus, and thereupon plays circus for a week; his father is a carpenter, and he must play building houses; he imitates a horse, an engine, an automobile. There is also a reflex imitation. "I once laughed," says a teacher, "and instantly the whole class laughed, though they knew nothing of the cause of my laughing." This is an exceedingly potent element in religious work. Like teacher like school. Says Dr. Kirkpatrick:

The personality and mood of each person is manifested in some degree in his face, voice, and action, and the child reproduces reflexly to a greater or less extent every such manifestation, and is himself modified by it. If several children are together, each acts reflexly on the others. The teacher who comes into the room in the morning in an irritable mood soon in-

fects some of her children, and these others. She is therefore confronted ere long by an irritable and irritating school; while the teacher who has entered the room with cheerful good humor and kindly feeling is soon surrounded by a joyous gruop of children eager to respond pleasantly to her slightest suggestion.—*Fundamentals of Child Study.*

It is therefore highly important that the teacher watch herself. One has testified that after sixty years he remembers his first teacher as the sweetest and most beautiful woman of his whole life; that he can remember, as if it were yesterday, the exquisite neatness of the dress she wore and the flowers she always brought for the desk. This he reckoned as one of the most potent influences that ever touched his life. "The first requisite that should be required of the teacher," says a wise observer, "is that she should make herself personally attractive so far as may be to the children. The teacher, whether she will or not, is the first object lesson the pupil ever receives in school." The children should never see their teacher other than serene, and cheery, and radiant with sympathy. Crossness and scolding and nervous irritation should be as foreign to the Primary class room as profanity.—*Fred Lewis Pettee.*

Subject for next month—"Cheerfulness."

Subject for the month: Perseverance.

Divisions: Lesson 13, Patient Perseverance; Lesson 14, Perseverance in Little Things; Lesson 15, Perseverance in Overcoming Temptation; Lesson 16, Perseverance in Overcoming Difficulties.

Lesson 13.

Subject: Patient Perseverance.

Introductory talk:

"Perseverance depends on three things,—purpose, will, enthusiasm. He who has a purpose is always concentrating his forces. By the will, constantly educated, the hope and plan are prevented from evaporating into dreams, and a little gain is all the time being added. Enthusiasm keeps the interest up, and makes the obstacles seem small. Young people often call perseverance plodding, and look with impatience on careful, steady efforts of any kind. It is plodding in a certain sense, but by it the mountain is scaled; whereas the impetuous nature soon tires, or is injured, and the climb is over, half finished. The founders of New England did not believe in "chances." They did believe in work. The young man who thinks to get on by mere smartness and by idling, meets failure at last.

But there is a higher outlook. Life is in a sense a battle; certainly there is an unending struggle within ourselves to make the bet-

ter part rule the worst. Perseverance is the master impulse of the firmest souls, and holds the key to those treasure-houses of knowledge from which the world has drawn its wealth both of wisdom and of moral wealth.

Great men never wait for opportunities; they make them. Nor do they wait for facilities or favoring circumstances; they seize upon whatever is at hand, work out their problem, and master the situation. A young person determined and willing, will find a way or make one. Great men have found no royal road to their triumph. It is always the old route, by way of industry and perseverance.

Bunyan wrote his "Pilgrim's Progress," on the untwisted papers used to cork the bottles of milk brought for his meals. Gifford wrote his first copy of a mathematical work, when a cobbler's apprentice, on small scraps of leather; and Rittenhouse, the astronomer, first calculated eclipses on his plough handle.

"Circumstances," says Milton, "have rarely favored famous men. They have fought their way to triumph through all sorts of opposing obstacles. The greatest thing a man can do in this world is to make the most possible out of the stuff that has been given to him. This is success, and there is no other.

Paris was in the hands of a mob; the authorities were panic-stricken, for they did not dare to trust their underlings. In came a man who said, "I know a young officer who has the courage and ability to quell this mob." "Send for him; send for him," said they. Napoleon was sent for, came, subjugated the mob, subjugated the authorities, ruled France then conquered Europe.

One of the first lessons of life is to learn to get victory out of defeat. It takes courage and stamina, when mortified and embarrassed by humiliating disaster, to seek in the wreck of ruins the elements of future conquests. Yet this measures the difference between those who succeed and those who fail. You cannot measure a man by his failures. You must know what use he makes of them.

Always watch with great interest a young man's first failure. It is the index of his life, the measure of his success-power. The mere fact of his failure has interest; but how did he take his defeat? What did he do next? Was he discouraged? Did he slink out of sight? Did he conclude that he had made a mistake in his calling, and dabble in something else? Or was he up and at it again with a determination that knows no defeat?

There is something grand and inspiring in a young man who fails squarely after doing his level best, and then enters the contest again and again with undaunted courage and redoubled energy. Have no fears for the youth who is not disheartened at failure.

Raleigh failed, but he left a name ever to be linked with brave effort and noble character. Kossuth did not succeed, but his lofty career, his burning words, and his ideal fidelity will move men for good as long as time shall last.

Chauncey Jerome's education was limited to three months in the district school each year until he was ten, when his father took him into his blacksmith shop, at Plymouth, Connecticut, to make nails. Money was a scarce article with young Chauncey. His father died when he was eleven, and his mother was forced to send him out to earn a living on a farm. At fourteen he was apprenticed for seven years to a carpenter, who gave him only board and clothes. One day he heard people talking of Eli Perry, of Plymouth, who had undertaken to make two hundred clocks in one lot. "He'll never live long enough to finish them," said one. "If he should," said another, "he could not possibly sell so many. The very idea is ridiculous."

Chauncey pondered long over this rumor, for it had long been his dream to become a great clock-maker. He tried his hand at the first opportunity, and soon learned to make a wooden clock. When he got an order to make twelve at twelve dollars a piece he thought his fortune was made.

One night he happened to think that a cheap clock could be made of brass as well as of wood, and would not shrink, swell, or vary appreciably in any climate. He acted on the idea, and became the first great manufacturer of brass clocks. He made millions at the rate of six hundred a day, exporting them to all parts of the globe.

A constant struggle, a ceaseless battle to bring success from hard surroundings is the price of all great achievements."

Memory Gems:

"Every noble work is at first impossible."

"Victory belongs to the most persevering."

"Our greatest glory is, not in never falling, but in rising every time we fall."

"Success in most things depends on knowing how long it takes to succeed."

"Perseverance is failing nineteen times and succeeding the twentieth."

First Grade.

Read suggestions for First Grade Teachers in the January number for this year. Page 26.

Opening exercises.

Memory gems or review of concert poems.

Singing.

Concert poem, "One Thing at a Time:"

"Work while you work,
  Play while you play;
This is the way
  To be cheerful and gay.

All that you do,
  Do with your might;
Things done by halves
  Are never done right.

One thing each time,
  And that done well,
Is a very good rule,
  As many can tell.

Moments are useless
  Trifled away;
So work while you work,
  And play while you play."

Story: "An Adopted Mother."

Arthur Allan was a very tender-hearted little boy, and there were tears in his eyes when he came into the kitchen one morning, carrying in his arms a big brown hen which had been run over by a hay-wagon and killed.

"What will become of Brownie's little chickens, mama?" he asked. "They are out under a currant-bush, all 'peeping' for their mother."

Mrs. Allan went out in the garden with Arthur to look at the poor little chickens. There were thirteen of the yellow, fluffy little things, and they were only three days old.

"They mustn't die," said Arthur. "I'll take care of them myself."

He brought a basket, and put all the little chickens into it, then he carried them off to an empty oat-bin in the barn, where there was plenty of room for them to run about. The next morning, when Mrs. Allan went out to the barn to tell Arthur to hunt for some eggs, she stopped at the oat-bin to look at the motherless little chickens. There in one corner of the bin hung the big feather duster, and gathered under it were all the little chickens!

"I thought the duster could be a mother to them, mamma," said Arthur.

So Mrs. Allan let the duster hang in the bin, and the thirteen little chickens gathered under it until they were old enough to roost on a bar.—*Florence Hallowell Hoyt, in Youth's Companion.*

Story adapted from lesson, "Patient Perseverance."

Memory gem on lesson.

Second Grade.

Review of previous lesson.

Introductory talk. Page 154.

Story: "Gail and the Watermelons." Page 133.

Memory gem:

"The race is not to the swift nor the battle to the strong, but to him who endureth to the end."

Tell the following story:

A hare one day made sport of the short legs and slow pace of the tortoise. "I am sorry for anyone who has to creep along as you do," said he. "Why, I can go ten miles while you go one."

"I am slow, but I am sure," said the tortoise. "Though you can run so fast, I am willing to race with you."

The hare laughed at the thought of such a thing.

"It will be no race at all," said he; "but come on, I will show you how fast I can run."

They called the fox to be judge of the race. "You are to start from this mile-stone and run to the next one," said the fox. "Now, one, two, three! Go!"

Off dashed the hare, and after him plodded the tortoise. The hare went like the wind a little way and then looked back. The tortoise was not even in sight. The hare laughed.

"To think that the tortoise should try to race with me," he said. "How warm and tired I am. I need not run so fast. I will get some of that sweet grass for my dinner, then I will rest awhile under this tree. The tortoise will not be here for hours yet."

So the hare ate his dinner and then lay down to rest and fell fast asleep. When he awoke it was late. He looked around. "Well," he said, "I will go on to the goal now. Friend tortoise is not yet in sight."

But when he got to the mile-stone he found the tortoise there before him. The plodding fellow had kept on and had passed the sleeping hare.

"Oh, ho, my friend; slow and steady wins the race."

Lead the children to see that the most successful pupil in school is not the one who studies hard at the beginning of the year, and then tires and grows careless; but the one who studies to the end of the year, the one who is not discouraged when he meets something that is difficult and hard to learn. That some of the greatest battles have been won by the army who would not give up, although the army opposing it was larger. Many of the greatest men have been poor boys, and have had to work hard for their success.

Success comes through patient and untiring labor.

That those who do right throughout their lives are the ones who will win the greatest rewards.

Teach the memory gem.

Third Grade.

(Note to Teachers in this Grade.—Smiles' "Self Help" and "Character" will be found very helpful in the lessons for this month.)

Introductory talk. Page 154.

Topics for members of the class.

1. Tell story of Jacob and his struggle with the angel. Genesis 32: 24-30. What was the reward of his perseverance.

2. Review briefly Jacob's experience in waiting for Rachel. Genesis 29: 16-30.

3. Explain Proverbs 22: 29.

4. Tell incident of Zacchaeus. Luke 19: 2-7. State the reward for perseverance.

5. Tell the story of "The Hare and the Tortoise," page 158; how do the same characteristics manifest themselves in boys and girls.

6. Relate story of Newton and his dog Diamond. If Newton had not been a man of great perseverance what would the world have missed at that time.

7. Relate incident from life of U. S. Grant showing his patient perseverance.

8. Explain what is meant by this quotation: "You cannot dream yourself into a character, you must hammer and forge yourself one," and what a boy or girl must do each day that might be called hammering and forging.

9. "To know how to wait is the secret of success." "Patience is power; with time and patience the mulberry leaf becomes silk." Tell why the second quotation explains the first.

Story: 'Gail and the Watermelons." Page 133.

Lesson 14.

Subject: Perseverance in Little Things.

Introductory talk:

Canon Farrar once said: "Little self-denials, little honesties, little passing words of sympathy, little nameless acts of kindness, little, silent victories over favorite temptations—these are the silent threads of gold which, when woven together, gleam out brightly in the pattern of life." He wanted to teach people not to neglect little things, not to feel that because they were not able to perform some great things, it did not matter what they did. Small beginnings often lead to great endings. It is the little things that often bring success.

When Franklin made the discovery that lightning was electricity, it was sneered at, and people asked, "Of what good is it?" To which his reply was, "What is the use of a child? It may become a man?"

When Galvani discovered that a frog's legs twitched when touched with different metals it could scarcely have been imagined that so slight a thing could have led to such great results; yet through this discovery we have the electric telegraph, which enables us to send messages from one continent to another.

Michael Angelo, the great sculptor, was one day explaining to a visitor in his studio what he had been doing at a statue since his previous visit. "I have retouched this part—polished that—softened this feature—brought out that muscle—given some expression to this

lip, and more energy to that limb." "But these are trifles," remarked the visitor. "It may be so," replied the sculptor, "but recollect that trifles make perfection, and perfection is no trifle."

"Boys and girls sometimes think that because they are small or have but little money that they cannot do any good. They forget how much a kind word or even a kind look can do for others.

"Only a drop in the bucket,
But every drop will tell;
The bucket would soon be empty
Without the drops in the well.

"Only a poor little penny—
It was all I had to give;
But as pennies make the dollars,
It may help some cause to live.

"A few little bits of ribbon,
And some toys—they were not new;
Yet they made the sick child happy,
Which made me happy too.

"A word now and then of comfort,
That costs one nothing to say;
But the poor old man was happy;
And it helped him on his way."

He was a big, burly, good-natured conductor on a country railroad, and he had watched them with much interest as they got on the train. There were two handsome, round-faced, rosy-cheeked boys, and three sunny-haired, pretty little girls of various sizes and ages. A grave, kind-looking gentleman, evidently their guardian,got on with them; and the conductor's attention was soon caught by the fact that the apparenly eager conversation was carried on by means of the deaf-and-dumb alphabet, the gentleman joining in so pleasantly that the conductor beamed on him with approval. Naturally kind-hearted himself, it pleased him to see this trait in others. But his honest eyes were misty as he thought of his own noisy crowd of youngsters at home, and contrasted them with his prim little company who smiled and gesticulated, but made no sound.

It was plain they were off on a holiday jaunt, for they all had satchels, and wore a festive, "go-away" air; and the conductor, whose fancy played about them continually, settled it in his mind that they belonged to some asylum, and were going with their teacher for a vacation trip. He couldn't help watching them, and nodding to them as he passed through the car; they returned his greeting in kind, being cheerful little souls, and he began to look forward with regret to the time of parting.

At length, at one of the rural stations, the gentleman kissed the young ones hurriedly all round, and got off the train. They leaned

out of the windows and waved enthusiastic farewells as the car moved on; then the biggest "little girl" took a brown paper bag from her satchel, and distributed crackers in even shares. The conductor, in passing, smiled and nodded as usual, as the little girl held out the paper bag to him.

"Do have some," she said.

He started back in sheer amazement.

"What!" he exclaimed; "you can talk, then—all of you?"

"Of course!" they cried in chorus.

The conductor sank into the seat across the aisle. "I thought you were deaf and dumb!" he gasped.

"Oh, how funny!" cried one of the rosy-cheeked boys. "Why, that was Uncle Jack, poor fellow! he was born that way. We wouldn't talk while he was with us; it might hurt his feelings, you know. Hello! here's our station. Come on, girls!" and the five trooped noisily out, and waved their handkerchiefs from the platform as the train moved on.—*Selected.*

I was once spending the night in a beautiful home in a large city, says a well-known writer. At about 9 o'clock my host, a gentleman of about 55 years of age, got up, went into the hall, and put on his overcoat and boots. Returning to the parlor door, he said:

"Excuse me, please for just a few minutes. I am going to say good-night to my mother."

His mother lived three streets away, and for thirty years her son had never failed to go and bid her good night, if he were in the city.

"No matter what the weather may be, no matter who his guests are, my husband never fails to run over to his mother's and bid her good night," said the gentleman's wife, when he had gone.

"Neither he nor she could sleep if this duty had been neglected. When his business compels him to be away from the city, he writes to her every day.

"Her mental powers are beginning to fail, and she forgets many things, so that her mind is a blank on some points, but when 9 o'clock comes she always knows the hour, and says, "It is time for Henry to come and bid me good night.' "—*Exchange.*

There is much unpleasant work to be done, work which some consider too small or low for them, but the accomplishing of it is often just what is needed to strengthen their character.

The boy was twelve years old. All he knew of life was that there were nine months of school, with a lot of play, and three months of a lot of play and no school.

This vacation was to be a little different, but the boy didn't know it.

"Come on, son, I need your help," said the father one evening after his own day's work was done. "I want this dirt carried up to our flat."

The boy opened his mouth wide. His father wanted him to car-

ry baskets of earth up three flights of steps. There was a queer feeling of resentment all about inside of him.

"I can't carry dirt," he said.

"Never too late to learn," said father, good-naturedly. "Here, you take the lighter baskets."

Up the stairs went the boy. The air was close and he got hot and breathless.

Down he came again. The dirt had to be dug and shoveled into the baskets. He grew hotter and the sweat began to trickle down his back.

"The boys are playing ball. I'm going over," he said at last, with impatience. "I can't shovel dirt."

"All right, my boy," said father, "but I'm disappointed in you. I had expected to find you able to stick to a thing. I'd counted on your help, too. But it's all right, go ahead and play ball."

The boy washed his hands and went over into the next yard. It was the first time he ever remembered feeling uncomfortable when playing ball. Tonight it wasn't much fun.

Pretty soon he left the boys and went upstairs to his mother. By and by he came down, rolled up his sleeves and went at the shoveling.

His father had planned a little garden for the fire-escape corner. It took a lot of dirt.

The boy sweated and puffed. He blistered his hands. But he stuck.

At last the work was done. Father and son washed themselves and got ready for supper.

After supper, when the father had stretched himself out for a pleasant hour with his newspaper the boy came to him.

"I guess, father," he said, with an air half-ashamed, and yet of new manliness, "I guess it was a good thing for me to do something that I didn't want to do."

Father held out his hand. The boy grasped it with a strong grip.

"I'm mighty glad I stuck, father," said the boy.

"Good for you," said father.—*Selected.*

Had it not been for observing little things, many of the great inventions would not have been made. When Robert Lee invented the stocking-frame he was a poor curate, whose wife helped earn the livelihood by knitting. While watching the movements of his wife's fingers on the needles, he had the idea of imitating their movements by a machine. For three years he worked at it, giving up everything for this new idea, and succeeded in making that great invention. It was only a little thing that led to it, but the result was not small.

"Little rills make wider streamlets,
  Streamlets swell the river's flow,
Rivers join the ocean billows,
  Onward, onward as they go;

Life is made of smallest fragments,
Shade and sunshine, work and play;
So may we, if we are earnest,
Learn a little every day."

Memory Gems.

"Little by little all great deeds are done,
So are the crowns of the faithful won,
So is heaven in our hearts begun."

"One by one thy duties wait thee,
Let thy whole strength go to each;
Let no future dreams elate thee,
Learn thou first what these can teach."

First Grade.

Opening exercises.
Memory gems.
Singing.
Concert poem, "One Thing at a Time." Page 156.
Story, "Frosted Dimples:"

Katie was starting for school one morning when Uncle George came in. "Better not stop to hear the birds sing or you'll turn into an icicle," he said.

"That would be about as bad as the woman in the Bible, wouldn't it?" she asked.

He looked at her quizzically, as he said, "Is that a new conundrum?"

"Yes, if you don't know it," she replied. "Let me look in your eyes. Yes, I thought so! You needn't try to make me believe you don't know about Lot's wife."

"O, ho! You've told me. Well, I would rather have you an icicle than a pillar of salt."

"You could use salt to thaw me out, you know," and the door hid her laughing face as she went out with her basket of lunch. She was warmly dressed. Her red Tam-o'-shanter was pulled down over her ears and met the fur collar of her coat, and her hands were inside warm red mittens; but the keen wind cut her face like a knife as she hurried up the street. "Whew! It *is* cold," she shivered. "I believe my forehead is freezing; how it aches! And my cheeks are growing stiff. Yes, my face is freezing. How awful it will look! I must try to smile so I shall not scare them when I get to school." It took quite an effort to bring the dimples into her cheeks, for the tears were freezing on them. Turning a corner, she ran into little Muriel. "Why, where are you going?" she asked.

The child sobbed out, "Home, I'm so cold."

"But we're most there now," said Katie. "Here, let's take hold of hands. Now shut your mouth close to keep out the cold air and

we'll run. Jack Frost can't catch up, I know, if your feet go as fast as I have seen them. Mother put some little tarts in my lunch basket for you; we'll eat them at recess. How does my face look? I feel blue!"

"Cold," Muriel said; she felt warmer already.

"I'm trying to look pleasant, and so must you. Show me your dimples, little Muriel!"

Then they both laughed and ran on till they reached the schoolhouse. The children were crowded about the stove, but they made room for the little girls, and the teacher helped them off with their wraps. Little Muriel's fingers were white and she grew faint. Roy Davis brought in a box of snow and the little fingers were rubbed with it till they grew red. They all said what a brave little thing she was to bear the pain. At recess she ate the tarts with Katie and said, "I'm real glad I came to school today."—*Ruth Norman.*

Story adapted from lesson, "Perseverance in Little Things."

Memory gem on lesson.

Second Grade.

Review previous lesson.

Introductory talk. Page 154.

Story: "Frank Darrell's Color Scheme." Page 136.

Memory gem:

"One by one thy duties wait thee,
Let thy whole strength go to each;
Let no future dreams elate thee;
Learn thou first what these can teach."

What is duty? Talk about the different duties each one must perform daily, the little duties in helping mother, father, and others, the duties at school, Primary, etc. Each duty, no matter how small, deserves to be well done, our whole strength should be given to it. It is the little things in life that count, the doing of little duties. It is useless to sit down and dream of the great things we should like to do or that we intend to do in the future; it is the little performing of the little duties of today that will make the greater things possible.

Teach the memory gem.

Third Grade.

Introductory talk. Page 154.

Topics for members of the class.

1. Have a number of the class find short selections in poetry or prose on perseverance in little things. Have them read or recited in the class.

2. "God helps those who help themselves." Relate some personal experience which proves this quotation to be true.

3. Review the parable of the Ten Virgins. Explain how this parable illustrates the value of perseverance in little things.

4. "Trifles make perfection, but perfection is no trifle." Find a story that explains what this quotation means. Relate to class.

5. Relate briefly the experience of James Watts, in his discovery of the value of steam.

6. Tell one incident from the life of Benjamin Franklin which illustrates that he knew the value of perseverance in little things.

7. Relate the following story to the class.

Two boys left home with just enough money to take them through college, after which they must depend entirely upon their own efforts. They attacked the collegiate problems successfully, passed the graduation, received their diplomas from the faculty, also commendatory letters to a large shipbuilding firm with which they desired employment. Ushered into the waiting-room of the head of the firm, the first was given an audience. He presented his letters.

"What can you do?" asked the man of millions.

"I should like some sort of a clerkship."

"Well, sir, I will take your name and address, and should we have anything of the kind open, will correspond with you."

As he passed out he remarked to his waiting companion, "You can go in and 'leave your address.'"

The other presented himself and his papers.

"What can you do?" was asked.

"I can do anything that a green hand can do, sir," was the reply.

The magnate touched a bell, which called a superintendent.

"Have you anything to put a man to work at?"

"We want a man to sort scrap-iron," replied the superintendent.

And the college graduate went to sorting scrap-iron.

One week passed, and the president, meeting the superintendent, asked: "How is the new man getting on."

"Oh," said the boss, "he did his work so well that I put him over the gang."

In one year this man had reached the head of a department and an advisory position with the management at a salary represented by four figures, while his whilom companion was "clerk" in a livery stable, washing harnesses and carriages.—*Dumb Animals.*

Stories: "Frank Darrell's 'Color Scheme.'" Page 136.

Lesson 15.

Subject: Perseverance in Overcoming Temptation.

Introductory talk:

When the disciples asked Jesus to teach them how to pray, He gave them the prayer that we know as the "Lord's Prayer; it is short, simple and asks for the things we need most every day; one part of it

says "Lead us not into temptation." When we think about it, it seems as though we are continually fighting temptation, and need very much to ask our Father in heaven to help us. The first thing in the morning, when it is time for us to get up, we are tempted to stay in bed a little longer, all day long we find ourselves wanting to do something that seems easier or better than the thing we must do; when it is bed time we would like to stay up a little longer.

"Florence came into the room where a friend of her mother was sitting, and said, "I wish mother would say that I could not go over to Mabel's this afternoon." "Why?" asked the lady in surprise; "do you not wish to go?" "Yes, I do. But if I go I will not get my lessons for to-morrow." "What did your mother say?" "She said, 'You may do just as you please, my dear.'" Here was a girl who had a temptation to fight; who must make a choice between what she would like to do and what she knew she ought to do, and she was finding it so hard that she wished her mother had made the choice for her. Have any of you ever had to make such choices? Certainly you have. Every day and all day long you are making choices. Someone has said, "Life is made up of choices," and the character of the life always depends upon the choices that are made. Florence resisted her temptation and chose to stay at home and do her work. If she had been thinking simply of that afternoon, she would have gone to Mabel's house to play; but she thought ahead into the next day, and, because she wished to stand well in her studies and please her father and mother and teachers, and to escape the trouble and punishment that neglect would bring, she chose duty instead of pleasure. What did she gain? She was really happier than she would have been if she had gone to Mabel's for no one has ever yet succeeded in having a really good time whose conscience was saying every minute, "You ought not to be here.' Then she gained something that is worth a great deal more than happiness even, and that is strength to choose the right; for every right choice makes us stronger the next time to choose in the right way.

Does this seem like a small thing—the choice I have been telling you about? There is no such thing as a small choice when it is between right and wrong, because each right choice makes us stronger, and each wrong choice makes us weaker, and takes us farther from the right way. To choose the right means climbing and hard climbing sometimes, and no part of it is easy, but it leads toward light, love and eternal joy. And it really is a much happier way, even for this life, though it does not always seem so. The other road is the way of selfishness and sin. The farther one goes on that road, the farther off he is from the right way, and the harder it becomes to get the upper road. It is the constant perseverance in overcoming that makes one strong."

"Once upon a time—and this is no fairy story, but an o'er-true tale—there was a boy who lost the chance of a lifetime because he

could not say no. He was a boy of unusual mental attainments, so unusual that his parents and an older brother and sister determined that he should have a college education. They lived in a small town and the combined earnings of the family did not exceed twenty-five dollars a week. On this sum the family planned to live and at the same time send George to college. Of course there must be a great deal of skimping and saving, but unselfishness reigned supreme in the family, and the parents and the brother and sister did some noble self-sacrificing that the talented son and brother might have a chance, as they said.

He had it, and he lost it, simply because he had not the moral force to say no. His talents and his attractive looks and manners made friends for George at college. He fell in with a number of young fellows who had plenty of money and who were combining a general good time with their not very strenuous efforts to secure an education. Before the end of George Browne's first week at college one of the young fellows said to him:

"Say, Browne, you're going with us to see the big football game, aren't you? The seats are only $2, and all the boys are going."

Two dollars was as much as the sister, who was saving for her brother's education, earned in two days as a clerk in a store, and that very day she had decided to do without some things she really needed because they cost $2, and that much money, she reflected would be "quite a help" to George.

Too weak morally to say no to his friend, George paid $2 for a ticket to the football game. After the game some of the boys proposed a supper at a fashionable restaurant, and again George was too weak to say no. Another dollar was spent for the supper. Then one of the boys proposed that they make "a regular time of it" and go to the opera in the evening, and for the third time in a single day George could not say no, and $3.50 for pleasure in a single day—more than his parents and brother and sister would spend for pleasure in six months. The brother and sister had denied themselves tickets to a course of the most interesting lectures to be given in the town, because they wanted to save the money the tickets would cost for George.

Thus it was through all of his term at college. Not a week passed that he did not spend money foolishly simply because he could not say no. His conscience troubled him so that he did not keep up his studies. He fell into the habit of borrowing money from his college chums, and he contracted debts among the tradesmen in town. He could not say no in the matter of dress and tried to imitate the dress of the sons of the wealthy fathers. Time that should have been spent in study was spent in larks with the other boys and most of these foolish affairs cost money.

The result was that the boy was so helplessly in debt at the end of his first term in college that he could not pay his tuition for the second term, and he had so wasted his time that he failed utterly in his ex-

amination, and he had to leave college and go to work in a grocery store. He had lost his chance simply because he could not say no.

It takes a great deal of moral force to say no at all times, but moral force is one of the imperative essentials of life. The greatest of human achievements are based on this quality in one's character. One must say NO many times in the battle of life if one is to be victorious. Success or defeat in life often hinges on that little word no. One must learn to say it in the face of ridicule. One must learn to say it in the face of the inclination to say yes.

The boy who cannot say no starts out in life fettered. He is the slave of his own moral nature.

Defeat and failure are sure to be his portion. The test of real character often rests on this tiny word. It is a part of needed discipline of life to say no when it should be said. If you do not learn to say it in the days of your youth, then you, too, may lose the chance of a lifetime because you have not said it."

A merchant needed a boy and put the following sign in his window: "Boy Wanted—Wages, $4 a week; $6 to the right one. The boy must be master of himself."

Many parents who had sons were interested, but the latter part of the notice puzzled them. They had never thought of teaching their boys to be master of themselves. However, many of them sent their sons to the merchant to apply for the situation. As each boy applied the merchant asked him, "Can you read?"

"Yes, sir," was the frank reply.

"Can you read this?" asked the merchant, pointing to a certain passage in the paper.

"Yes, sir."

The merchant then took the boy into a back room, where all was quiet and shut the door. Giving the boy the paper, he reminded him of his promise to read the passage through steadily and without a break, commanded him to read. The boy took the paper and bravely started. While he was reading the merchant opened a basket, in which were a number of lively little puppies, and tumbled them around the boy's feet. The temptation to turn and see the puppies and note what they were doing was too strong, the boy looked away from his heading, blundered, and was at once dismissed.

Boy after boy underwent the same treatment, till seventy-six were thus tried and proved failures to master themselves. At last one was found who, in spite of the puppies playing around his feet read the passage through. When he had finished the merchant was delighted, and asked him, "Did you see the puppies that were playing around your feet while you were reading?"

"No, sir."

"Did you know that they were there."

"Yes, sir."

"Why did you not look to see what they were doing?"

"I couldn't, sir, while I was reading what I said I would."
"Do you always do what you say you will?"
"Yes, sir; I try to."
"You are the boy I want," said the merchant, enthusiastically.
"Come tomorrow. Your wages will start at six dollars, with good prospects of increase."—*Our Boys.*

Memory Gems.

"Every moment of resistance to temptation is a victory."
Victory belongs to the most persevering."
"The virtue lies in the struggle, not in the prize."

First Grade.

Opening exercises.
Memory gems.
Singing.
Concert poem: "One Thing at a Time.' Page 156.
Story, "Honor Bright:"

Her name was Honor Elizabeth Capen, but grandpa always called her "Honor Bright." She loved reading better than anything else in the world, and was never so happy as when curled up in some cosy corner with a story-book.

One vacation Honor went to visit her grandpa. He was a minister, and had a large library. The moment Honor saw that delightful book-filled room, she gave a cry of joy and rushed toward the shelves. But grandpa was afraid she would read too much.

"Honor Bright," said he, that evening, "would you like a turquoise ring?"

"A turquoise ring! O grandpa!" cried Honor.

"Yes," said grandpa, "I'll give you the very prettiest one I can find if you will not open a single book or magazine for a week."

"A week—not read for a whole week!" gasped Honor.

"Wouldn't you like the ring, Honor Bright?"

"Yes, grandpa."

"Then will you try to earn it?"

"Yes, grandpa," said Honor.

The first days of that long, storyless week passed very slowly. Then at last it was Sunday again. "Tomorrow I can read," said Honor, happily.

That afternoon a steady rain set in. Grandpa had a caller, and grandma went upstairs for a nap. Honor, left to herself, wandered into the library. The big room seemed very dreary, and she wished she could think of something perfectly splendid to do.

Suddenly a bit of something red caught her eye, wedged in between the wall and the shelf above. She gave a pull, and down came

a book, a very old and ragged book—"Uncle Tom's Cabin"—and Honor had never read it!

Hour after hour flew by. The rain stopped, the fire died down, twilight shadows crept into the room, and still Honor Bright, deep in the story, read on and on.

"Honor, Honor!" called grandma, at last. "Where are you? Grandpa had to go to the vesper service, but he left this for Honor Bright."

Honor opened the tiny box dreamily, and saw the little ring with the shining blue stones.

"Try it on, dear," said grandma. "I'm sure you deserve it, little Honor Bright."

But in a twinkling the little maid was out of the house and splashing through the puddles to the church across the street. "I would never be Honor Bright again if I kept it!" she sobbed.

Grandpa was just entering the church when Honor overtook him.

"Here's the ring, grandpa," she whispered. "I forgot and read all the afternoon, so I mustn't keep it a single minute. Then grandpa kissed her tenderly, and said, softly, "Of course not, my dear Honor Bright!"

The next week Honor went home, and two months later, on her birthday, a little box came to her from grandpa. It contained the turquoise ring, inside of which, in tiny letters, was engraved, "Honor Bright."—*Youth's Companion.*

Story adapted from lesson, "Perseverance in Overcoming Temptation."

Memory gem on lesson.

Second Grade.

Review previous lesson.
Introductory talk. Page 165.
Story' "A Fight for Promotion." Page 140.

Memory Gems.

Yield not to temptation,
For yielding is sin;
Each victory will aid you
Some other to win."

Lead the children to see that temptations come to all, and that they should be overcome; that every time a temptaion is resisted there is greater strength given to overcome another. As the muscles become stronger with exercise, so are we gaining strength by overcoming evil.

Teach memory gem.

Third Grade.

Introductory talk. Page 165.

Topics for members of the class.

1. Review the daily acts of life and tell how many times a day we are placed in a position where we must overcome temptation.

2. Read Genesis 22: 1-18. Explain the great test that the Lord required of Abraham. Explain how long it was from the time of the Lord's request to the time of the sacrifice, the preparations, the journey, etc., and how all the time Abraham must have suffered, and what a constant temptation it must have been to ask the Lord to spare his only son, but he persevered until the Lord said He was satisfied.

3. Review the afflictions of Job, his greatest temptations and how he overcame them.

4. Review the story of the Rich Young Ruler. Matthew 19: 16-22.

5. Relate the story of the Savior's temptation, Matthew 4: 1-11. Notice the physical condition of the Lord and explain why the condition of the body has much to do with the spiritual strength in the ability to resist evil.

6. Relate the following story and explain the lesson in it for all.

As I passed through the kitchen into the laundry on Tuesday forenoon I could not but notice the happy, contented expression in Lou Yen's face, though I saw at a glance that the large clothes-basket was full of tightly rolled garments to be ironed; and that meant a long, steady day's work.

"How are you getting along, Yen?" was my salutation; and the answer came readily and quickly: "All right; Job helped me very much yesterday."

"Job helped you! How was that?" forgetting for a moment that our Sunday-school lessons at that time were in the Book of Job.

"Yes, Job helped me!" giving emphasis to his words.

"Yesterday I have big wash; very heavy quilt, too; and I work hard, hang some clothes on the line, fix 'em big quilt on the line, put stick under the line hold him up; then wash more clothes, go out find stick blow down, big quilt all dirt, go this way back again. Then I feel so mad, feel like I swear; then I think of Job, how he lose his money, his children, all his land, get sick, have sores all over. He never swear; he praise God. Then I praise God, bring quilt in house, wash him clean, and praise God all the time."—*Selected.*

Story: "A Fight for Promotion." Page 140.

Lesson 16.

Subject: Perseverance in Overcoming Difficulties.
Introductory talk:

"When things don't go to suit us,
Why should be fold our hands,
And say, 'No use in trying;
Fate baffles all our plans?'
Let not your courage falter,
Keep faith in God and man,
And to this thought be steadfast—
'Ill do the best I can.'"

"No man can expect to rise in the world when he is all the time saying to himself: 'I can't do this thing; it is useless to try, for I know I can't do it. Other boys may do it, but I know I can't.' The boy who thinks he can't get his lessons, who decides that he can't solve his problems, and who is sure that he can't go through college, cannot do any of these things. Very soon he will become a victim of chronic can't. 'I can't' will become the habit of his life. Contrast this with the boy who always says 'I will.' No matter what obstacles confront him, he says, 'I will do the thing I have undertaken.'" It is the constant saying over and over to himself that he will do it that gives him greater confidence in himself and increases his power to do the thing until he actually will do it.

Difficulties are sure to be met and will be overcome by the ones who make up their minds to be successful.

"The two boys were drawing their small wagon, full of packages from the grocery, slowly up the road toward home. The older one pushed forward steadily, but the younger was constantly hopping first on one foot and then on the other, and complaining that the pebbles in the road hurt his bare feet. At last his brother turned upon him with a mingling of reproof and contempt:

"'Course there's stones in the road!" he said. "There's always stones in the road, and every feller that comes along has to get over 'em the best way he can. You don't have to howl and tell everybody whenever you strike one; that doesn't help any."

Success is a good deal in habit. Some people do not stay with one thing long enough to finish, but become discouraged and then leave it and start on something else. They never want work that takes time and patience. The only people who accomplish things in this world are those who finish their work, in spite of difficulties. The best any boy or girl can do is to keep at the work they begin, no matter whether they like it or not, and do it without being made to do it.

"A Sunday school teacher tells a story of his boyhood that has its meaning for all. He was set at work one day to clear the brush and small growth from a piece of prairie land. He toiled steadily with boyish zeal until he had made a clean job of it, with the exception of one large stump.

Then his father appeared on the scene to inspect the work. He scrutinized the condition of the field, and then turned inquiringly to his son. "William," he asked, "why didn't you get out that stump?" William was somewhat taken aback, but he answered with a lurking sense of shame, "It is too big."

"William," said the elder Pearce, looking his son in the eye, "the same kind of digging that got out the others would get this out—the same kind, only there's more of it. Dig it out!" And he went home, leaving the boy to dig. He got the stump out of the ground, and a life lesson out of the incident."

"I have seen boys," said the master, "who would start to make a sled, and by the time the first runner was finished decide they would rather have a wagon. When one wheel of the wagon was sawed out, they would conclude to make rabbit traps. After hunting for two hours for just the right kind of a hollow tree, they would take a notion to go skating. You know what kind of men such boys make?"

We smiled and said we thought we did.

"You ought to," said the master; "you have seen plenty of them. When a boy of that kind grows up, he will rent a farm, and by the time the crop is half made, trade it for a span of mules, sell the mules, and put up a little grocery store. The grocery store fails, and he decides to be a carpenter. He gets a secondhand set of tools, and when he gets a job, quits it so often he is discharged. Then he borrows money of his wife's father to start a dray, and the first time he gets a job of hauling, goes off duck hunting.

"That kind of a fellow will potter three days over a seventy-five cent clock, and put in a month of good plowing weather trying to make a windmill.

"It was not a bad plan the Indians had of teaching their boys to swim. They just threw them in, you know, so they had to swim.

"If you want to succeed, you must make yourself finish what you undertake. No matter how hard it is, no matter how much better something else looks, do what you have started to do.

"Get that habit, boys, and success is half won. It is very tempting to try to do a half dozen things without finishing any of them, but that is the road to failure. Center your mind on the thing before you, and do it—and do it the best you can."—*The Boys' World.*

It is the power to carry out our purposes which brings success. Men have died for the accomplishment of their purposes; they never let go. They kept to their aim without ceasing.

Columbus had many difficulties to overcome before he obtained the fleet to make his wonderful journey; but he did not give up, and he won in the end.

President James A. Garfield had a hard time of it as a boy. He worked hard on the farm early and late in the summer, and worked at the carpenter's bench in the winter. The best of it was he liked to work. He wanted to get an education, and the only road open to this end seemed to be hard work. Ready money was hard to get in

those days. The Ohio canal ran not far from where he lived, and when he found that men on the boats could get more than he could earn at farming or carpentry, he hired out as a driver on the towpath. Then he was taken ill and when he recovered decided to go to school. His mother had saved a small sum of money, which she gave him, together with a few cooking utensils and a stock of provisions. He hired a room and cooked his own food to make his money go as far as possible. He paid his own way after that, and never called on his mother for any assistance. By working at the carpenter's bench mornings and evenings and vacation times, and teaching school during the winter, he managed to get his education. He had overcome many difficulties and this had strengthened his character. The people recognized this, and he occupied many positions of honor, and was elected President of the United States.

Abraham Lincoln met many difficulties in his life, and he overcame them.

A philosopher once said, "Any man can do what any other man has done."

The Latter-day Saints have shown that they have the power of overcoming difficulties. Think of what Utah was when they reached it, and see the difference now. Do you think it was all easy work? No, it meant years of work and trials, but they conquered, and we now enjoy the fruits of their perseverance.

Memory Gems.

"Try, try and try again;
The boys who keep on trying
Have made the world's best men."

"We are not here to play, to dream, to drift;
We have hard work to do and loads to lift.
Shun not tne struggle; face it, 'tis God's gift."

First Grade.

Opening exercises.
Memory gems.
Singing.
Concert poem, "One Thing at a Time." Page 156.
Story, "Little Myra."

"I want to wear my white dress, mother." Myra was being dressed for afternoon.

"I think your pink one is better for today. The rosebud dress, you call it," said mother.

"No, I want to wear the white one," insisted Myra.

"I've a new ribbon for your hair that just matches the rosebud," mother added, as she brushed the curly locks.

But Myra stood with a cloudy face while she was made clean and sweet in the pretty dress, with the pink ribbon in her hair. Then, without a kiss or a "thank you" for her kind mother, she turned away and went upstairs, saying to herself: "She never lets me do as I want to.

I wish I could find another place to live. I'm going to try. I'd better take some of my dolls with me, so that I'll not be lonesome." Picking up Lady Rose and old black Dinah, she crept softly downstairs and out of the door.

Up the street she went a little way and stopped before a house. "I think I'll try this one," she said. So she climbed the steps and rang the bell. The door opened, and she looked up into the face of a lady.

"Have you any children?" she asked.

"No, dear; what would you like?" said the lady.

"I would like to be your little girl, and live with you," Myra said.

"What will your mother say about it?" asked the lady.

"Oh, she's tired of me, I guess. I like you very much; hadn't you better keep me?"

"Well, you may come in," she said. So Myra made herself at home and began housekeeping with her dolls in the bay window.

The lady had met Myra's mother, and she at once sent her maid to her with a note telling about Myra.

At supper she chatted happily with the lady and her husband; but after she was undressed and in bed—not her little crib close to mother's side, but a big bed in a room all alone—she wailed: "Oh, I must kiss my own mother good night. I can't live with you any longer!"

The lady tried to quiet her, but her cries grew more heartrending, till at last she slipped out of bed, picked up her dolls, and ran to the door.

When it was opened she found her own mother standing there, and sprang into her arms crying joyfully, "Mother, dear, you are the bestest after all!"—*Mary A. Wood.*

Story adapted from lesson on "Perseverance in Overcoming Difficulties."

Memory gem on lesson.

Second Grade.

Review of previous lesson.
Introductory talk. Page 172.
Story: "Jonah's Whale." Page 145.

Memory Gem.

"We are not here to play, to dream, to drift;
We have hard work to do and loads to lift.
Shun not the struggle; face it, 'tis God's gift."

Tell of different kinds of missions people have; that no one comes here just to play; every one has some kind of work to do. That God has given us the privilege of coming here and has given us work to do; that no matter how hard the work is, we must not shun it, but do it well and cheerfully.

Teach memory gem.

Third Grade.

Introductory talk. Page 172.

Topics for members of the class.

1. Relate story of Sir Walter Scott's perseverance in the payment of his debts.

2. Tell something of Columbus which illustrates his determination to overcome all difficulties in the accomplishment of his plans.

3. Tell story of Robert Bruce and the spider and the lesson gained therefrom.

4. Explain Luke 9: 62.

5. "Difficulties are God's errands; and when we are sent upon them we should esteem it as a proof of God's confidence—as a compliment from Him." Relate an instance in the history of the Church which proves that to do God's errands is an honor.

6. Explain the following: "The virtue lies in the struggle, not in the prize."

7. Tell the following story and explain what principle helped the boy to stay up at the head:

Thirty years ago in a poor schoolhouse in a back district a boy at the foot of the class unexpectedly spelled a word that had passed down the entire class.

"Go up head," said the master, "and see that you stay there. You can if you work hard."

The boy looked down his nose and made no answer. But next day he did not miss a word in the spelling. The brighter scholars in the class knew every word in the lesson, hoping there might be a chance to get ahead. But there was not a single one. Dave stayed at the head. He had been an indifferent speller before, but now he knew every word.

"Dave, how do you get your lessons so well now?" said the master.

"I learn every word in the lesson, and get mother to hear them at night. Then I go over them every morning before I come to school. And I go over them again at my seat before the class is called up."

"Good boy, Dave," said the master; "that's the way to have success. Always work that way and you'll do."

Dave is today manager of a big lumber company, and he attributes his start to the words, "Go up head and see that you stay there. You can if you work hard."

Success may sometimes come unexpectedly, but work alone can hold it.—*Selected.*

Story: "Jonah's Whale." Page 145.

25. FIRST MIRACULOUS DRAUGHT OF FISHES.
St. Luke v. 6.

American Tissot Society, New York.

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"And when they had this done, they inclosed a great multitude of fishes: and their net brake."

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HER DOUBLE SURPRISE PARTY.

When Miranda Adams had turned the corner beyond Sulphur Springs she halted a moment, ostensibly to shift the tin pail of mineral water from her right hand to her left; furtively she glanced back at the little group gathered around the pump in the drinking pavilion.

"Yes, they're chatting as lively as can be; and they do look so sociable," she said to herself, swallowing hard. "Well, when I went in everybody nodded kindly, some of 'em smiled, and some said 'Good morning,' but not one offered to talk to me; and that's what I want!—talk!talk!" she iterated, as she climbed the slope past pretentious bungalows to a row of tiny cottages, among which was her own temporary home.

"O dear! It's all your fault," she gave the long, black speaking trumpet in her hand a reproving little shake. "You're the one that makes trouble for me. If it weren't for the sight of you they'd talk to me; and I'd make plenty of friends. But there's one thing certain; if they don't offer to talk, I sha'n't ask them. Anyway, who wants to talk through a speaking trumpet? You awful enemy," she went on, half in jest. "And yet, I don't know what I'd do without you. You're the best friend I have except Toby—dear old brother Toby, all alone at home," as she paused on the doorstep.

"But it is a lonesome country here, for all the hotel garden is so big and so full of flowers," looking down over the bright flower beds and green lawns around the buildings, conspicuous with colored windows, and fluttering banners, an oasis in the little valley hemmed in by dreary hills, covered with cacti and bristling sage brush, and northward, in the distance, a desolate peak, whose cone of loose rocks and gray ashes marked the site of an extinct volcano—whence flowed this spring of water, hot, with the flavor and odor of minerals, and which brought relief to man's aches and pains.

"O—o—oh! I wish I could go b—tut tut! Miranda Adams, don't you dare to say you're home sick, you, with the rheumatics so bad you're all doubled up; even your hands are all knuckles. You're

here to get cured; and you take your baths in the fine private plunges just as if you were the richest. Why, it's beautiful here; and Toby is taking care of things at home. Besides, he can't be here with you—there's nothing for him to do. He must stay where his work is, and keep his job, else there'll be no money—and you'd take no more baths, there!" Miranda opened the door resolutely and went in.

"I couldn't help it," she sighed the next minute. "I've been here three months, and it seems like three years ;and I've got acquainted with only two girls—the clerk in the post office, and the one in the bakery. Yes, girls," she repeated assertively, "girls is what I said. Why not? O, I know my looks say I'm about sixty, but my birthdays say I' m just fourteen, and it was a year ago when I had to take you for a partner, my hearing trumpet. Well, you can stay there for one while!" said she, hanging the trumpet on a nail in the wall. The tip struck a photo on a shelf, and sent the card whirling into her arms. "How careless! Whose is it, I wonder? O, it's cousin Ina and her husband." Her face brightened with a sudden thought. "How do you do," bowing to the photo. "So you've come out here to visit me? That is good of you. Come right in and sit down, cousin. My! it sounds homeyfied to say 'cousins,' here." She set the photo on a chair.

Won't you have a drink of Springs water? Two glasses before breakfast is the dose. Most folks go down to the pump pavilion and drink it there," she sighed and glanced in the direction of the speaking trumpet, filled a glass with water, offered it to the photo, then, by a feint as children do at doll's feast, she turned slightly aside and drank it herself. "Your husband will have a glass, too, I suppose." She dipped the glass full again and repeated the maneuver.

"How nice your hair looks, pompadoured; and that dress is lovely, Cousin Ina. Thin white with lace is very becoming to you. I'm so glad you've come early, for we can have breakfast together."

Marinda started toward the little dining table, looked at its oil-cloth cover, and shook her head. "Excuse me a moment," she murmured, and going to her trunk, took out a white cloth, whispering to herself, "Cousin Ina has everything as neat as a new milk pan, at her house." After Miranda had carefully spread the table cloth, she laid covers for three, setting two of the plates close together.

"Come Cousins, sit here," as she propped the photo beside the two plates. "We can talk while I'm getting breakfast."

That night, before she closed the house at bedtime, Miranda returned the photo to the shelf, turning it face to the wall as she said:

"I've enjoyed your visit so much. You'll come again, won't you? Goodnight, cousins." She stood a moment looking absently at the card. "I wish—O, I know what! I'll have company to-morrow, too!" she exclaimed as she commenced to collect her photos, taking several from paper mats on the wall, and from her trunk brought out an old-fashioned album and patiently removed every picture in it.

"Now, I'll put them in a box face up, then I'll go to the bed, shut

my eyes, turn them upside down, spread them out, mixed good, next I'll turn around three times for luck, and touch one. That one will be my visitor tomorrow," she soliloquized, as she carried the box to the bed.

"Wait, I might tell from the back whose it is! Where's something to cover it? Here, my handkerchief will do. Now, all ready."

Miranda turned around three times, keeping her eyes tightly closed; touched the photo and covered it; opened her eyes, and packed the rest of the pictures back in the box, set it on the shelf, and laid the visitor-card on top.

The next morning, after she had brought the pail of water, Miranda went to the photo shelf.

"Who's coming to see me today?" she smilingly inquired, hastily hanging up the ear trumpet; but her sleeve caught on the box, dragging it down, the lid flew off, and the pictures were scattered at her feet, and by chance, every one face upward.

"I must be getting nervous! O!" uttering a long-drawn exclamation. "I know what it means—all coming together like this: "It's a surprise party, it is, it is!" clapping her hands in delight.

"Good morning, everybody! My! There's a lot of you," she laughed gleefully. 'My house is small; but I guess I needn't tell you that. You've got eyes. But you're all inside it, anyway; and we'll manage to find seats. What can't, can sit on the floor," her eyes twinkled mischievously, and forthwith, in a few well-directed strokes Miranda put the house into a semblance of order; then began seating her photo-guests, chattering gaily as she propped them into position.

Miranda was a long time cooking breakfast, for she kept up a running monologue; and she ate the meal standing or walking about, with cup or plate in hand.

"Here's Uncle Robert," she said. "Ugh! wearing that cowboy suit you got when you went west. The same old joker, too, I suppose. Do you remember what you promised me, and you haven't ever kept it, Uncle Rob? No? Well, you said you'd send me the first basket of oranges you found in California—growing on an apple tree. Ha, ha!"

Miranda's laughter floated out the room and reached the ears of two girls coming up the hill.

"Listen, Maud!" said one of them. "Surely that's auspicious—to a committee of cheerful workers out on a recruiting expedition. Why, it's from the little deaf child's cottage. We'll call?"

"If you say so; but Lily, I don't think it of much use. She always seems so reserved," answered her friend.

"Maybe we've acted in the same manner toward her. Besides, if we're to win the banner we mustn't skip a chance.

"But that awful ear trumpet. O dear! I just pity the poor girl!"

"Perhaps she needs sympathy and companionship," returned Maud, as they walked up the path to Miranda's door.

"O—ah! Won't you come in?" Miranda stammered, the party smile still on her face as she answered their knock.

"I'm afraid we're intruding," replied Lily, for the first hasty glance had revealed the unique arrangement of photos. "You are busy."

"O, no, that is, I'm having a surprise party, because I was so lonesome," Miranda naively explained.

"A surprise party! Isn't that splendid, Maud," quickly answered Lily, dropping her hand lightly on her friend's arm, but the fingertips bore down with warning pressure. "How nice of them to come," she went on. "Might we know them? My father said last night, that he is quite sure he knew your folks back in Ohio, but I hadn't any idea we should meet, and at a party, too. We'd love to be introduced. Can't we?"

"Yes, indeed." Miranda's eyes glowed with pleasure.

"My name is Lily Stevens; and this is my friend, Maud Colby. I might add that we're president and secretary of the Cheerful Workers' League here."

"I'm pleased to meet you," responded Miranda, with glad little trembly thrills in her voice. "I'll introduce you now. We'll begin here," going to the photos nearest the door.

"Now," observed Lily, after the introductions were over, "We've enjoyed the party so much, but I fear we can't stay longer, if you'll be so kind as to excuse us. But first, may we finish our errand?" Again her hand rested on her friend's arm and the fingers gave warning. "We're a committee of Cheerful Workers, and our league is in the race for the banner this year; but we need something—what business men call fresh blood, I think it is; and you're just what we ought to have. We want you for president."

"O, I—I couldn't, you know." Miranda gasped, and her fingers tightened over the hearing trumpet.

"O, but you could, easily," added Maud, quickly..

"Let me explain," said Lily. "The business will be written; the secretary will make you a duplicate copy. Our official meeting is held once a week." She paused a moment, then went on hurriedly: "Of course, with your permission, we'd like to continue holding it at the home of the president. Among other functions we have a monthly social at the homes of the members in routine. Don't—" she lifted her hand as Miranda began to object. "The president has a special aide in the past president. Now, you will accept," she said, coaxingly.

"You'll have to accept," laughed Maud. "Your excuses have all been swept from under you."

"Could I hold it? Do you really think I could?" eagerly replied Miranda, trying hard to keep back glad tears. "O, O!" taking their hands in her own—"O you dear girls! It's such a surprise—and I'm so happy. Why, it's two—a double surprise party, with the best at the last!" Miranda's tears were falling now, but the party smile held its own on her face.—*Selected.*

GERTIE THE GRUMBLER.

It was not at all complimentary, of course, but that was what Gertie Tucker was called by all her brothers, sisters, cousins and acquaintances.

"Gertie, the Grumbler," was just a little brown-haired, brown-eyed girl with a turned-up nose and about a dozen freckles. The other little Tuckers looked much like Gertie, but in one respect, at least, they were entirely different. The others were merry, pleasant children, easily pleased and comfortable to live with; but if Gertie had ever been pleased about anything in all her fourteen years of existence, no one had ever discovered the fact.

The others came in hungry at meal-time, and ate whatever was set before them, without a murmur of complaint, until there was nothing left but the table-cloth and the empty dishes; but Gertie grumbled over the soup, over the shape and size of the crackers, over the temperature of her plate, which no one had ever succeeded in heating to the proper degree, and over all the rest of the dinner, down to the dessert.

If the dessert was pie, Gertie had been longing for pudding. If it was pudding, Gertie was positively suffering for ice-cream; and if there was ice-cream, it was sure to be too cold, or too soft, or too—something.

However, Gertie always managed to eat quite as much as any of the others, but it was with the air of a martyr at the stake—at the steak, Johnny said—rather than a cheerful little girl at a well-spread table.

When it came to clothes, it was very much the same. The other little Tuckers were always delighted with a new garment of any description, and even welcomed the "hand-me-downs," as the garments which passed from Johnny to Ned, or from Gertie to Jennie, and so on down to the baby, were called. Jennie, only a year younger than Gertie, but a good deal smaller, had never had anything else but "hand-me-downs;" but she took them all cheerfully, as a matter of course, and never so much as dreamed of objecting because her red dress was not blue, or her brown dress was made with a full skirt when she wanted it gored.

But if, by any chance, Gertie happened to be pleased with the cloth selected for her, no one could possibly make the garment to suit her.

"Dear me," sighed long-suffering Mrs. Tucker, "that child is for all the world just like her Grandfather Tucker! If there ever was a chronic grumbler, he was that one, and nothing ever broke him of the habit. Why, nobody would have been a bit surprised if he had sat up and grumbled about his coffin!

"I can remember visiting him once, and seeing the whole family try its hands at making toast to suit him. It was the same way with eggs. They always had to boil about nine before they got one that he

could think of eating. The discarded eggs always went back into the kettle, and the rest of the family had to ruin its digestion eating those hard-boiled eggs, in order to save them."

But perhaps Gertie was most trying when it came to Christmas or birthday gifts. Her mother stayed awake nights trying to think of just the right thing to buy for Gertie, the Grumbler, but she might better have gone to sleep so far as the result was concerned. The children, too, devoted most of their pennies to the purchase of something unusually fine for Gertie, even if the others had to go without.

If Gertie got a book, she had been longing for a doll; if she found a ring in the toe of her stocking, she "supposed it would have to do," but she had hoped to find a gold thimble.

One day early in December Gertie received an invitation to spend a month, including the Christmas holidays, with her Aunt Anna, who lived in a city where marvelous sights were to be seen. In spite of heroic efforts, Gertie could find no cause for complaint about the invitation, but Mrs. Tucker was discouraged when she found that Gertie's wardrobe would need replenishing.

"It's bad enough," said she, "to make her one new garment at a time, but to think of trying to please her with two new dresses, a jacket and a hat, is enough to give one nervous prostration."

Gertie's big brother Tom returned from his medical college for the holidays a few days before her departure for the city, and was much concerned about the little girl's unfortunate habit.

"Gertie," he said, "stop grumbling. It isn't ladylike, and the habit is growing on you. It's getting to be chronic, and you'd better stop it while you're young. Think of Grandpa Tucker!"

When the day came for Gertie's departure, her father presented her with a crisp, new five-dollar bill. Gertie's eyes sparkled, for she had never possessed such a sum before, and she was about to exclaim, "Oh, thank you, papa!" But she remembered in time to pull down the corners of her mouth, and say mournfully:

"Dear me! I wonder if I can get it changed into silver. I should like that so much better."

"You are to use it for anything you wish," said Mr. Tucker. "I thought you might like to spend it in some of those great big stores."

Although Gertie did so much grumbling at home, she was too shy and too polite not to give up the unpleasant habit among strangers. Gertie, on her good behavior, was really such a delightful little maiden that her Aunt Anna and her Uncle Dick were greatly pleased with her.

She enjoyed the noise and bustle of the great city, and all the unusual sights, but perhaps what she liked best of all was visiting the stores and making her Christmas purchases. She planned to send a large box by express, which was to reach all the big and little Tuckers the day before Christmas, and was planned to fill them all with joy and gratitude. She spent much time and thought and all her pocket money upon the contents of the box, and in addition she carefully hem-

med a gingham apron for her mother, and made a doll's dress for little Betty out of the bits of gingham that were left. Altogether, Gertie was delighted with her box; and when at last it was nailed up and directed plainly in big black letters, and carried to the express office, she could hardly wait for a postman to bring her the thanks of the astonished and grateful Tuckers.

It was really a very nice box. Considering Gertie's inexperience she had used excellent judgment, and all the big and little Tuckers were delighted with their gifts.

"I must write to her at once," said Mrs. Tucker. "She will be so anxious to know if we like our presents."

"Mother," said Tom, "I have an idea."

"Goodness!" said saucy Johnny. "How in the world did you manage to get it?"

"I believe," said Tom, "that I have discovered a remedy for Gertie's habit of grumbling."

"Hurrah for our doctor!" shouted Ned.

"My idea," Tom went on, placidly, "is to give her a good dose of her own medicine. It will be bitter, but I believe it will do the work. I will write notes of thanks for all of you, and you are to copy and sign them, and unless I am very much mistaken Miss Gertie Tucker will resolve on New Year's day to stop grumbling forever."

It took time to persuade gentle Mrs. Tucker to consent to Tom's plan, but finally she did; and three days after Christmas the mail-bag contained a remarkable collection of letters—all addressed to Miss Gertrude Tucker.

"I have stopped smoking," wrote her father, "so I have no use at present for the extraordinary tobacco-pouch, upon which you must have expended as much as fifteen cents. I suppose you found it upon some bargain counter."

"Fifteen cents indeed!" exclaimed Gertie. "It cost half a dollar, and he said before Christmas he needed one."

"I was already supplied with more aprons than I needed," wrote her mother, shedding tears of pity while she penned the cruel words, "and I should have preferred any other color to brown; but I suppose I shall have to be satisfied. The Chinese lily bulbs are a nuisance to plant, and the odor of the blossoms is sickening. I wish you had sent hyacinths instead."

"And she liked the one Mrs. Brooks gave her last winter the best of anything she had!" wailed Gertie.

"I am sorry," wrote Tom, "that you wasted your money on a shaving-paper case for me. I am thinking of raising a beard."

Complacent Johnny, who had never been known to complain of anything short of the toothache, wrote that handkerchiefs were no doubt useful, but that if there was anything on the face of the earth less acceptable than a handkerchief as a Christmas gift, he didn't know

what it was, unless it might be a handkerchief with a letter J embroidered in the corner.

"If you must buy cheap perfumery," wrote Ned, "don't bestow it upon me. Give it to the cook, or keep it yourself."

"Ned always helps himself to mine, when I have any," said poor bewildered Gertrude.

"How could you buy such homely plaid hair-ribbons?" wrote Jennie, the patient wearer of hand-me-downs. "The book you sent me does not look at all interesting, and I should have preferred a tooth-brush or most any old thing to the photograph-frame you sent."

"The dress," printed Betty, "is too small for my old doll, and the new one you sent has yellow hair. Didn't they have any with brown curls?"

But the last straw was from the baby, who made her mark with much assistance from Tom.

"Got too many bibs already, and the red comes off the rattle and makes me sick."

Poor Gertie could not believe her eyes. "Why, the things were beautiful," said she, "and I never supposed I had such impolite relations! They might at least have pretended to like them. I'm sure I shouldn't say such things—"

Then an unpleasant thought came to her.

"I do believe those letters sound like me! Dear me! Is it possible that I am really so disagreeable? I will write to mother right away, and tell her that I did like the pretty waist she sent me, although—" Gertie blushed when she thought of it—"I was going to say that I should have been better pleased with a pink one."

Three days later she received a very different letter from Mrs. Tucker, who was too tender-hearted to let her suffer long, but Doctor Tom's medicine had had time to effect a permanent cure, and "Gertie, the Grumbler," gradually came to be known as "Gertie, the Good."—*Carrol Watson Rankin in the Youth's Companion.*

The Lord wants to make us brave and strong. He does not pamper us. Some people live on compliments and flatteries. They have become so used to being praised for everything they do, that if praise is not given them they fret and repine. They are like children who have been rewarded so often for being good, for getting their lessons, for doing home tasks, and for keeping sweet, that if the reward is not given they sulk and do nothing they should do. Reward is sweet, but to work only for commendation is one of the lowest forms of selfishness."

IT WASN'T EASY.

The other girls were to have new dresses for the Labor Day picnic, so Jean Baer wanted one, though she did not really need it. Father felt he could not afford it, but said she might have one if she could earn the money; and mother agreed to make it.

One day Jean came home from Dora Hall's full of the idea of working on a fruit ranch. Dora had earned $2, and Jean was sure she could easily do as well. Father was consulted and asked questions.

"What would you have to do?"

"Pick up plums."

"All day long? You'd have the biggest kind of a backache."

"No, I wouldn't; and if I did, I'd be willing to."

"Whose ranch is it?"

"Mr. Lee's. It's a lovely place, and we'd have the nicest kind of time. The girls say it is just like a picnic."

"Well," said father, "go ahead with your picnic, then, but don't come to me for pity if your back aches."

Jean was delighted. She planned to get up at five o'clock, but the first thing she knew her father came to her door.

"Hello," he called. "Time to get up. You will have to give up your hopes of amassing wealth today, for baby is sick and mother will need you." She did not answer, and he asked: 'Are you awake? Perhaps you can go some other day."

"It's just mean!" she burst out. "I don't see why baby had to go and get sick. The plums will be gone soon, and then I can't work."

"Whew!" exclaimed father. "What a tempest! Let me see. Are you the little girl who was going to do just what Mr. Charlton talked about in his sermonette last Sunday on—what was the text?"

Jean hesitated a moment, then rather reluctantly quoted:

"'Bear ye one another's burdens, and so fulfill the law of Christ.'"

"Well, little girl, you think it over, and see if you don't conclude that there are things more important than new dresses— mothers and little brothers, for instance. Mother was awake nearly all night, but she and baby are asleep now, so we will keep quiet."

Jean did some pretty hard thinking, and, of course, came to the conclusion her father expected. But it wasn't easy. When she came into the kitchen father had the fire built and his own breakfast ready.

"That's my brave girl," he said, lovingly, as she smiled at him. "You will never be sorry, dear, when you give up things for mother; she's worth it."

"I didn't do it a bit willingly," she confessed. "I was real ugly about it, and I am not very good-natured yet."

"Well," he advised, laughing, "don't be cross, and pinch mother and baby. Good-by; I must go."

It was a tiresome day. Jean never did anything by halves. So when she finally made up her mind to bear burdens she took fully her share. She amused baby, wheeled him in his carriage, and relieved her mother in every way possible.

When father came at night he brought mother an express parcel. She opened it and took out a pretty dress.

"O, mother!" exclaimed Jean. "Is it for me?"

"It hardly looks as if it would fit me," returned mother. Try it on."—*Exchange.*

ALWAYS BRAVE IS BEST.

Kitty Cray's drawing was worse than usual, and that was entirely unnecessary. And now Alice Dunton had snatched something from her seat-mate, and all the fifteen dainty little misses who filled the small parlor to overflowing were in a state of commotion.

The teacher, Grace Marshall, herself a girl of only eighteen, sat at her desk almost ready to cry with the tediousness of it all. Why, it was only last summer that she had been a petted darling in a lovely home, caring for dainty gowns and the valedictory in the high school, and looking forward to a college course, with its gay times and its honors. Instead, came her father's loss of property; then his illness that the doctors said nothing could cure but a long stay in a sunnier clime; the giving up of their pleasant home and moving to this tiny house and opening her school; her mother's prostration; the green Nora in the kitchen; her own hard, busy days.

"What is it, Cecil?" she asked the owner of the outstretched hand.

"Alice has the charm mamma gave me when I didn't want to come out in the rain yesterday."

"Pass it back, please, Alice. Will you let me see your charm, Cecil?"

The little girl came to her side holding out a much-crumpled bit of satin ribbon, on which had been lightly traced in water colors:

"On bravely through the sunshine and the showers."

"Isn't it pretty, Miss Marshall?" she said, shyly.

"Very, my dear," the young teacher answered. "May I read it to the others? And it means, little folks," she explained then, "that you and I mustn't be afraid of hard places; Kitty must try over and over again to make her lines straight; and Fannie and Cecil must work at their French declension; and every other one of you go right out into a shower of hard things if necessary; press through them till you get out where the sun shines again. We must not keep all our smiles for the sunshiny weather. Do you see?"

"Better take your preaching to yourself," thought the teacher, as she saw the smiles on the childish faces.

She thought of it again later, when, the children dismissed for the day, she went out to the kitchen to see about dinner.

"What! No fire, Nora?" she exclaimed.

"Plaze, miss, it went out on me entirely," was the faltering answer. "Those dampers do be beyont me intirely."

"And mother's dinner!" thought Grace; then softly to herself, "On bravely." It would be brave, wouldn't it, to scold this poor girl not two months in America? You, a pampered, spoiled child all your life! Here's your trouble, poor Nora. What a sight of things there are to learn in a kitchen. I don't know much myself. There! pull this damper out—push that one in? See? Now, a handful of those nice kindlings and a match. Ah! hear the blaze laugh up the chimney."

"Shure, it couldn't help laughing, miss, when the face of yez came around."

A few minutes later Grace presented herself in the parlor, where her mother rested wearily on a couch.

"Dinner striving its best, mother, to brighten you up. Little dishes dancing away on the range; you may gain a pound just by smelling the savory odor. In a few minutes you shall have the taste. Then I'll recount some delightful experiences with my promising youth, and I presume, about that time, the mail-man will deliver a good, fat letter with an Egyptian postmark, duly signed, 'Your affectionate husband.' "

The mother brightened up, even laughed. "O Grace, you are such a comfort! Why! it has seemed all the morning as though I was shut in by a black wall, and now you come in like a sunburst and everything seems so different. Thank you, darling. I think the dinner will taste good."

It was eaten with merry chat and laughter, and, just as they finished, the postman dropped the letter from Egypt that brought the best blessing of all.

"For I am really, decidedly better," Mr. Marshall wrote, "and hope in some six weeks to turn homeward, where Macy promises me a good position with fair salary, and then, besides being happy together, Grace shall have her college. How does that sound, dear ones?"

"But I am ashamed of myself," Grace whispered to her mirror and the happy face she saw there, "to think I couldn't have been brave all the time."

ELEANOR WEST, SMILE SPECIALIST.

"One, two, three, four, five holes in that pair! Papa Doctor, do you think red darning-cotton looks artistic on a background of brown?"

Doctor West looked up from his medical magazine, glanced with a smile at the decorated sock, then let his eyes rest on the laughing face above it. "It certainly shouts the fact forth that my daughter is an artist," he solemnly declared. For some reason he did not turn back to the fascinations of the medical magazine. "Do you get tired of it, daughter?" he suddenly inquired. "Your work at home is pretty humdrum."

"As if taking care of a Papa Doctor could be humdrum!" Eleanor exclaimed indignantly. There was a silence; then under the influence of those questioning gray eyes she admitted: "Well, I'll confess, Papa Doctor, that when I hear John and Alice talk, it does give me vague and soulful longings for a career. Not one that would take me away from home, you know; I wouldn't leave you, Papa Doctor, for twenty careers. You see, John is famous as an eye specialist, and Alice in literature; but poor, little, insignificant me, I have no prospect of ever being famous in anything. You see, I have lots of spare time, and if I was only an artist or a writer, I might have a career, too."

The doctor smiled at the mock-doleful tone. "I can suggest a career that you are eminently fitted for; in fact, you are a past master in the profession now, and it is one that this old world needs even more than it needs eye specialists," he remarked, half-humorously. "How would 'Eleanor West, Smile Specialist,' do for a sign? Watch the faces about you, and see if you do not think there is a demand for such a profession."

Eleanor laughed at the queer conceit, but the next day she could not get the suggestion out of her head. She found herself watching for the faces that "needed a smile," and was surprised to find how many of them there were.

"I guess Papa Doctor was right; this old world does seem to need a few specialists of that kind."

The next week was one in which the busy doctor had scarcely a moment of leisure; so it was nearly two weeks before there came another evening when he could settle comfortably down in his own sitting room in his own easy chair.

"Now, Papa Doctor, you needn't think you are going to try to bury yourself in any old medical magazine this evening," Eleanor exclaimed, rebelliously as he picked up a magazine. "You went to sleep last evening when I wanted to talk to you ever so much, so now you have to do penance and listen to me for two hours with never a chance for a look into that old medical journal," she warned him with mock severity.

The doctor laid down the journal with an assumed air of resignation.

"Allow me to present you with one of my professional cards," Eleanor remarked, gravely handing him a bit of cardboard on which was neatly lettered, "Eleanor West, Smile Specialist." "I don't distribute these to the general public," she explained. "I just keep one tucked in the corner of my mirror to remind myself of my vocation; and you have no idea how fascinating it is, nor how many cases there are that need treatment."

"The first one was Mrs. Watson. She was having a headache, the baby was cross, the cake she baked for the sociable fell. I didn't very much blame the corners of her mouth for drooping as they did. I prescribed an hour's nap, while baby and I looked after the sociable cake. It didn't take very long to coax a smile to the baby's face; it was a pretty sicky smile, owing to the frosting-dish, but it was genuine. And at the end of the hour his mother smiled, too. And you have no idea, Papa Doctor, what fun it is to watch the metamorphosis. There, doesn't that sound learned? And it took so little to cure them, too; lots of times only a smile, or a 'good morning,' or a wee bit of help or encouragement.

"But there were some cases that were harder than those," she went on. "Some that made me think I wasn't quite wise enough to be a smile specialist; it does take such a lot of wisdom to know what to prescribe sometimes, and you know, Papa Doctor, I never was very wise."

There was a very tender light in the doctor's eyes as he answered the troubled question in the blue eyes. "You have wisdom in the heart, daughter, and that is better than any wisdom of the head."

"There was Tom Wentworth," Eleanor went on. "He was here on an errand last Friday, and his face was so hard and set I knew something must be wrong. At first he was dreadfully glum and would not talk, but it wasn't very long before he started in and told me the trouble. It was about school. You see, Tom had been suspended until he would apologize before the school for some piece of mischief. Well, you know how stubborn he is; he declared he wouldn't apologize, so, of course, that would end school for him this year. He is in the graduating class, and expected to go to college next year; so his folks felt dreadfully. Tom felt dreadfully himself, but he had said he wouldn't apologize. I suppose the medicine I prescribed was pretty bitter, and I didn't expect Tom would take it. But he did, and the cure was complete. You should have seen the broad smile on his face when he came in to tell me about it after school. You see, he apologized, and Professor Curtis shook hands with him and was ever so nice, and the pupils all seemed so glad to see him back."

There was silence for a few minutes. The doctor's hand gently stroked the fair hair, and his keen eyes were misty. By and by he inquired: "And were there any more important cases?"

Eleanor nodded. "Oh, yes, there were ever so many more!" Then she laughed as at some funny reminiscence. "You know that queer groceryman on the corner who always looks so cross. Well, I made up my mind that he must smile. But it is too funny! You see, his smiling muscles have got stiff from non-use, and they work as if they needed oiling. I always want to laugh. But if I can keep him exercising them enough, I think perhaps they will get in easy working order in course of time. His is a chronic case, you see, and we couldn't expect to cure it in one day.

"Then another one is old Mrs. Riley. It's just possible that she knew how to smile once, but she forgot years ago. I am not sure but the smiling muscles are not paralyzed. I've tried every way I could think of to get her to smile, but I have not had a bit of success. I'm not going to give up, though.

"Now, Papa Doctor, you have done penance nobly, and I will let you rest and read while I go and set the bread." She flitted away, followed by her father's adoring eyes.

Several weeks afterwards, both Alice and John sent word that they were coming home for a short vacation. Both had become famous in a small way, and their home town determined to do them honor. The doctors of the town arranged a banquet in John's honor, and the Woman's Club planned a reception for Alice.

"Doctor West ought to be proud of his children," the president of the Woman's Club remarked during the informal discussion of the plans. "Not many fathers can boast of two famous children."

"Don't you dare speak as if Eleanor was not the equal of the other two," Mrs. Rankin spoke up quickly with warm partizanship. "It is true our town is proud of Alice and John, but I believe we are still more proud of Eleanor, and I really believe she is doing even more to make life worth while than they are. Do not think I am belittling John's and Alice's work," she added hastily. "I am not. I think they are both doing a great work in the world, but I really think that Eleanor is doing a greater. She creates courage and faith and kindness everywhere she goes, and the world needs those more than anything else."

There was a chorus of appreciation from every side. Each had a story—yes, many stories— to tell of courage and help received from Eleanor.

"Let's give a reception for Eleanor, or a banquet, and have toasts and let her know we appreciate her," impulsive Mrs. Sherwood proposed, enthusiastically.

But Mrs. Rankin shook her head. "I do not think we could express what we feel toward Eleanor by banquets or receptions," she objected. "It is something too deep and tender to be expressed in that way."—*Marion Brier.*

TWO MEN.

Two men there live in every town,
With lives as like as nuts of brown;
But the one wears a smile, the other a frown
For the one looks up and the other one down.

The one that looks up is a merry chap
With a hearty hello and a friendly slap,
While his neighbor, Grouch, across the way
Has seldom a friendly word to say.

The things they see are just the same,
But the one will praise, the other one blame.
A rose bush for one has flowers grand
For the other but thorns that prick his hand.

If it happens to rain, why Grouch will say,
"'Tis a beastly, nasty, stormy day."
While Smiles will laugh as the drops come down
"'Twill lay the dust on the way to town."

They work side by side, and when night comes along
Smiles starts for his home with a snatch of a song,
Happy in knowing his day's work is through—
Grouch only thinks of the chores yet to do.

And thus through life they go along,
Grouch with a grunt, Smiles with a song;
One always happy, the other one blue—
And now, dear friend, which one are you?

—*Emil Carl Aurin.*

Officers' Department.

ANNUAL PRIMARY CONVENTION to be held in Salt Lake City, Utah, June 12-13-14, 1908. All Primary workers invited.

A SMILE AND A TASK.

Keep a smile on your lips; it is better
With a jubilant spirit to try
For the end you will gain than to fetter
Your days with a moan and a sigh.
There are clouds in the firmament ever
The beauty of heaven to mar,
Yet night so profound there is never
But somewhere is shining a star.

Keep a task in your hands; you must labor;
By deeds is true happiness won;
For stranger and friend and for neighbor
Rejoice—there is much to be done,
Endeavor by crowning life's duty
With joy-giving and with smile,
To make the world fuller of beauty
Because you are in it a while.

—*Nixon Waterman, in Christian Endeavor World.*

"Some have been saying, 'What is the use of all this recent talk about child-study? Haven't we had children with us at least as far back as the times of our grandmothers?'—the implication being that the world may be assumed to know the child pretty well by long acquaintance and experience. But there are a good many other things which date far back of our great-grandmothers concerning which it remained for scientific study to give us much valuable knowledge. Twenty-five years ago the farmers of Illinois and Iowa would have smiled if some "professor" had offered his advice to them in the matter of raising corn. Many of them did say when the offer was actually made, "Have we not been in the business of raising corn all our lives, and our fathers before us? We probably know more about it than any soft-handed college man." But they were mistaken and they now gratefully acknowledge it as millions of dollars have been added to their wealth by the greatly increased yield of their fields as the results of the scientific study and experiment of the agricultural colleges. Our finest fruits and breeds of animals are the results of similar scientific processes. Is the human child so easily understood as to require no such systematic study as that demanded for the better cultivation of corn and wheat and apples? Shall we not welcome all science can give us concerning the laws according to which our children can be brought to their best development? And is not a boy or a girl of much greater value than many horses, though of the finest breeds?"

Officers' Paper.

PROBLEMS FOR TEACHERS.

The normal boy does not take his teacher for granted. He is keen-witted, fond of play, and not disposed to bow submissively to authority. He is not altogether pleased with the prospect of being taught. It is perfectly natural for the wild colt to resist the harness, and it is not unnatural for the children to raise questions of supremacy, at least in their minds, when the teacher takes her place before them to do something for, with, or to them. There is an instinctive antagonism to authority and control. This crude distrust of the teacher takes many forms and exists in all degrees from mere bashfulness to downright rebellion. Any teacher who has taught boys and many teachers of girls can recall instances of various phases of distrust.

The first thing the teacher has to do is to overcome this distrust or hostility. Perhaps her knowledge of the lesson is under the suspicion of the pupil. In that case she can do nothing until she has convinced him that she knows what she is about to teach, and if she cannot do this, she might as well cease before she begins. We have the highest authority for saying that if the blind essay to lead the blind, they both go into the ditch. There is no substitute for knowledge, so far as the teacher is concerned. Dr. Gregory's first law is well placed and phrased: "The teacher must know that which he would teach."

It may be that the teacher's consecration is distrusted. Of course the pupil would not phrase it thus, but if she does not love him and love her teaching work, the boy is going to know it—and it does not take him long to find out. God has given him a protective instinct for use on such occasions. Any lurking dislike of a boy will write itself on the teacher's brow, and will be a bar to all her efforts to teach him. She must be real, as a teacher; that is, she must know her business and she must love her pupils. Before she begins she is made to pass a careful examination on these points by her pupils, and her examiners rarely make a mistake.

The teacher's first work, then, is to win the confidence of her pupils. Her capital is knowledge and love.

Children are quite generally heedless, or preoccupied, or ignorant of the things that are familiar to us. A dull mind, or a mind intent upon play or upon the passing panorama of the senses, will not be immediately responsive to the presentation of a religious lesson. Subject almost any child to a simple test of his knowledge and understanding of what he has heard in church or Sunday school, and I will venture that you will get some choice specimens of anecdote matter. Dr. G. Stanley Hall says, "There is next to nothing of pedagogic value the knowledge of which it is safe to assume at the outset of school life," and the frequent testings of college students as to their knowledge of the Bible shows that an immense amount of the good seed that must have been sown in their minds during their childhood and youth has fallen by the wayside, where the fowls of the air have got it all too quickly.

Teaching is not a mere matter of telling, nor yet a matter of things. Indeed, the teacher's greater work consists in something far above this; she has, first to wake up the mind of the pupil, and make it self-active and eager for the knowledge of the truth. The soil ought to be prepared before the seed is sown. Farmers never make such mistakes as we teachers do. Why should we try to pour in knowledge before the mind has been opened for its reception? Teaching is well symbolized by a torch igniting other torches presented to it. The true teacher aims to create appetite before she offers food. She does not wish to tell the pupil anything that the pupil has not been made eager to know.

Many of our teachers are young persons. They are naturally without wide experience, but that is well enough. They have one great advantage: they are nearer the viewpoint of the pupil, and can enter more closely into sympathy with him. The sage may know more than the ardent youth, but he may be far less able to arouse a responsive mind. Often a six-year-old in a family can better understand what the baby says than can the mother herself; and she can sooner induce the baby to utter the words that mark its first effort to talk. The six-year-old is a true teacher type.

The first arousing of the mind may mark an epoch of transcendant import in the life of the pupil. In such arousing lie all the possibilities of a useful, and sometimes an illustrious lifework. Many a noble benefactor of his race has been inspired by his humble teacher.

The ordinary boy or girl is not found going around seeking a place to pray or a chance to attend a religious meeting. The teacher has to deal with a lot of boys full of propensities and desires that do not consist with piety and Sabbath-keeping; and even the girls are apt to be more disposed to dancing and theater-going and fashion-vanity than to the things that really nourish the soul and bring it into harmony with God. It is a tremendous task that we have set the teacher; to reverse the currents of nature and habit, to antagonize and overcome both heredity and environment, and to win heedless and play-loving hearts to the shrine where all is surrendered and consecrated to God. But the task is set by God.

And it can be done, even where the circumstances seem to be all against the effort. It is the greatest work in the world. It is worthy of all that it may cost the teacher in the way of tireless effort, study, prayer, and all the forth-puttings of personal influence, with self-denial. Of course success in this transcendant work must ultimately task the teacher's highest powers. It depends at last on what she *is*. But if she proves herself worthy of this highest and holiest work, she will succeed, and she will prove that the spiritual culture of the young is not only the greatest work in the world but the most successful work in the world.

To gain confidence, to wake up the mind, and to win the heart—in these are the three problems of the pupil solved.—*Selected.*

Subject for next month—"Work."

Subject for the month: Cheerfulness.

Divisions: Lesson 17, Cheerfulness in Ourselves; Lesson 18, Cheerfulness in the Home; Lesson 19, Cheerfulness in Work; Lesson 20, Cheerfulness in Difficulties.

Lesson 17.

Subject: Cheerfulness in Ourselves.

Introductory talk:

One may be feeling, at a given time, without courage and far from cheerful. This, at least, he can do: he can take a good long breath, and stiffen his backbone, and put on the appearance of cheer and courage, and so doing he is far more apt to become cheerful and courageous. There are two sorts of selves in you, a lower and a higher. You can be true to your higher self, or you can be true to your lower self. But you are bound to be true to your higher self. And one of the sensible, helpful ways to get the feeling you think you ought to have is to act in the line of them. It is to no one's credit to act as badly as he feels. He is rather bound often to act much better than he feels. And so acting, he will be helped to better feeling.—*President King, Oberlin College.*

If you wish to be miserable, you must think about yourself, about what you want, what you like, what respect people ought to pay you, and then to you nothing will be pure. You will spoil everything you touch; you will make sin and misery for yourself out of everything which God sends you; you will be as wretched as you choose?—*Charles Kingsley.*

"Don't you go and git sorry fer yerself. That's one thing I can't stand in nobody. There's always lots of other folks you kin be sorry fer 'stid yerself. Ain't you proud you ain't got a harelip? Why, that one thought is enough to keep me from ever gittin' sorry fer myself."—*From "Lovey Mary."*

Don't scowl; it spoils faces. Before you know it, your forehead will resemble a small railroad map. There is a grand trunk line from your cowlick to the bridge of your nose, intersected by parallel lines running east and west, with curves arching your eyebrows; and, oh how much older you look for it! Scowling is a habit which steals upon us unawares. We frown when the light is too strong, and when it is too weak. We tie our brows into a knot when we are thinking, and knit them even more tightly when we cannot think. There is no denying there are plenty of things to scowl about; but why scowl? What good will it do? Better cultivate an even temper and maintain a cheerful countenance.—*Standard.*

The rain was pouring down outside and indoors the weather was

just about as gloomy. Aunt Helen knew that grandma was not feeling very well and the noise disturbed her, so she proposed all the quiet games she knew, but the children would not be persuaded.

"I know a new game," she said at last. "It is called 'Garden.' I will be the gardener and you may be the plants."

"I want to be a rose," said Mabel. "Roses are so lovely."

"I won't play a silly game like that," said Ned. "It's no fun."

"You can be a thistle," said May, quickly. "Every garden has a few weeds."

"I'll be a nettle," said Agnes. "I don't feel a bit like being good this horrid afternoon."

So the gardener went all around naming the plants and in a few minutes everything was as cozy and comfortable as could be. Oh, the thistle and the nettle grumbled a little, but the other plants behaved so nicely that no one paid much attention to them. The flowers in the garden are always prettier than the weeds, so the two lonely weeds had rather a hard time of it in the play.

"We are playing a new game, mamma," cried Mabel, when her mother came in to see why everything was so quiet. "Aunt Helen taught it to us and it's lots of fun. We are all plants in a garden. Can you guess our names?"

"I should say this little girl is a touch-me-not," said mamma, laying her hand on Agnes' head. "She doesn't look like a violet or a rose."

Even Agnes had to laugh. "I'm tired of being a nettle," she said. "I'd like to be something nice, too."

Mamma did not guess very many of the names, but she thought it a very nice game, and said it was time to water the garden. Instead of the big watering pot, filled with warm rain water, she brought in a tall glass pitcher filled with pink lemonade, and the children did not drink as plants do, but they enjoyed the shower very much.

"The thistle has turned into a sun-flower," said Aunt Helen, with a smile. "I wish all the weeds in my garden would turn to flowers after a shower, for I don't like to have them in my nice beds."

"I'm never going to be a weed again," said Agnes. "It isn't half as nice as being a posy."—*Hilda Richmond.*

Memory Gems.

"The highest wisdom is continual cheerfulness."

A light heart lives long."

"An ounce of cheerfulness is worth a pound of sadness to serve God with."

"You have not fulfilled every duty unless you have fulfilled that of being cheerful and pleasant."

First Grade.

Read suggestions for First Grade Teachers in the January number for this year. Page 26.

Opening exercises.
Memory gems or review of concert poems.
Singing.
Concert poems:

When the weather is wet,
We must not fret;
When the weather is cold,
We must not scold;
When the weather is dry,
We must not cry;
When the weather is warm,
We must not storm.
But be thankful together
Whatever the weather.

—*Selected.*

Go to bed early—wake up with joy;
Go to bed late—cross girl or boy.
Go to bed early—ready for play;
Go to bed late—moping all day.
Go to bed early—no pains or ills;
Go to bed late—doctors and pills.

—*St. Nicholas.*

Story, "Sunshine:"

I wish it would stop raining," said a cross little voice, for the fourth or fifth time. "I want to go out and play, and Fido does, too."

"I once read a story," said William's mother, "about a little boy who was called Sunshine, because he was always happy and contented."

"How can a fellow be happy and contented when he can't go out, and don't know what to play?" And the cross little boy threw himself down on the floor beside Fido.

"You might play you were my sun," said William's mother, with a twinkle in her eye, "and fill the room with sunshine for Fido and me."

"Why, mother," said William, in astonishment, "how can I play I am your son when I really am, and"—

And then William suddenly saw what his mother meant.

"Fido," whispered William, "that is one of mother's jokes. She thinks we are cross. I will have to tell you about s-u-n and s-o-n. You don't go to school, so you don't know that s-o-n spells me, and s-u-n spells the sun up in the sky. Suppose we do play sun, Fido; it will be such a funny game.

"Mother," said William, "I'm going to play sun, and I'm going behind the screen and play it is a cloud. No, Fido, you can't come with me. You must go 'way down on the earth and stay with mother, for I'm playing I'm the sun. Now, you see, Fido, if I were the moon you could stay with me, for the man in the moon has a dog."

Fido was quite sure that if he could not stay with his little master he did not like the new game, but he was a good dog, so he went and lay down by William's mother.

And then the sun burst forth from behind the clouds—and such a happy sun it was! Mother clapped her hands, and Fido barked with delight, and the rain tapped on the window and wanted to come in where everybody was so merry and gay.

"I'm your s-o-n now, mother," shouted a happy little voice, "so look out for a bear hug."—*Selected.*

Story adapted from lesson.

Memory gem on lesson.

Second Grade.

Review of previous lesson.

Introductory talk. Page 195.

Story: "Her Double Surprise Party." Page 177.

Let some one tell the following story:

Viola Love and Vera Grau were two very dear playmates. Both went to the village school and what was better still, sat together in the same seat. They were bright, industrious little girls.

At recess time the two girls were always partners. If the game "Old Mother Witch" was played, Vera was "Witch." If "Drop the Handkerchief" was played, Vera always went round as first dropper. You see Vera was the leader. Just how Vera came to her leadership nobody knew, only this—if games Vera wanted to play were not played she would turn about and say, "I shan't play any more," and inside she went. Viola often coaxed Vera back after having made the girls promise to play Vera's game. What could make such a bright girl so very selfish. You see, Vera was the only and petted child of the family. She had a beautiful home, many pretty dresses, and oh! all the lovely playthings, but she never thought of making others happy. She had her own way about everything. She was really quite loveable, but as soon as she was crossed in her plans, the corners of her mouth would turn down.

Viola, on the other hand, was the oldest of four children. Her father was a storekeeper, and owned a pretty home. Viola had pretty clothes and many toys, but she had been taught the beauty of giving up to her little sisters and brothers. She was a happy child, even if she did have to play "nurse maid" after school, she was so jolly and one never saw a frown on her face. Viola was really not as handsome as Vera, but you know those who "do handsome" are the handsome ones. Viola's mouth was never seen to droop at the corners, but she always managed to smile, so that the corners of her mouth always turned upward.

Little children, which way do the corners of your mouth turn? Upwards, or downwards?"—*Selected.*

Teach the following:

"Do not look for wrong and evil,—
You will find them if you do;
As you measure for your neighbor,
He will measure back to you.

"Look for goodness, look for gladness,
You will meet them all the while;
If you bring a smiling visage,
In the glass you meet a smile."

Third Grade.

Introductory talk. Page 195.

Topics for members of the class:

1. Recite the following or repeat in concert:

Don't think when storm clouds gather
You are certain to be drowned;
The very darkest tempest
May quickly blow around.
And up above the blackness
Shines evermore the blue;
So never trouble trouble
Until trouble troubles you.

2. Write short paper on the following:

There are two worlds about us: the world of fact, hard, horrid facts. To see this fact-world as the only one is to mourn and mope and faint with discouragement. There is another world, of truth, and it is as near and as real as the fact-world; but he who finds it, gets beauty for ashes, the oil of joy for mourning, and the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness. In that world dwells whatsoever things are honest. true, pure, lovely, and of good report. On the bleak hill side, as the shepherds watched their flocks, the world of fact with its loneliness and gloom, and the world of truth with its light and song met; and since then men have entered into the world of truth, and "rejoiced with exceeding great joy."—*Selected.*

3. Read Sister Maria Y. Dougall's account of life in the Lion House and relate to the class how President Brigham Young encouraged "good times" for his children. See *The Children's Friend,* vol. 2, page 230.

4. Memorize and repeat to class Proverbs 15: 13, 15; 17: 22.

5. Read Isaiah 51: 3 and explain why this verse expresses the condition of the Latter-day Saints.

Story: "Her Double Surprise Party." Page 177.

Lesson 18.

Subject: Cheerfulness in the Home.

Introductory talk:

We are so often told that no man lives for himself alone, that whatever he does helps or hinders others. This applies to boys and girls as well. It is sometimes called unconscious influence.

A twelve-year-old girl was once traveling in a railway coach with her father. It was one of those raw and gloomy days when there is a

general feeling of uncomfortableness. There was a crying baby on the train, and a cross old lady, who found herself sitting in a draught from a neighbor's open window. She turned and glared savagely at the man who had opened the window, and he glared back.

The girl had just asked her father a question. It was this, "What is unconscious influence?" Her father began to study how he could answer her. It was a very hard thing to define. Just then a young man came into the car. He was evidently a traveling man. He shook off the rain and sleet from his overcoat, and looked pleasantly around on the company. He spoke cordially to the trainman and conductor, and when he saw a girl struggling with her bag, which she could not put in the high rack, he put it up for her in such a spirit of willing service that even the baby stopped howling to look at him. He grinned gleefully at the baby and its anxious mother, as if a crying baby was not the least disturbance in the world, and settled down to read the morning paper. He did not seem to have the least idea how much sunshine and good cheer he had brought in with him.

The man by the open window put it down, and the old lady who had felt the rheumatism coming over her shoulders thanked him warmly. A man found a red apple in his pocket and gave it to the cross baby, and one after another grew very gracious. The girl had been taking it all in.

"What a nice young man!" she said.

"Yes," answered her father, "he has been exerting an influence of which he was not conscious, and everybody in this car has felt it."—*Kind Words.*

We exert an influence on all we meet. Have you ever thought, "What kind of an influence do I have?"

What a splendid thing it is to be in the "cheering-up business." We do not need to go to college in order to start in this line of business, but we can begin just where we are, you and I, to try to cheer people up—at home, in school, on the street or wherever we may be.

In order to go into the "cheering-up business" there are two or three things we must do. In the first place we must be cheerful. We can never make other people cheerful if we are dull and sad ourselves. Then we must be kind. You never saw an unkind person cheer anybody up. It is kindness that makes people feel happy. Then again we must be unselfish. Selfish people never trouble themselves to try and cheer up other people. But those who are thoughtful of others and who remember the words of Jesus—"Love thy neighbor as thyself"—those are the people who succeed best in the "cheering-up business."

It is a blessed thing to try to help others, for it lifts us nearer to God, when we do a kind act. Some one has beautifully said:

"Every little sacrifice
Made for others' weal,
Every wounded brother
That we strive to heal;

E'en a word of kindness
To misfortune given,
These are angel footprints
Leading up to heaven."

Home is such a good place to begin the work of "cheering-up." In fact, it is a splendid place of beginning all good things. Cheerfulness is needed at home more than anywhere, and perhaps it is more rarely found there. Many persons who are kind and polite in company are rude, harsh, and careless with those whom they love best. Girls and boys who will cheerfully help their teachers clean blackboards or desks or other things, grumble when their mother makes a little request. They forget that it is the cheerful doing of little acts which makes it worth while. Cheerfulness and kindness never lose their power or charm. Save your brightest smiles and kindest words for those at home. Think of what mother does for you, and what she has always done. Don't be afraid of letting her know how much you love her. Show it by actions as well as by words, and make her happy by doing cheerfully and gladly whatever she asks. Never mind if it is something you don't like to do. Think you like it, and do it as if you did, and before you are aware of it, you will find yourself liking it.

The children sing,

"Sunshine girls and sunshine boys
Fill the home with sweetest joys."

It is true. In the home the sunshine girl shines brightest. "Ah, but it is hard to be sunshiny when everybody is cross and things go wrong!" Is that what I hear some girl say? But that is just the time to be sunshiny. It is our opportunity. A lamp does not give much light at noon, nor do we need it; but take it into a dark room at night! Mother is cumbered with much serving. Life seems humdrum and commonplace to her, often enough. The sunshine girl realizes that she can be as inspiring as sunshine to that mother. She loves her mother. Yes, and she is not ashamed to put her strong young arms round her mother and tell her so. She is not too self-absorbed to see that mother needs to have some one to look after her, and to make her go and rest occasionally. The sunshine girl is not waiting for the sad, still hour to discover how much mother has done for her.

Then, there is father. The sunshine girl never thinks of him as "only the provider," as I heard a girl once say of her father—just the man who goes out in the morning and brings in the wherewithal at night. The sunshine girl remembers that he has a boy's heart covered up under his ample waistcoat, and she tells him the good things that some of us save for our young friends, and they have many a jolly laugh together. I'll warrant the sunshine girl's father thinks of her a dozen times a day, with a queer, warm feeling about his heart. He tries to be a better man, because he has such a dear daughter.—*Selected.*

Cheerfulness is such good medicine and so easy to take. Many a sick person has been helped more by a visit from a cheerful friend than by all the medicine he has taken. Try it.

A lady once thought a great deal about cheerfulness at home. She said:

"I have sometimes thought that breakfast should be stricken from the list of family meals, and be served to the individuals of the household in the privacy of their rooms, so frequently does it become a joyless feast. Unless the greatest care be taken, the breakfast table becomes a veritable dump, where each one unloads the grievances of the night. One has not 'slept a wink;' another was scared by a 'horrible dream;' a third 'nearly died' from an aching tooth; a fourth is dismal because of a depressing nightmare, and so on. If to these enlivening details be added a doleful disarray of dress, touseled hair, and a sour disapproval of the weather, the news, and the food, the most appetizing breakfast will pall on the taste, and the day will be badly begun.

"More important than the matter of cooking is it that the family gather around the table cheerful, joyous, and in abounding good spirits. Good digestion waits on those who season their food with laughter and fun, and if we have cares and worries, it is wise to let them wait until after the morning meal."

"Have you ever had your sad path suddenly turn sunshiny because of a cheerful word? Have you ever wondered if this could be the same world, because some one had been unexpectedly kind to you? You can make today the same for somebody. It is only a question of a little imagination, a little time and trouble. Think now: What can I do today to make some one happy—old persons, children, servants—even a bone for the dog or sugar for the bird! Why not?"

Have you ever read the story of little "But then?" Her real name was Annie, but they called her little "But then," and I will tell you why. Her face was like a sunbeam and she was always looking for every bit of good she could find in everybody and everything. When Freddie came home and told in a ridiculous way the story of the new boy's first day at school and how odd he looked in his brother's outgrown coat and trousers, little Annie began with her most earnest air: "Yes, but then I didn't hear him say one naughty word all day, and he helped poor little Kelly out of the mud when he fell down."

"That's just the way with you little 'But then,'" laughed Freddie. But he always loved Annie more than ever after such a speech as that, he couldn't help it.

When the day for the picnic which Annie and Fred had planned, dawned gray and cold, Freddie puckered his mouth ready to complain, but Annie soon snatched away all the frowns. "I know it's going to rain, Freddie, but then you know we can cut those paper chains and hang them all over the attic and eat our picnic dinner up there. And it'll be nearly as nice as in the woods" (with an extra emphasis on the "nearly.")

"All right, little 'But then,'" said Freddie, cheering up. A play with little "But then," in the attic was almost as good as a picnic, any day.

When she fell and broke her arm and had to have it bandaged for many days, she said over and over to her friends as they sympathized with her, "Yes, it hurts, but then it could be worse, you know."

All the other children made fun of poor old Mosey Crosby, but not so little "But then." "Of course I know he's queer," she said, "but then he has no one to love or care for him, and it makes him cross to have the boys tease him so. I took him some flowers and you ought to have seen him smile and thank me over and over for them."

And so it was by always trying to see the good and cheerful side of life that Annie came to be called little "But then." Would it not be worth while owning such a name if it stood for a sunny disposition like hers that always smiled at discouragements and tried to find the good and lovely in everybody?—*Selected.*

Memory Gem.

"What sunshine is to the flowers, smiles are to humanity. They are but trifles, to be sure, but scattered along life's pathway, the good they do is inconceivable."

Poem, "Value of a Smile:"

If there were smiles for sale
  At some market where
The rich, the poor, the low, the high,
Might hurry with their change to buy,
  What crowds would gather there!

Yet there are smiles enough,
  And each might have his share,
If every man would do or say
One—just one—kind thing every day
  To lift some other's care. —*Ex.*

First Grade.

Opening exercises.
Memory gems or review of concert poems.
Singing.
Concert poem. Page 197.
Story, "In the Other Window:"

"Ten days is a long time to be sick. You can keep pretty patient the first six of 'em, but the last six—" Roberta stopped and reckoned. Were there two sixes in ten? She shook her head. It is not always easy to reckon when you are sick.

The last fi—er—four of 'em you have a perfect right to be cross," she went on. So she was cross.

"I'm just the mis'ablest little girl there is!" she scolded, aloud. "There can't be anybody in the world as sick an'—an' unfortunit as I am, so there! Did I want to be sick at this house? Didn't I want to be sick at home, where there's room enough—mercy! did I want to be sick anywhere? Did I do anything to be sick? No, I didn't."

She almost laughed at herself then—not quite. But perhaps it was that which made her look up just that minute and see the Strange Little Girl at the other window. They had put up the curtain at last. For days Roberta had been wondering what was behind that curtain, but she had not once thought it might be a little girl—and a sick one, too!

The two windows were quite near together, just across a tiny, narrow back-yard. She could see the Strange Little Girl very plainly indeed.

"She's thinner an' whiter than I am, an' she's got more pillows behind her," thought Roberta. "I wonder if that's as straight as she can sit up?"

Suddenly the Strange Little Girl nodded a shy little nod. Of course Roberta nodded back. If they could only have opened the windows, they would have been acquainted in a few minutes. But of course sick folks—

"I know what!" Roberta exclaimed, interrupting her own thought. "If that little girl knows how, we can talk deaf-an'-dumb! I'm going to try and see!"

She hitched up a little nearer the window and held up her fingers in plain view. Then she made them spell out words slowly.

"How do you do?" they spelled.

The Strange Little Girl knew how. Her fingers began to spell.

"How do you do?"

After that, as Roberta said, they regularly talked.

"I've got the measles. What have you got?" Roberta said.

"Hip disease."

The Strange Little Girl said very short things, as if her weak little fingers got tired very soon.

"I don't know what that is, but the measles are awful." I am afraid Roberta's fingers said "orful." "Ever had them?"

"No, I never."

"Then you ought to be thankful. I don't have my curtain up for days, sometimes."

"Weeks I don't."

Roberta gasped a little.

"One day I ached."

"I always do."

Mercy! Roberty thought hard.

"I've had the mis'ablest time."

"Why, I haven't!"

"I didn't have a thing to do."

"Why didn't you sing? I do."

It was a long sentence for the weak little fingers, and they sank wearily into the Strange Little Girl's lap. But the Strange Little Girl was smiling.

Roberta tried again. This would surprise her.

"I've been sick ten days."

"Ten years," spelled the tired little thin white fingers. And then some one came and drew down the curtain at the other window. There was just time to nod and spell "Good-bye!"

Ten years! Ten years! Roberta sank back on her pillows and shut her eyes. She was trying to think how it would feel to be sick ten years—to ache always—and sing.

"Oh, I can't! I can't make b'lieve it!" she cried softly. "An' I thought I was the unfortunitest one in the world. Oh, that poor, that brave little girl in the other window!"

Then there were new, soft, sweet sounds in Roberta's window. Roberta was singing.—*Annie H. Donnell.*

Story adapted from lesson.

Memory gem on lesson.

Second Grade.

Review previous lesson.

Introductory talk. Page 199.

Story: "Gertie the Grumbler." Page 181.

Lead the children to tell how they can make home more cheerful. Let them tell what mother and father do for them, and what they can do in return.

Teach the following:

"Never a day is lost, dear,
If at night you can truly say
You've done one kindly deed, dear,
Or smoothed some rugged way

"Never a day is dark, dear,
Where the sunshine of home may fall,
And where the sweet home voices
May answer when you call.

"Never a day is sad, dear,
If it brings at set of sun
A kiss from mother's lips, dear,
And a thought of work well done."

Third Grade.

Introductory talk. Page 199.

Topics for members of the class:

1. Have a member write a short paper on the following:

"The habit of looking at the bright side of things is better than an income of a thousand a year.

2. Recite the following:

There's a cheery little proverb
It is very well to heed,
In a world where pain and sorrow
Are quite plentiful indeed.
If you would not have them double,
Then keep this well in view.
To never trouble trouble
Until trouble troubles you.

3. Discuss the following:

That the Lord recognizes the value of cheerfulness. Read Doc. and Cov., section 136, 28th verse; Mosiah 24: 13-15; Acts 23: 11.

4. In Romans 12: 8th verse, it states that we should show mercy with cheerfulness; explain meaning to class.

5. Read and review to class incident from Life of Eliza R. Snow, which illustrates the cheerfulness of the Saints. See *The Children's Friend*, vol. 2, page 77.

6. Read and explain to class II Corinthians 9: 7.

Story: "Gertie the Grumbler." Page 181.

Lesson 19.

Subject: Cheerfulness in Work.

Introductory talk:

"There are but the two classes, after all—those who bear their own part in the world's work bravely, sensibly, and fairly, helping others to do the same, and this other class who must be "got along with." Wherever these latter are in the home, in business, in social affairs, somebody must bear an extra burden on account of them; sombody must watch and "manage" that their peculiarities do not work wreck and failure.

It seems a pitiful thing—does it not? for a human being endowed with all the ordinary gifts and attributes, to make of himself a life-long pensioner on the patience and forbearance of those round him, instead of a power for good? Yet the choice, consciously or unconsciously, each makes for himself. Moods and prejudices uncontrolled bias the whole nature; temper and irritability allowed to flame at every trifle, and given full license whenever the wind is in the east, become, before one is aware, the dominant habit of the mind."

A silver-haired grandfather, growing constantly more genial, sunny, and serene in his beautiful old age, was the blessing of the household that claimed him. Some one once questioned him concern-

ing his happiness and content, and he answered with his twinkling smile:

"Oh, well, my disposition has its full share of twists and corners, I suppose, but I had seen so many old people so cross, cranky and generally uncomfortable to live with that I made up my mind I'd watch against being one of that kind. I've sort of been practicing the other way ever since."

It is the practicing that counts. The blessed "other way"—the strong, helpful, reliable manhood and womanhood which is a comfort and strength to others, and the beautiful old age that is like a benediction—must be won by endeavor. Whoever will not battle for the victory of the higher self sinks, sooner or later, under the permanent dominion of the lower, and the crooked growths, the knots and gnarls, are all that are left for the world to see.—*Forward.*

Two boys went to gather grapes. One was happy because they found grapes. The other was unhappy because the grapes had seeds in them.

Two men, being convalescent, were asked how they were. One said: "I am better today." The other said: "I was worse yesterday."

When it rains, one man says: "This will make mud;" another: "This will lay the dust."

Two boys examined a bush. One observed that it had a thorn; the other, that it had a rose.

Two children were looking through colored glasses. One said, "The world is blue," and the other said, "It is bright."

Two boys, having a bee, one got honey, the other got stung. The first called it a honey bee; the other, a stinging bee.

"I am glad that I live," says one man. "I am sorry that I must die," says another.

"I am glad," said one, "that it is no worse." "I am sorry," says another, "that it is no better."

One says: "Our good is mixed with evil." Another says: "Our evil is mixed with good."—*Selected.*

"Our duty is do what God would have us do, and to do it cheerfully, because it should be done. God loves a cheerful doer as well as a cheerful giver. A child in the home, a man or woman in his or her place, gives added value to a right word or deed by being hearty and loving in its speech or performance. We must say and do lovingly what we should, whether we feel like it or not.

There isn't anything in the world more disagreeable than a whining person. He whines if it is hot. He whines if it is cold. He whines at this, he whines at that, he whines at everything. Whine, whine, whine. It is just a habit he has fallen into. There is nothing the matter with him. It is just a bad habit. The whiner is generally an idle person or a lazy one. What he needs is to be set to work—at real hard work, mental or physical. Some work that will interest him and engage his whole attention, and he will not have time to whine. Get the

whine out of your voice or it will stop the development and growth of your body. It will narrow and shrink your mind. It will drive away your friends. It will make you unpopular. There is nothing the matter with you. Just quit whining and go to work.—*Medical Talk.*

One of President Roosevelt's friends, seeing him in the midst of a big, busy day's work, asked him how he could stand such a strain.

"Oh, I like my job," replied the president, with glistening eye.

What a finer world this would be, what a more contented, happy people we should all be, if we could bring more joy into our work so as to be able to say just that: "I like my job!"

Ask the average man about his work, and in nine cases out of ten he will tell you of the hardness of the struggle: of this difficulty, of that obstacle, and of some other care. It is the rare exception that you find a man so in love with his work as to wish his son to follow in his footsteps. 'Any other trade, any other profession than mine for him," he says. But what a difference when a man's eye kindles as he says, "I like my job!" That is the spirit that grapples with difficulties and conquers them: that looks upon an obstacle as simply something to overcome—the conquering spirit of a relish for the "job" in hand, whatever it is: the playing of the game with a zest that makes for the surest success and the biggest, truest happiness—the man who wins.

That is what we want in our lives, men and women, whatever the work in hand: the spirit that works with a will and says, "I like my job!"—*Selected.*

Memory Gems.

This is the beautiful, blessed way
That will make you glad at the end of the day.

"Not the things that I like to do,
But the things that are right to do;
Not everything that I want to do,
But whatever I ought to do."
—*Selected.*

"The cheerful man will do more in the same time, will do it better, will persevere in it longer than the sad or sullen."

First Grade.

Opening exercises.
Memory gems or review of concert poems.
Singing.
Concert poem. Page 197.
Story, "Madge:"

The little stream hurried over the pebbles and danced away to join the river. The trees were putting on their pretty holiday dresses of red and gold, and the few birds that remained were constantly chattering about the journey they were soon going to make.

As little Madge hurried home from school she watched the trees and the brook longingly. Oh, how pleasant it would be to sit by the pretty brook and rest for a little while and read from her book. But Madge could not do that, for her mamma was ill and she must hurry home and help her sister with the work. Supper had to be prepared and then there would be dishes to wash, bread to mix, and her little brothers to be put to bed. After that Madge would study her lessons for the next day and then she, too, could rest. She was somewhat sad and discouraged, but she tried to sing and look happy, for she did not want any one to know that she was sad.

A strange thing had happened in school that day and Madge kept thinking about it all the way home, and something seemed to be saying to her, over and over again, "Susy will get it, of course Susy will get it." Now this is what happened, and this is what made Madge feel lonely and discouraged.

An old man came to visit the school and the teacher asked him to speak. He talked to the children about their work and then he said the strangest thing; he said that he would be back to their school in just three weeks and when he came again he was going to bring a prize to the prettiest pupil in school. And then the queer old man went away and all the children began to wonder what the prize would be and who would get it.

It did not take long for them to decide who would get the prize, for they all knew that Susy Gray was the prettiest girl in school. Poor Madge was not at all pretty, and when she looked in her mirror that night, just before going to bed, she felt sadder than ever before; for a plain little face looked back at her with two big gray eyes, a short little nose, dark brown hair somewhat tangled, and a little brown face covered with freckles. Oh, how she did wish to be pretty. If she could be only half as pretty as Susy, she would be glad. But when she knelt to say her prayers and thought of her sick mother and her dear little brothers and her kind sister Nellie, she forgot all about being pretty, and asked God to bless them, for they were dearer to her than all the beauty in the world.

Some mornings Madge would do her work quickly and then go and read the Bible to a dear old blind lady, until it was time to go to school. Other mornings she would bathe her mamma's aching head, or gently brush her hair. In the evening Madge would call her little brothers around her, after her work was done, and tell them pretty stories; then she would undress them, help them into their little bed, and kiss them good night.

Almost every one loved Madge; and I think it was because Madge loved everyone, and was always kind and good. But was not it a sad thing to think that so dear a little girl was not pretty?

Susy Gray had beautiful eyes and golden curls and a pretty white skin and rosy cheeks. One day Susy asked Madge if she was preparing to get the prize, and all the children laughed, and some of them

said very unkind things about Madge being so ugly. She could hardly keep from crying, she felt so bad. The children did not mean to be unkind, but they all knew that Susy would take the prize.

At last the long-looked-for day came and with it came the queer old man. He arose slowly, spoke a few words and then showed the children the beautiful book he had brought to give to the most beautiful child. He paused a moment and then spoke the name of Madge Spencer. At first the children thought he was only joking, but when they knew he was serious they began looking for Madge. There sat Susy Gray in a pretty white dress waiting for the prize, but Madge was not to be seen. Some one went to get her, and found her reading to the old blind lady.

When the prize was given to her she looked at the old man a moment and then said, "Please, sir, you have made a mistake. The prize belongs to Susy." Susy was so disappointed that she had been crying, but now she smiled sweetly.

"Oh, no," said the old man. "There is no mistake. The prettiest child is the one that acts the prettiest, and Madge Spencer is the one who should have the prize."

Little Madge thanked him and took her seat. Her heart was full of joy, for she knew that she had done right.

The other children did not understand what the old man meant at first. But they soon learned, and now they are all growing beautiful.

Don't you think the old man was wise in giving Madge the prize?

Are you beautiful as Madge was? If you are not, you should try to be, and God will help you.—Selected.

Story adapted from lesson.

Memory gem on lesson.

Second Grade.

Review of previous lesson.

Introductory talk. Page 206.

Story: "It Wasn't Easy." Page 185.

Let one of the children tell the following story:

George was a packer boy. His duty was to take the papers from the press as they came streaming out, straighten them up, and pile them away ready for mailing. Day after day he had been at his work in the hot press room. There was the noon hour, and, too, the supper hour; but how short they seemed. Late at night he would, perhaps, go home, or he would creep over the pile of papers in the back of the press room until he found a dark corner, and sleep the rest of the night.

One evening, when there was some trouble with the machinery, the manager and the men stayed until it was made right. No one would give in. Tired with his long work, the packer boy was still cheerfully lifting and stowing away papers. The great machine stopped a moment. The packer boy straightened up and stretched himself.

"George," said the manager, "It's pretty tough, isn't it? How are you standing it?"

"Oh, I'm all right," said the boy, with a twinkle in his eyes. "I'd better be here than anywhere else. This sort of thing is sure to keep a fellow out of mischief, anyway," and away he went to work again.

Teach the following:

"This is the beautiful blessed way
That will make you glad at the end of the day.

"Not the things that I like to do,
But the things that are right to do;
Not everything that I want to do,
But whatever I ought to do."

Third Grade.

Introductory talk. Page 206.

Topics for members of the class.

1. Have a number of the class bring short selections on the value of cheerfulness and recite to the class.

2. Have a member of the class memorize and recite the following:

Quit counting all the bridges
You may never have to cross.
Quit climbing all the ridges
Of future pain and loss.
Trudge on and do your duty,
To God and conscience true,
And never trouble trouble
Until trouble troubles you.

3. On the 10th of April, 1848, the pioneers celebrated their first harvest home. Review briefly and show how the saints recognized the value of cheerfulness in their labors. See Life of Parley P. Pratt.

4. Read Deuteronomy 28: 45-47, and explain how the Lord desires to be served.

5. Explain an acceptable manner of praising the Lord. See 100th Psalm.

6. Discuss with the class the following paragraph:

While cheerfulness of disposition is a great source of enjoyment in life, it is also a great safeguard of character. A devotional writer of the present day, in answer to the question, How are we to overcome temptation? says: "Cheerfulness is the first thing, cheerfulness is the second, and cheerfulness is the third." It furnishes the best soil for the growth of goodness and virtue. It gives brightness of heart and elasticity of spirit. It is the companion of charity, the nurse of patience, the mother of wisdom. It is also the best of moral and mental tonics. "The best cordial of all," said a doctor to one of his patients, is cheerfulness."

Story: "It Wasn't Easy." Page 186.

Lesson 20.

Subject: Cheerfulness in Difficulties.

Introductory talk:

Have you ever heard the old saying, "Every cloud has a silver lining?" Let us think what that means. No matter how dark the cloud is toward us, the other side is bright; and no matter how dark our trials seem, there must be a bright side somewhere. One girl said she knew that the dark clouds had silver linings, and she had determined to turn her clouds inside out and wear them that way. She was always cheerful and happy. What do you think she meant?

There certainly must be a sunny side to life or we should not see so many happy people. There is so much music around us, the song of the birds, the ripple of the brook, the hum of insects, the roar of the ocean, that it surely was not mean that we should be unhappy. We should make music also.

There was once a man who could see no brightness anywhere. Everything went wrong with him. His crops were not as good as his neighbors', the weeds grew thicker in his garden than in other people's; it rained when he wanted sunshine, and he never had what he wanted most. No wonder people did not like to meet him. The neighbors called him "Vinegar Smith." Certainly not a name to be proud of. Can you guess why they gave him that name?

It was very different with little Stanley Miller, who had received a very bad accident.

For many weeks it seemed that he could hardly live, or, if he did, that he must remain a cripple; but at last there was hope, indeed, almost certainty, that sometime he might be well.

Oh, what pathetic patience children have under suffering that would daunt men! And Stanley had scarcely murmured, only as his head cleared and his eyes brightened the blank brick wall of the next house, which was all he could see from his bedroom window, became very tiresome.

At last his mother, so tender in love and sympathy, moved his bed into her little parlor and placed it by a window.

Oh, how good the street looked to the boy! His heart seemed to fill and glow with love for every person, and even the horses and dogs that passed his window.

"But, mamma," he said after a time, "the people can see me, too; and they turn and look so sorry for me. I don't want to make folks feel bad, mamma!"

"My dear, they can't help feeling sorry for a boy who has to be shut in from all the bright summer wearther; but if they see that you look cheerful and smiling, that will make them glad again. You have been so good and patient all along, dearie, that it has made the trouble easier for us all."

And so the passers-by who looked in the window of the little house in Dean street saw the smiling face of a child who lay bolstered up on his pillows; and soon many of them gave him an answering smile and nod. "I'm getting to know the folks," said Stanley, after a while.

The Millers had only moved to that street a few months before, and had made but few acquaintances.

"I know just what time the regular ones go by, mamma. It's fun to watch for 'em, an' they most always smile at me."

At last, when the days grew warm enough for the sash to be raised, one and another would stop outside for a word or so, and gifts of fruit and flowers and picture papers were passed inside.

The children came and talked to the invalid and lent him their toys and books; and the hurdy-gurdy men played their most rollicking tune for his pleasure.

Stanley never dreamed that his smiling face was a real help to others; but one morning a carpenter said to a comrade:

"I used to go grumbling to my work on account of being lame with a little rheumatiz, but since I've seen him a-layin' there so cheerful I've been ashamed of myself, and am thankful that I'm able to walk an' do my day's work. The little chap's been a real blessin' to me!"

When at last the bed was taken away and the boy could sit on the steps or go a little way up and down the street, he found that he had smiled his way into hundreds of loving hearts.—*Emma A. Lente.*

"We love the man with a smile, the man with the roses on his tongue, the man who sees your boy's dirty face but mentions his bright eyes, who notices your shabby coat but praises your studious habits, the man who sees all the faults but whose tongue is quick to praise and slow to blame.

We like to meet a man whose smile will light up dreariness, whose voice is full of the music of the birds, whose hand-shake is an inspiration, and his "God bless you" a benediction. He makes us forget our troubles as the raven's dismal croak is forgotten when the wood thrush or the brown thrasher sings. God bless the men of cheer!

We must not expect to have success without effort; and if we sit down discouraged when the first difficulty appears, we shall surely be failures. "Cheer-up, cheer-up," as the little robin says, and go to work again. Difficulties are sent to make us strong, and there is nothing better for any one of us than to have a hard fight for success. The greatest victory in a ball game comes after the greatest battle. There is no pleasure in playing when one side wins without effort. So we will make the best of things that come to us, and bring success out of them. You know it needs both a little trouble and a little pleasure to make our lives complete, just as it needs rain and sunshine to bring a good harvest.

"There are rainy days and there are days of sunshine. Consider now. You do not keep in mind the days of sunshine as much as you do the days that are rainy. To some people, old and young, a rainy day

is a time that takes away from them all that is joyful. Some people do not know how to live in rainy days. In days of sunshine of course they are glad, just as the dog is glad when it moves out into the sunshine if the day is cold. It is more comfortable to be in the sunshine for this kind of people, than to be in the cloudy, rainy days, or in cold, sunless places. A rainy day may be enjoyed just as much as a day when the sun shines. That is, if we are wise. The rain makes everything to grow. The sun makes everything to grow also—think of plants and flowers and grass. It is much the same with people. Some people grow better in rainy days. If there were no rainy days, they would hardly be known in their real worth. Some grow better in days of sunshine. Be thankful, then, for rainy days and for the days of the sun, remembering that both have their mission to make us better and holier."

Whatever comes to us is ours to make the best of. It is sent to us to teach us a lesson. "No really good lesson ever is easily learned. But the hard lessons, when they are learned, mean far more to us than do the easy lessons, the learning of which costs us almost nothing." You can still remember some of the very hard lessons you had in school, while the easy ones have gone from your memory.

"A gentleman who visited a school for the deaf and dumb was asked by the superintendent to write a question on the blackboard, in order to test the intelligence of the children. Not being a man of ready wit, he thoughtlessly wrote down the question, 'Why is it that you are both deaf and dumb, while I can hear and speak?' A bright little fellow stepped forward, without a moment's hesitation, and wrote in reply 'Even so, Father, for so it seemeth good in Thy sight.' "

Memory Gem.

"If things don't go to suit us,
Let's never fume and fret,
For finding fault with fortune
Ne'er mended matters yet.
Make best of whate'er happens;
Bear failure like a man;
In good or evil fortune
Do just the best you can."

First Grade.

Opening exercises.
Memory gems or review of concert poems.
Singing.
Concert poem. Page 197.
Story, "The Cross Squirrel:"

"Once there was a squirrel that did not like his home, and he used to scold and find fault with everything. His father squirrel had long

gray whiskers, and so was wise—beside which he could shake his whiskers quickly. He said to the squirrel: 'My dear, as you do not like your home there are three sensible things you could do—

Leave it,
or change it,
or suit yourself to it.

Any one of these would help you in your trouble.'

But the little squirrel said, 'Oh, I do not want to do any of these; I had rather sit on the branch of a tree and scold."

'Well,' said the father squirrel, 'if you must do that, whenever you want to scold, just go out on a branch and scold away at some one you do not know.'

The little squirrel blushed so much that he became a red squirrel, and you will notice that to this day red squirrels do just that thing."

Story, "A Golden Text:"

"Elsa was trying to live just as she believed Jesus would want her to do, if she could hear him speak. She said her little prayer regularly, obeyed her mother, was kind to her baby brother, and tried very hard to think about God. Just one thing troubled her. It was the little girl next door who always made an ugly face at her when she passed her. She was a very pretty little girl, and wore lovely dresses. Elsa could not help making a face back again, she thought, though she knew the Lord Jesus would not have done so. One day she met her little neighbor on the walk, and when she frowned and pushed her lips at Elsa there was no answer on Elsa's face. That was a victory, and she told her mother about it. Can you go a little farther, Elsa," said her mother, "and *smile* when she frowns?" It was a hard thing to do, but she did not only cease to do evil, but learned to do well."

Story, "Be Cheery:"

A dear little girl, only three years old, brought out her very nicest playthings to amuse a homesick cousin. Among the rest was a little trunk with bands of silk paper for straps; but careless little Freddie tipped the lid too far back and it broke off.

He burst out with a cry of fright; but little Mamie, with her own eyes full of tears, said, "Never mind, Freddie; just see what a nice little cradle the top will make!"

Keep a happy, cheerful heart, children, and you will be like sunbeams wherever you go.—*Jewels.*

Story adapted from lesson.

Memory gem on lesson.

Second Grade.

Review of previous lesson.

Introductory talk. Page 212.

Story, "Eleanor West, Smile Specialist." Page 188.

Let the two following incidents be told by some of the children:

A heavy truck had become stalled on a car track, and the line of blocked cars was becoming longer every minute. The motormen grumbled and complained. At length one said that it would be much better to stop grumbling and let the motorman of the first car help the wagon with his car. So, pushed by the power of the electric car, and pulled by its own horses, the truck was soon off the track and homeward bound.—*Selected.*

Story, "Front Windows:"

Someone had given little Grace a cluster of blossoms, we are told. They were the first fragrant treasures of the springtime, and the child was brimming over with delight. She placed it on the window sill.

"Why don't you place your vase on the table, Grace?" some one asked. "Why do you keep it down there?"

"So that all who go by can see my flowers," answered the child, lifting a radiant little face to the questioner. "It's all cold and blowy out in the street; don't you guess it will make folks feel much gladder when they see my flowers?"—*Selected.*

Teach the following:

"If I knew that a word of mine,
  A word not kind and true,
Would leave its trace
On a loved one's face,
  I'd never speak harshly, would you?

"If I knew that the light of a smile,
  Might linger a whole day through
And lighten a heart
With a heavier part,
I'd never withhold it, would you?"

Third Grade.

Introductory talk. Page 212.

Topics for members of the class:

1. Recite the following:

Ofttimes a gloomy morning
  Precedes a sunny day;
So, without word of warning,
  Our trials slip away.
What pangs we oft have suffered
  From ills we never knew!
So never trouble trouble
  Until trouble troubles you.

2. When the Latter-day Saints were expelled from Nauvoo and had started on their great and terrible journey, Brigham Young established laws and rules for the discipline of the "Camps of Israel." State briefly the condition of the saints at this time and what importance was

given to cheerfulness, state how it was obtained and what effect it had upon the people. See History of the Church, Life of Brigham Young, Life of Heber C. Kimball, or testimony of pioneers.

3. Read Alma 50: 17-23. Review to class showing that cheerfulness is one of the blessings bestowed by the Lord on those who keep His commandments.

4. Read IV Nephi 1: 15-18. State why the Nephites were so happy.

5. To prove that the Lord blesses his people with cheerfulness read Psalms 97: 11.

Story: "Eleanor West, Smile Specialist." Page 188.

WHO WILL JOIN?

We've formed a new society—
The Order of the Smiling Face,
An honored member you may be,
For every one may have a place.

The rules say you must never let
The corners of your mouth drop down,
For by this method you may get
The habit of a sulky frown.

If playmates tease you, let your eyes
A brave and merry twinkle show,
For if the angry tears arise
They're very apt to overflow.

If you must practice for an hour,
And if it seems a long, long while,
Remember not to pout and glower
But wear a bright and cheerful smile.

The rules are simple, as you see,
Make up your mind to join today.
Put on a smile—and you will be
An active member right away.

—*Selected.*

THE SPECIALIST.

We have specialists to fix our eyes,
Our teeth and fingers, too,
And specialists who cure our ills
When we are sick and blue.
Now wouldn't it be a glorious thing,
And something well worth while,
If a specialist would come along
To teach mankind to smile?

TWO EASTER GIFTS.

The beautiful shop window was full of Easter things—furry rabbits, yellow chicks, and ducklings, and eggs—such eggs! Chocolate and sugar, big and little. Some held pictures when you looked through the end. Elsa stood with her little nose pressed against the glass, gazing at the wonders she could never have; for Elsa lived alone with her old grandpa, who kept greenhouses. He loved Elsa, but he was poor and never thought of Easter toys.

Just then Dorothy and her mother entered the big store. Elsa watched them. There was a great egg in there, so large that everybody could walk through it. It was full of colored electric lights, like fairy-land. When Dorothy came out, in her hand were two beautiful big eggs, pink and white, besides several parcels. There was a jostling crowd at the door. One of the pink-and-white eggs was pushed from Dorothy's arms when she was not looking. It rolled to Elsa's feet. Elsa quickly picked it up. It was a great temptation to this poor little girl to keep the pretty egg; but Elsa did not stop to look at it for fear she might want it more and more. She ran fast after Dorothy. "Oh, thank you!" said Dorothy. "And where are your eggs?"

"I haven't any," said little Elsa, blushing.

No eggs, and it was Easter time! Dorothy felt very sorry. She looked at her two eggs. Mother said nothing, but waited, smiling. Dorothy was thinking. How could anybody be selfish at Easter when they were remembering Jesus? "You shall have my pink one!" said Dorothy joyously.

Elsa almost cried with surprise, but she laughed instead. So two happy little girls went home, each hugging one big Easter egg. Elsa went straight to her grandfather. Except for his lovely flowers the old man almost had forgotten about Easter gifts; but he was greatly pleased with Elsa's happiness. That afternoon Dorothy's Sunday-school teacher took her to help buy Easter lilies to decorate the church. Dorothy loved to go into the damp, sweet-smelling green-houses among the ferns and blossoms. And oh, how she longed for the tall, white, beautiful lilies! They seemed like angel flowers.

Suddenly another little girl ran in. It was Elsa! "Why, grandfather," she cried to the old florist, "that's the little girl who gave me my egg!" The children nodded delightedly at each other. As Dorothy was leaving, the old man put into her arms a little red pot with the loveliest Easter lily in it! It had two flowers, and a big bud besides. "For your kindness to my little one," he said.

It was hard to tell which little girl had more happiness in her heart on the beautiful Easter Sunday morning.—*The Sunbeam.*

"WORDS ARE THINGS."

Words are not only things, but sometimes very dangerous things. They are like firearms, and should be handled very carefully. Have a care of your words, or you may hurt somebody, when you do not mean to. A man's reputation and living may depend upon his neighbor's grammar, and accusations of horrible sins may grow out of nothing but syntax.

A worthy clergyman once came near losing his "living" in this way—and a man's living is the next thing to his life. It happened thus: The minister's name was mentioned in terms of eulogy one evening at a social gathering in his parish, when a person present, a solemn-faced, waggish fellow, of convivial habits, observed that he quite agreed with the rest in their praise of the clergyman. "We have often drank brandy and water together," said he, "and I consider him one of the pleasantest fellows I ever knew."

A pretty compliment to a minister and tee-totaler! The story got to the deacons, and the deacons brought him up in church. The parson was arraigned and confronted his accuser, who declared that what he said was strictly true, but was obviously misunderstood.

"It is a solemn fact," said the witness, "that your excellent minister and myself have drank brandy and water together—but then *I* drank the *brandy,* and *he* drank the *water!*"

And that was the whole story which made so much disturbance in the parish, and had well-nigh ruined the parson.

FACE YOUR DIFFICULTIES.

Frequently it happens that, in trying to evade a difficulty, we allow it to vex and worry us when we could dispose of it altogether if we ever faced it squarely. The story a farmer tells regarding himself has a lesson for many of us.

"I had plowed around a rock in one of my fields for five years," said the farmer, "and I had broken a mowing machine knife against it, besides losing the use of the ground in which it lay, all because I supposed it was a large rock, that it would take much time and labor to remove. But today, when I began plowing for corn, I thought that, by and by, I might break my cultivator against that rock; so I took a crow-bar, intending to poke around it, and find out its size once for all. And it was one of the surprises of my life to find that it was little more than two feet long. It was standing on the edge, and so light that I could lift it into the wagon without help."

WHAT THE DOCTOR SAID.

A recent book tells of a lady who came to New York from a distant city to consult a famous physician. She had worried herself to the verge of nervous prostration:

She gave the doctor a list of her symptoms, and answered his questions, only to be astonished at his brief prescription at the end: "Madam, what you need is to read your Bible more."

"But, doctor," began the bewildered patient.

"Go home and read your Bible an hour a day," the great man reiterated, with kindly authority, "then come back to me a month from today." And he bowed her out without a possibility of further protest.

At first the patient was inclined to be angry. Then she reflected that at least the prescription was not an expensive one. Besides, it certainly had been a long time since she had read the Bible regularly, she reflected with a pang of conscience. Worldly cares had crowded out prayer and Bible study for years, and, though she would have resented being called an irreligious woman, she had undoubtedly become a most careless Christian. She went home and set herself conscientiously to try the physician's remedy.

In one month she went back to his office.

"Well," he said, smiling, as he looked at her face, "I see you are an obedient patient, and have taken my prescriptoin faithfully. Do you feel as if you needed any other medicine now?"

"No, doctor, I don't," she said, honestly. "I feel like a different person; but how did you know that was just what I needed?"

For answer the famous physician turned to his desk. There, worn and marked, lay an open Bible. "Madam," he said, with deep earnestness, "if I were to omit my daily readings of this book I should lose my great source of strength and skill. I never go to an operation without reading my Bible. I never attend a distressing case without finding help in its pages. Your case called not for medicine, but for sources of peace and strength outside your own mind, and I showed you my own prescription, and I knew it would cure."

"Yet, I confess, doctor," said his patient, "that I came very near not taking it."

"Very few are willing to take it, I find," said the physician, smiling again. "But there are many, many cases in my practice where it could work wonders, if they would only take it."

This is a true story. The doctor died only a little while ago, but his prescription remains. It will do no one any harm to try it.

51. CHRIST SENDETH OUT SEVENTY TWO BY TWO
St. Luke x. 1.

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"After these things the Lord appointed other seventy also, and sent them two and two."

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HOMELY HANNAH.

Bang! The hand mirror was thrown angrily aside, and the weeping girl turned her face to the wall saying, "I'll be homely Hannah to the end of the chapter no matter what I do. I might as well make up my mind to that first as last."

"Dinner!" called cousin Amelia from the hall below and Hannah rose promptly to wash her face. With all her woes she could never withstand Cousin Amelia's good dinners. Cousin Amelia was a distant relative who had had charge of Hannah nearly every moment of the thirteen years of her life, and a more indulgent, loving old soul never existed. She was too near-sighted to see the traces of tears on the girl's cheeks many times but she saw that her charge never lacked good clothes and plenty of delicious food. As for care, the verdict of the neighborhood was that a more spoiled girl never drew breath than Hannah Layton.

It would have been odd if Hannah had not been spoiled but in the main she was a dear, sweet girl. If she wept in private over her homely face and figure too heavy to be graceful, Cousin Amelia knew nothing of it, and the reports of the neighbors and their advice did not trouble her. "She can only be a girl once," she was wont to say, placidly, and then drop the subject. If she had realized how many "beauty lotions" her young relative smuggled into her chamber, she might have been worried, for the good lady had all the horror of a physician's daughter when it came to drugs.

"Have some of the pudding, dear," said Cousin Amelia, pressing upon Hannah a heavy, rich sweet. "I made it on purpose for you."

"Cousin Amelia," said Hannah, suddenly over her second helping of pudding, "Mrs. Croft told me if I would take more exercise I would lose some of my extra flesh. I'm getting uncomfortably heavy, so I think I'll try that."

"Do as you like, my child," said the artful Miss Amelia, "but I'm afraid you'll regret it. For my part, I'd rather be a trifle heavy than to have feet like the Croft girls. Nothing in the world but the rough games they play and their long tramps makes their feet so unladylike."

Being unladylike was the deadliest sin in the mind of Miss Amelia, who was of the old school, and despised exercise.

Hannah thought of the shoes with inch-thick soles the Croft girls conspicuously wore on their large feet, and sighed. She looked down at her shapely little feet in shoes with French heels, and her cousin heard no more about long walks. Number three shoes with French heels are absurd for a girl more than five feet-seven, but Hannah knew nothing of that. She had been brought up to look upon large feet as vulgar, and the only thought that consoled her when life became almost unbearable because of the breaking out on her face, was the fact that her tiny extremities were the envy of all the girls in her set, except the Crofts, who boasted of their comfortable shoes.

After dinner Hannah reclined on the lounge in the sitting room with a box of chocolates at her elbow, and once more thought of her bitter fate. To get fat like old Mrs. Forrest who had to be given a chair at church because she could not sit on a bench seemed terrible, but, on the other hand, she could not afford to ruin her one beauty by taking walks and playing tennis. Surely life held grave problems.

"Cousin Laura is very ill, and wants me to come at once," said Cousin Amelia, breaking in on her cousin's bitter reverie. "Do you care to go along?"

"No, I believe I'll go to Aunt Mary's," said Hannah, without much excitement. Cousin Laura was apt to send for her relatives every few weeks on the pretext that she was dying, so her telegram caused no great stir in the various households. In fact, Miss Amelia had been expecting such a summons, and was able to complete her preparations in a few minutes. If school had been in session, the faithful maid-of-all-work would have conducted the household without a break in the management, but she had been away for some time, so leaving Hannah alone was out of the question. For years they had said Hannah ought to visit Aunt Mary, a half sister of her dead mother, but the indolent girl had never been in the humble home of her relative.

"It will only be for a week or two," said Cousin Amelia making preparations to dispose of the family cat and the canary during their absence. "Laura will be all right in a few days, but she will want me to make her a visit while I'm there."

"Is it really Hannah?' asked the little woman in rusty black looking at the tall girl who walked into the little sitting room and told the story of her presence in the village. "My dear child,I thought you would never come to see me. I know I'm poor, but I have so longed to see dear Edith's daughter." Miss Amelia had always said it was vulgar to show one's feelings but Hannah found herself enjoying the feel of the rusty arms about her neck and mingled her tears with those of her aunt.

"I—I guess it's only carelessness, Auntie," she hastened to assure the weeping woman. "I'll make you twice glad now that I'm here, as old Mrs. Parker used to say."

"I'm once glad anyway," said Mrs. Randall, wiping away her tears. "The children will be so glad to see you. You'll excuse me a few minutes, won't you dear? I must see about dinner."

Hannah had always heard that her aunt was in humble circumstances, but she knew nothing of the straits to which the poor woman had been subjected. She was a widow who managed to keep her family together by means of sewing, some chickens, and a good garden helped out by a fine Jersey cow. She was surprised to see the frugal meal on the table but supposed her aunt had not time to prepare anything extra.

"I am so sorry we have no meat, Hannah," said Mrs. Randall in distress. Our town has not a daily market, and when we can get meat it is apt to be the poorer pieces from the city markets. If I had only known you were coming we might have had a chicken."

"You must not worry about me," said Hannah wondering in her heart how she could exist even a week without the gravies and tender meats her aunt served daily. "These peas are the best I ever ate."

"Come with us, Cousin Hannah," begged the children that evening. "We are going to take the cow to the pasture and mama always goes with us."

"I have to stay in the house so close," explained Mrs. Randall, "that I must have some exercise, so I go with the children at twilight when it is too early to light the lamp. You'd better not go this evening, Hannah, for it is a long walk."

"Indeed I will," said [illegible] quite a fancy to this brave little woman and determined to enter into her daily life during her brief visit with all her heart. "I can walk anywhere you can."

"What beautiful feet!" said little barefoot Helen Randall in open admiration. "I never saw such lovely shoes."

The lovely shoes made Hannah very tired before she got back to the cottage but she said nothing to her aunt. "Before to-morrow night I'll have a pair of stout boots if there's a store in this town," she determined as she lay down in the bare little guest chamber to sleep that night. That cow path is as rough and stony as anything."

"These all you have?" said Hannah with disgust in her tone as she looked over the entire stock in the village store. "Well, I suppose I'll have to take this pair," and she indicated a sturdy pair of boots with soles and heels that made her shudder. Put her aristocratic tiny feet into those monstrosities! Terrible! And yet, Aunt Mary was eagerly planning supper by the river, and that meant a walk of two miles there and back. She could not understand why her relatives found such pleasure in walking, but she must do or die.

"Let me pack the lunch, Auntie," said Hannah when a fussy old lady threatened to spoil the picnic by endlessly talking about some sewing. "I can do it just as well as not."

Through the mind of the young girl floated visions of the last picnic she and the girls of her crowd had attended just the week be-

fore, as she made ready the viands half prepared by Mrs. Randall. Then they had had cold chicken, lobster, heated over the camp fire and placed in delicate patty shells, olives, sandwiches, ice cream, three kinds of cake, jellies, wafers, fruit and other dainties from the hands of good cooks and the city market. As she packed the bread and butter, radishes, potato salad, chicken, cookies and early harvest apples from the tree in the front yard, a few tears fell from her eyes at the thought of the bitter poverty of the home. She determined to spend her allowance for candy to help out the abundant, and yet meager, lunch.

"I never enjoyed a picnic supper so much in my life," said Hannah, as she took the third slice of bread and butter under the big maple tree that evening, and her praise was sincere. The hearty exercise, the fresh air, the games she had played with the three children, all combined to give her an appetite that frightened her. Why had she never known how good crisp radishes were and how could ice cream and cake compare with juicy apples and the wild raspberries the children brought in on long shining grasses.

"I've been so worried about you,Hannah," admitted her aunt, "but I see you do enjoy our plain food. Cousin Amelia is such a good cook that I feared you might suffer at our plain table. Do you really feel as well as you look?"

"I'll answer that question tomorrow by helping you with the washing, Auntie," said Hannah heartily. "I'm not going to be a burden to you all the time I'm here."

"My dear child! I can not allow that," said Mrs. Randall in dismay, but her niece had her way and was out of bed at sunrise the next morning for almost the first time in her life. She had shrewdly suspected that Mrs. Randall would try to outwit her and determined to be on hand early.

By the time the last piece was drying in the hot sunshine Hannah had a pain in her back, but not for worlds would she have confessed it. She helped prepare the dinner of fresh vegetables, with apple dumplings for dessert, and then sat down to do some plain work about her aunt's sewing. To the best of her ability she determined to help the struggling woman and was planning to use her allowance for that purpose when she went home. It was very hard to offer money to this brave, cheery soul, so Hannah thought it best to send something when she was once more with Cousin Amelia, to lighten the burden of clothing the three active children.

Cousin Laura proved to be really and truly ill for once, and Miss Amelia wrote to her relative to join her if she could not stand the children at her aunt's any longer. Hannah replied that she was doing very well and at once went to work to assist Aunt Mary with the work of canning and getting the winter wardrobe in shape.

"You'll have to keep me another month, I guess," said Hannah joyfully as she read a letter from her aunt. "Cousin Laura is slowly getting better but can not be left alone, and our girl has not come home

yet. Cousin Amelia says it will not hurt me to miss one month of school and I'm glad she thinks so, for I'm not ready to go home."

To the great surprise of the girl Mrs. Randall buried her face in the flannel petticoat she was making for her daughter and wept as if her heart would break. "What is the matter?" asked Hannah in alarm. "Don't you want me to stay?"

"I'm just scared to death about you," wailed Mrs. Randall. "When you came you were so round and rosy and now you're as thin as can be. And you're just ruining your complexion in the sun in spite—"

"Thin? It can't be possible!" cried Hannah looking about for a mirror. "It's too good to be true." she gasped as she hastily arranged the old fashioned looking glass in the way her aunt did for customers to see their new clothes. "Auntie! This is the happiest moment of my life. I've shed an ocean of tears over being fat and now I'm thin without knowing it. Where are those horrid sores I used to have? No indeed! These are freckles on my nose and don't count. My complexion ruined! I'm satisfied if it is,' and she smiled at the slender maiden whose bright face peered out at her from the dusky corner. "Are there any scales in this town? I want to get weighed at once."

"Hannah!" said Miss Amelia with as near an approach to excitement as she ever permitted herself to indulge in when at last her niece went home. "Dear child! What have you been doing? You are positively handsome and so graceful and slender. I can not believe my eyes. I beg your pardon, dear, but when you went away, I was afraid you were getting rather too heavy for beauty."

"I've been living, Cousin Amelia," said Hannah heartily. "I'm glad you think I am not as homely as I was, and if I have made any improvement, I owe it to the plain food and good exercise I've been ejoying. Do you see my new shoes? I may, on state occasions, put on French heels again, but I doubt it. I've washed and cooked and churned and canned and walked and baked and ironed and—"

"Dreadful!" gasped Miss Amelia with a feeble motion of her white hand. "But, I must say, it has done wonders for you."

BE CAREFUL.

It's easy enough to get into trouble,
And it's hard enough to get out,
So the safest way for you and me,
Is to avoid the doubtful things we see,
And mind what we're about.

A HERO OF THE TENEMENTS.

"Whew, but it's cold!' muttered Mat, as he jumped up and down at the corner of the street. The wide, rickety boards of the sidewalk, covered white with frost, creaked sharply, with every movement of his feet.

"Morning papers!" shouted Mat.

It was too early for very many people to be astir. Across the street the sidewalk was squeaking under the clumsy shoes of a night messenger-boy upon his way home.

"Hello, Billy!" Mat accosted.

"Hello, Mat! How's the family?" returned Billy. "Come over here."

Mat ran across the street, and landed with a bound upon the walk beside his friend, the night messenger.

"They're all right as long as it's Summer," answered the newsboy. "But this morning Heddy is worse, cause it's cold-d-d."

"I have found a chance for you, Mat," continued Billy. "They want an office-boy on Fourth avenue. I saw the sign in the window this morning. Come along, and see it."

The boys walked along the street for a little distance, then turning a corner into Fourth avenue.

"Here's the sign," said the messenger-boy.

" 'Boy wanted for lawyer's office. Must have good recommendations. Apply in person Tuesday morning."

"No there is no chance for me. Don't you see, it says you've got to have recommends—and where could I get any?"

"That's so," assented the other; "didn't think of that."

During the day Mat thought about his "chance." It would do no harm to try, anyway. So the next morning he presented himself at the office of one of the prominent lawyers of the city.

Mat had not always lived in America. A few years before he had come from across the rolling Atlantic, with his parents and his baby sister Hedwig, a wee sweet-faced cripple. This little family was just beginning to get accustomed to the new life when misfortune, hard and sudden, came to it. The father became stricken with a mysterious disease, and died. The poor mother, now postrated with grief, longed for the dear old rural home in her native land. Here she was in a strange country, with few friends and a family for which she must provide. What could she do? Mat, however, came manfully to the front and showed that he was born of sturdy stock. He realized that he must now take his place at the head of the house. Leaving his school, which he loved more than he chose to confess, and in which he was forging to the head of his class, he went upon the streets as a newsboy.

For several years Mat's family prospered very well. The mother was able to earn a good deal by her needle, and Mat helped out with the pennies which he gained by selling papers. All the other boys of the streets, whether newsboys or messengers, whenever they became acquainted with Mat, liked him. He was "straight goods,' as they put it, and never sold papers on the street corners already occupied by other boys. He was good to the little weak newsboys, too.

From his parents he had received careful instruction in the Bible, and in a bright little mission Sunday school within two blocks of his new home in the American city he was a constant attendant. In the Sunday school class were boys whom he had met upon the streets selling papers, and whom he had invited to come to the mission.

But a time came when the mother's eyes already weakened by too close work with the needle, gave out completely, and she found that she could make no more garments for the big wholesale clothing house which employed her. This had happened but a short time before that morning upon which Mat was shown the sign in the lawyer's office.

Mat walked bravely into the room, and met the gaze of the great lawyer, who was seated at a desk covered with papers.

"Well, what is your name?' asked the lawyer briskly.

"Matthias Boeskey, sir. They call me 'Mat' for short."

"What recommendation have you?"

"None, sir; but I thought that maybe you'd take me without any," faltered Mat, his throat choking up with some sort of a lump which he could not swallow.

"Without any!" exclaimed the lawyer, as his keen, searching eyes wandered over Mat from head to foot, making the boy plainly conscious of his shabby and ill-fitting clothes, his grimy, chapped hands and tattered shoes.

For a moment Mat wavered under the attack of those critical eyes, and was just upon the point of fleeing from the room, when a picture of his mother as she had vainly tried to patch his trousers the night before appeared to him, and made him straighten up, and feel once more like a man.

"Well, what have you to say for yourself?" the lawyer asked abruptly. "What made you think that I would take you without recommendations?"

"Well, sir, it's just this way," answered Mat in an honest and open manner, "Billy, my chum, was kind enough to tell me about this place. I know it isn't business to take a fellow without recommends; hope you'll give me a chance, and I'll make a big try to suit you. There's a lot depending on me, and I couldn't afford to do poor work for anybody. You see, since father died, I'm the main fellow at our house. I sell papers, but as long as I've got to buy better stuff for my little sister Heddy to eat, I can't depend on that sort of work. I've got to hustle now more'n ever, 'cause mother's eyes have given out. I didn't want to let any chance slip by to get work; so I came here."

There was silence in the comfortable office. The lawyer had turned away, and was looking out of the window with a far away expression in his eyes. He was thinking of the time, many years before, when he himself was a boy with a future scarcely less discouraging than that of this ragged, anxious-looking lad. Perhaps he was thinking also of the kind old gentleman who had given him a start when no one else would notice him. At any rate, he suddenly aroused himself and looking at Mat with eyes altogether softened: "Where did you say you live?" he asked; and as the boy told him he wrote the address in a note-book, adding aloud: "Come to-morrow at this time, and I'll let you know."

"Charles,' said the lawyer to his clerk, "did you notice the little fellow who claimed that he had a family to support?"

"Yes, sir," answered Charles.

"I want you to go to his home, and find out whether he told us the truth. Inquire of his neighbors—any way to find out. Here is his address."

A street car ride of twenty minutes took Charles to the poor tenement district where Mat, the newsboy, lived with his mother and sister.

"Will you tell me, please, whether a boy by the name of Matthias lives, with his mother and crippled sister, next door to you?" asked Charles of a pleasant-faced old woman who had answered his knock.

"Yes, he does; and right good boy he is, as everybody will tell you," answered the woman. "He reminds me every day of my own son who got lost at sea. I tell you there never was a better son nor—"

But just at this minute Charles caught sight of Mat carrying home a little basket of coal for his "family," and not wishing to be noticed by the boy, he started up the street, leaving the good old mother still speaking her praises of Mat and her own dead sailor-boy. Charles immediately turned back, however, and stood by a street corner near at hand. Presently he saw Mat come out upon the street drawing, in a shaky little cart his invalid sister. The wind blew cold, and yet the sun was bright and warm, and no doubt Mat thought that this would be one of the last chances for "Heddy" to enjoy the out-of-doors. He made his way directly toward Charles.

"I'm getting cold," the lawyer's clerk heard the little girl complain.

"Oh, well, I'll fix that," assured Mat. Whereupon he whisked off his coat, and wrapped it about the tiny shoulders of his passenger.

"That boy is all right," thought Charles, as he started for the nearest street car.

When he returned to the office he told his employer all that he had seen and heard.

When Mat left the office of the great lawyer that Tuesday morning it was with a mingled feeling of hope and despair. During all the long night he tossed restless upon his bed.

"Things are going to pick up, mamma, just you see; for you must remember that I am a man now."

His mother looked down at him with love and pride revealed in her face, though she found it hard to hide her anxiety.

"I must get that place," he vowed to himself as he sped away.

At the hour mentioned by the lawyer Mat stood waiting to be called into the private room. Three or four other boys were already there, but they were dismissed, and Mat again stood before the lawyer.

"This is Matthias Boeskay, is it? Well, we've decided that you are the boy we want for the place. No, no—never mind about thanking me. All we want is good service. See if the suit over there on the chair fits you. That all comes with the position, you know. I have also made arrangement with Doctor Warwick, of the Medical Institute; you are to meet him at his office this morning to talk about your sister. He is a good man, and will help her, if anybody can. I will tell you later what your duties in this office will be."

With his eyes radiant, Mat listened to the words. During all that day, while he was becoming accustomed to his new duties, he could hardly keep from shouting. For had not Doctor Warwick told him he thought he could cure Heddy? She was going to get stronger each day, he knew, for he was now able to buy for her everything in the world that she needed.

And that night God heard from the lips of Mat and his family the thanks which the lawyer had not taken for himself—*Boy's World.*

TOM HARWOOD'S PULL.

Mr. Norman frowned slightly as he looked up from a pile of papers before him. He was unusually busy this morning and the interruption of the caller ruffled him.

"Nothing," he said shortly.

The boy's honest, square face flushed under the curtness of the man's answer to his application for employment. For a moment his mouth tightened, but he only said, pleasantly:

"All right sir, I'm sorry I bothered you."

Mr. Norman followed the retreating figure of the boy with his eyes. A smile quickly replaced the frown of impatience on his brow. He had been raised on a farm himself, and he recognized in the broad shouldered, the gait, and large muscular hands one who had been accustomed to following the plow and handling the hoe.

"Come back a minute," he called to the boy as he was passing through the doorway. "I want to speak with you."

The applicant returned and stood respectfully before Mr. Norman. After scrutinizing the brown, healthy countenance of the boy, he asked, "What kind of work can you do?"

"I am looking for an office job," replied the caller. "But I've been brought up on a farm and can do almost anything I put my hand to ."

"Why did you leave the farm?"

"My parents died and the farm went to make good a security debt."

"I want someone to mow my lawn and fix up things about my place," said Mr. Norman. "If you are not above doing this work, I can give you employment for a few weeks till I find a man for the place. Do you care to try this?"

"Is isn't just the job I'm looking for," said the boy, smiling, "But I will do any honorable work till I get a start."

"Very well." The man wrote an address on the back of a business card and handed it to the boy. "Be promptly on hand at seven-thirty tomorrow morning. What's your name?"

"Tom Harwood," he answered. "I'll be on hand at the time appointed, sir," and Tom put the card into his pocket and left the office.

Mr. Norman immediately plunged into his papers and straightway dismissed Tom Harwood from his mind. Nor did he recall the boy, until next morning, when a servant knocked at his bedroom door, and told him a boy was waiting in the garden to see him. Looking at his watch, Mr. Norman noted that it was exactly half-past seven. Tom's promptness pleased him, and calling to the servant he said: "Give the boy breakfast, and tell him I'll be down as soon as I finish dressing."

A message by telephone summoned Mr. Norman up to the office so quickly that he had little time to give Tom suitable directions for doing the work for which he had been engaged.

"You may mow the lawn, trim the vine, and cut off the broken branch of that pear tree in the garden," he briefly outlined. "Do the work as you would for yourself. When I was a boy farmer lads had common sense. You look as if you had your share."

Tom smiled as he oiled the lawn mower, but it was a smile of determination to do his work faithfully and well and preserve the reputation of the class where his employer had placed him.

As the little machine, guided by Tom's strong hand, was clicking merrily over the neglected lawn, a tall, slender youth about Tom's age came out of the house, and sauntering indolently forward introduced himself in this strain: "Hard at work, aren't you? Mr. Norman asked me if I'd do this job for him, but I told him it wasn't in my line. If I can't get the job I want, I'll go home. You don't catch me doing such tough old jobs as this when I know I am cut out for better things. It may be all right for you. You were raised on the farm, I guess, judging by your rough hands. I wasn't. My name is Ellis Datman, and my father was Mr. Norman's college chum. So you see I have a pull with Mr. Norman. Father sent me up here to get a position in Mr. Norman's bank. I have a diploma from a business school, and I'm waiting for an opening. Mr. Norman has invited me to spend several weeks at his home, so he can put me in his office if a vacancy occurs. Do you like this work?"

"I don't object to it," said Tom, noting the soft white hands of young Datman. Then with a smile: "A fellow has to have bread and butter, you know."

"Yes, but strawberry shortcake and ice cream is more to my taste," observed Ellis Datman. Then he tried to persuade Tom to drop his work for a half-hour and go with him over to a new skating rink

that had just been opened for the amusement of the young people of the city. But Tom refused, saying: "No; my time is not my own. It belongs to Mr. Norman now."

"You can finish it before he gets back from the bank. Better come on. The proprietor of the rink is a fine young man. Maybe you can get a job over there, looking after the roller skates. I was talking to him yesterday, and he said he'd pay good wages to a strong boy to assist him."

"I'll see him this evening about the position," returned Tom, going on with the work.

Ellis Datman, whistling a rag-time air, walked away down the street.

That evening, after Mr. Norman had returned from the bank, he held another interview with Tom. He smiled his approval as the boy indicated what he had done. The "common sense" which the helper had been accredited was evidenced in the work already accomplished.

"I bought the place last February and it has been much neglected," remarked Mr. Norman. "You see the lawn and the shrubs are in a very bad condition. The lawn is full of weeds and you can't get rid of them."

"Dig them up by the roots," said Tom. "That's the only way to get shut of them."

"It would take all summer by that method," said the owner, measuring the lawn doubtfully with his eye.

"I could do it in three days, I believe," said Tom, looking critically across the green grass.

"Take a week for it, my boy, and you'll earn every cent of your pay," returned Mr. Norman, laughing. "There's a small room with a cot bed in it over the stable. It will be vacant till I find a permanent man. Do you want to use it?"

"Yes. Mr. Norman, I should thank you for letting me," said Tom, his face brightening.

During the next two weeks Tom Harwood worked away diligently. He dug up the last of the weeds reducing the lawn to the smoothness of beautiful green plush. In the intervals of his regular duties, he assisted the cook, and looked after Mr. Norman's two children, Abner, five years old, and little Winnie, only three and a half. In this way he made himself very useful to Mrs. Norman, whose nurse girl was absent caring for a sick mother. At first young Datman was inclined to patronize Tom, but when he discovered that it was impossible to induce "the boy from the hayseed district," as he designated Mr. Norman's helper, to accompany him to the cheap "shows" and other amusements of the city, he abandoned Tom as a hopeless case.

Every afternoon Tom used his leisure time in looking for other work, and when he returned the gravity of his face revealed the poor success of his quest. He was thankful for the little room over the stable and the work provided him by Mr. Norman. But his ambition reached away after other things.

One evening Mr. Norman called Tom to the rustic seat where he was resting after a very hard day at the bank. "Well, Tom," he began, "I have at last found a suitable gardener. Your work for me has been entirely satisfactory, but I know you do not care for the place as a permanent one. You are looking for something different. The new man cannot come till a week from Friday. I hope I can depend upon you till then, Tom."

"You can, sir," Tom answered. His voice was steady, and only a peculiar twitching at the corners of his mouth betrayed the sinking which he felt in his heart. But Mr. Norman did not note this.

"I have decided to let you go on and lay out the croquet ground I mentioned to you last Saturday," said his employer. "It is a rough piece of ground, but I think you can smooth it down and have it finished before the new man gets here."

"I think I can," replied Tom, simply. Mr. Norman never dreamed that the boy standing before him was at that very moment wrestling with a problem far more difficult than the laying out of a croquet ground.

Four days later Mr. Norman was detained in the city beyond his regular time for returning. As he took one of the front seats in a car going toward his home, a man who occupied a seat directly behind him touched him on the arm, saying:

"Hello, Norman! How are you?"

"Hello, Davis; Is that you?" asked Mr. Norman, recognizing a business friend. "Glad to see you."

"I thought of telephoning you about that boy who is working for you," said Mr. Davis.

"Tom Harwood?"

"Yes; how is he? Steady and honest?"

"As steady as a clock, and is very sensible and care-taking. My wife and little tots think him perfection. I believe he is a fine lad, but he's spoiling himself by thinking he must get an office job."

"Yes; I liked his manners so well—gentlemanly and straightforward—that I offered him a place in my office."

"You did?"

"Yes. He came to me yesterday and applied for a position. I told him if he could report this morning he could come on. But he said he could not quit your service for several days yet, as he had promised you to stay and work till your permanent man came. One of my clerks was sick and I needed a hand right away, so I took one on Noble's recommendations. I told the boy at your place that he was foolish not to come to me when he had the chance of a good position, but he said he had made arrangements with you to stay, and I couldn't change him."

Mr. Norman made no comment on the story told by his friend, and they rode in silence till Mr. Davis rose to leave the car.

"I thought you'd like to hear about the boy," he said, as Mr. Norman bade him good night.

"Thank you. I'm glad you told me."

Arrived at home, Mr. Norman went immediately to the little room over the stable. A light shone through the door open to admit the air, for the night was close. Tom, with his coat off was sitting before a little table poring over a book.

As soon as Tom became aware of his visitor's presence, he jumped up, his face blushing like a girl's.

"Higher Algebra!" exclaimed his caller, reading the title of Tom's book. "What does this mean?"

"Well," began Tom, regaining his composure somewhat, "you see, I had to quit school for work. So I am trying to teach myself a little every evening."

"That is all right." He looked at the boy kindly. "Tom, when you finish the croquet ground there will be a place for you in my office." He was about to add something about the value of trustworthiness, but was checked by the manner in which Tom was taking the good news. He had laid his head down upon the table and was sobbing.

"I don't know what ails me," he apologized, recovering himself. "I think I must have been dreading going through what I did before."

"Not very pleasant, was it?" said Mr. Norman, smiling through a mist that had gathered in his own eyes.

"It might have been worse," returned Tom, wiping his eyes and looking ashamed of his emotion. "I got down to just one meal a day, and out at Woodvale we had three."

"Woodvale!" repeated Mr. Norman, surprise in his tone. "I was a Woodvale lad myself."

"Yes, I knew," said Tom. "That's why I came to you first.

"Are you related in any way to Dan Harwood?" asked Mr. Norman, eagerly.

"He was my father," Tom answered, simply.

The man took a step forward and put his hand kindly on Tom's shoulder. "Dan Harwood and I went swimming and hunting together when boys, and many a fine romp we had on your grandfather's farm. Why didn't you tell me you were Dan's son, Tom?"

"I didn't want you to give me a position because I was *his* son. I wanted to get one on my own account," answered the boy, meeting bravely the kind eyes of his employer.

"Dan's own spirit," said Mr. Norman, softly. "Well, Tom, my lad, you have won a place on your own account."

A year later when Ellis Datman was discussing with his parents the rapid promotion of Tom Harwood in Mr. Norman's business, he said: "That fellow had a big pull with Mr. Norman. His father and the banker were great chums when they were boys together at Woodvale. Harwood put Norman on his feet once, when he got into some trouble. So you see Tom had a great pull."

It was a pull, but not as young Datman defined it. Tom's pull consisted of integrity and pluck, which are sure to pave the way to success.—*Selected.*

ONE DAY'S RECORD

It seemed as if there had never been so many dishes to wash, and the stuffy little kitchen was warm and close. Marian Wilcox stood by the heavily loaded table, and sighed dismally at the task before her.

"I might as well begin; the pile will not grow smaller by looking at it," and Marian resolutely sorted out the glasses and put them in a pan by themselves.

She turned to the window, and tried to push it up a trifle farther, to see if a breeze could not be enticed into the warm room; but it stuck, and no amount of effort on Marian's part could move it.

"I wish I had the strength of a Hercules, but if I had, I wouldn't be here! How glorious it would be," this aloud, "to be able to do things like other folks—to accomplish something!"

Marian rested her hand on the window sill, and looked out over the meadow to the hills beyond, nestling softly against the sky. Just over the hills—somewhere, it seemed to her, lay Opportunity, a world far remote from the humdrum daily existence she was forced by circumstances to endure.

"Here I have no chance, no opportunity for doing anything noble, or even ordinary. Who ever heard of a heroine with her hands in the dishwater, or hanging out clothes, or holding a broom! And I would like to do so much—but what can I do here?"

Marian stepped to the stove for a kettle of boiling water.

"If only I had a chance to do something I would be careful not to let it slip by unimproved. But then, To Be and To Do never call at a place like this," and her eyes, after a sweep around the low-posted, narrow kitchen, rested for a moment on the fields without, before she finished her work.

"How wrongly she interpets the being and the doing," thought Mrs. Wilcox, anxiously, from the next room, where she stood starching some clothes for the forenoon's ironing. "She fails so woefully to see that the opportunities she longs for are all about her; that the one who does the homely duties cheerfully, uncomplainingly, is truly a doer of great things, with a life enriched thereby."

She smoothed out on the table, with her reddened hands, a baby garment, and stepped to the kitchen for an iron.

"Marian doesn't realize what she might be to us all, if she would," resumed Mrs. Wilcox, softly closing the door; "how her world of opportunity is right at home! It's a lesson hard to master; I'm about discouraged over Marian's ever learning it."

Only the rubbing of the iron broke the silence. At length, Mrs. Wilcox's face appeared less troubled.

"It may do some good—to see in black and white the little chances for helpfulness neglected," and Mrs. Wilcox folded up her ironing sheet, and laid it away in the closet.

Whether there were more demands made of Marian that day or not, one had no means of knowing, but it seemed to her mother that Marian had, since morning, more opportunities "to do and be" than she had ever noticed before. Perhaps it was from the fact of her keeping record.

"I've been thinking all day, mother," it was after supper dishes had been put away, and Mrs. Wilcox and her daughter were on the little vine-covered verenda, enjoying the cool of the evening, "how some folks are completely cut off from a single chance of doing anything—anything helpful or influential, I mean. I did not realize it before I went away; that some girls have such splendid opportunities for doing things.

"I was introduced to Belle Morris while at Aunt Mary's, and I learned so much about her life—her hospital work, and so many lovely things she was doing; and other girls, too. I've been comparing my life with theirs, and my opportunities, and there isn't a thing that I can do here, so far from everybody—no one!"

An expression of doubt overspread Mrs. Wilcox's face.

"Wait a minute, dear. I'll be back in just a minute," and her mother went into the warm little sitting room.

"I would be so happy," continued Marian, on her mother's return, "could I do something, no matter how trifling, for someone. But I can't make opportunities!"

"Do you have to, dear? Is there any need, when you lose so many?"

"Lose them! Why, I never have them; that's where the trouble lies."

Mrs. Wilcox unfolded a bit of paper she held in her hand.

"Would you like, dear, to hear a record—a record of one day only?" and her eyes, filled with mother love, met those of her daughter.

"I don't understand," replied Marian.

"But you will, dear," and Mrs. Wilcox slowly read the one day's record. "Neglected to begin the day with a cheerful, thankful spirit—a duty to herself. Neglected to write out a receipt for Mrs. Hollis when she had trudged all the way over here in the heat."

"But I said I would later, before she needs it," interrupted Marian.

"Neglected to arrange grandmother's hair," not heeding the interruption. "Neglected to write the letter for father, about the new horse rake. Refused, because it was so hot, to carry the papers down to old Mrs. Newcomb; and she depends on them so much for company. Neglected to help Ralph with his algebra, when she knew she could so easily give the desired aid. Neglected to do an errand for Aunt Louise. Refused.

"To recognize her opportunities, at the same time making herself miserable because she didn't have any," hastily interrupted Marian. "And all of them opportunities of but a day. Have I missed so many? Why didn't you tell me?"—*Well Spring.*

CLIP.

Clip was a farmer's dog, and once a week his harness was put upon him and he was expected to help the farmer's wife with the churning. How he hated churning day, and what tricks he would play upon his mistress in order to get rid of the disagreeable task! But when his master prepared to go hunting he was a different dog. He could hardly wait till the woods were reached, and when there he would run and scamper all day without a whimper. What made the difference? He loved hunting and he hated churning.

In order to be happy in our work and to do it well we must learn to love it. Clip could not understand that butter-making was a useful and honorable task, and that the comfort and happiness of the family depended in a certain degree upon his faithfulness, but we can understand this when we have a piece of uncongenial work to do. Washing dishes, sweeping floors, taking care of little brothers or sisters, or going on errands is not as pleasant to most boys and girls as running and playing in the open air or reading a good book, but that is no reason why we should be like the farmer's dog and try to shirk out of everything we do not enjoy doing.

The Youth's Evangelist tells the story of a Number One Boy:

"'He's a Number One Boy,' said his grandmother, proudly. 'He would rather read than play, and that is saying a good deal for a boy of seven.'

"'It is, certainly,' returned Uncle John, 'but what a pity it is that he is blind.'

"Why, John! what put that into your head?' asked grandmother, looking perplexed.

"'Why, the Number One Boy himself,' said Uncle John. 'He has been occupying the one easy chair in the room all the afternoon, never seeing you or his mother when she came in for a few minutes' rest. Then when your glasses were mislaid,and you had to climb upstairs two or three times to look for them, he neither saw nor heard anything that was going on.'

"'Oh, he is so busy reading!' apologized grandmother."

I wonder if any of our Primary boys and girls are as blind as this.

Officers' Department.

Special Notice.

The Children's Friend will not be issued next month. The July number will be delayed to enable us to get the full proceedings of the annual convention which is to be held on the 12th, 13th, 14th of June. The July and August numbers will be printed at the same time, so that the next issue will be a double one.

TALKS FOR STAKE CONVENTIONS.

References that may be used in the preparation of talks to be given in Stake Conventions by Stake Officers:

"The Value of Child Study to Parents and Teachers." *The Children's Friend,* Vol. one, Page 186; Vol. two, Pages 157, 234, 260, 339; Vol. five, Page 301; Vol. six, Page 341.

"The Value of Environment in the Spiritual Education of Children." *The Children's Friend,* Vol. one, Pages 82, 245; Vol. two, Pages 29, 112, 117, 235, 378, 420, 459; Vol. three, Pages 40, 174; Vol. six, Page 299.

Character and Self Help, by Smiles; *Everyday Living* by Annie Payson Call. Officers' Papers in Vol. seven.

The Children's Friend will not be sent out next month. A double number will come to you in July.

WORK.

"If little things that God has made
  Are useful in their kind,
Oh, let us learn a simple truth,
  And bear it in our mind,—
That every child may praise Him,
  However weak and small;
Let each with joy remember this—
  That God has work for all.

"One gentle word that I may speak,
  Or one kind, loving deed,
May, though a trifle, poor and weak,
  Prove like a tiny seed;
And who can tell what good may spring
From such a very little thing?"

The Sixth Annual Convention of Primary Workers.

Held in the Assembly Hall, Salt Lake City, Utah.
June 12-13-14, 1908.

PROGRAM.

Friday, 10 a. m.—

Music under direction of Primary Officers, Box Elder Stake.

Address of Welcome.....President Louie B. Felt

Address, "Loyalty" .....Lillie T. Freeze

Friday, 2 p. m.—

Address, "Discipline" .....Elder Seymour B. Young

Saturday, 10 a. m.—

Music under direction of Primary Officers, Weber Stake.

Address, "The Ounce of Prevention" ..... Dr. E. G. Gowans.

Saturday, 2 p. m.—

One minute reports from representatives of the 56 stakes in Zion.

Saturday evening, entertainment in honor of Stake Officers.

Sunday, 10 a. m.—

Testimony meeting.

Music under direction of Primary Officers, Ensign Stake.

Sunday, 2 and 7 p. m.—

Conjoint sessions in Tabernacle.

All Primary workers are invited to be present at all sessions of this convention.

Officers' Paper.

UNDERSTANDING CHILD NATURE.

By A. H. McKinney, Ph. D.

NOTE.—"Our teachers hear much about the value of child study, but they are discouraged because they know so little on the subject, and do not know where, or how to begin their study. Will you give a few hints on this line for busy people?" This request of a faithful superintendent expresses what is in the minds of many. As a partial response to this request, the suggestions that follow are given.

There lies before me a carefully illustrated leaflet, entitled, "The Life History of a toad," abbreviated from a fuller treatise on the same subject. This is one of the many illustrations of the interest taken in life of all kinds, and the efforts to disseminate knowledge concerning it, which we meet at the present time. Seeing this fact, one should not be discouraged at the thought of obtaining a general understanding of child nature, for surely a child is of vastly more importance than a toad.

Those who acknowledge the necessity for understanding child nature, but are deterred in their efforts to obtain it by the seeming impossibility of accomplishing anything, should first of all make up their minds that it is possible to obtain a knowledge of child nature; and that it is possible just where one may find himself, and with just the material that may be at hand; that is, in the home, in the school, on the street, or wherever children are to be found, there they may be studied to advantage. The very first essential is a desire to understand child nature. This, accompanied by the determination to begin and follow up the study, will lead to large results.

The necessity for understanding child nature is found in the many unhappy lives about us; this unhappiness results largely from improper treatment of persons when passing through the formative periods of childhood and adolescence. Through lack of understanding many of their real needs, and the incapacity on the part of those who have to do with the instruction and training of the youth, there results much error in handling boys and girls; hence, many are unfitted for the life and work lying out before them. In the numerous unhappy homes, we find a great plea for understanding child nature. Empty Sunday schools also unite in demanding that the little ones be understood, and properly treated, before they arrive at adolescence.

One of the very first results of the study of child nature will be the conclusion that all children are not cast in exactly the same mold. It is the housewife's pride to make a pan of biscuits looking as nearly alike as possible. God, however, has not made children in this way. Buttons are made by the thousand gross after a pattern to which they conform.

This is not the way that children are created. Surely, if the heavenly Father has made no two leaves on any tree exactly alike, he has infinite variety in his human children.

This truth, once grasped, will establish the conviction that every child must be dealt with as an individual. Parents will no longer treat two or three children as if they were exactly alike in disposition and possibilities. Teachers in the Primary Associations will no longer act as if all the children of the class were to be handled in the same manner. Each child will be looked upon, thought about, and instructed as a distinct individual, differing in many essential particulars from all other persons.

One of the greatest results growing out of this conviction, when put into operation, will be more spiritual fruitage in children. Just as the pomologist specializes in cultivating his farm, garden, or orchard, so there will be specialization in the instruction of children, especially in spiritual matters; and more blessed, as well as greater, results will come from their treatment as individuals.

This, of course, does not mean that there are not distinguishing characteristics which may be predicated of children in a general way. For example, we know that there are some traits which are especially developed in children of the primary age; boys and girls in the third grade have their characteristics which make them different from the pupils in the grades below; again, the young adolescent may have predicated of him certain things which mark him off from his younger, as well as from his older, brother. The understanding of child nature will lead to a knowledge of these great age-characteristics, as well as to an appreciation of the fact that no two children are alike.

To one who wishes to obtain this understanding of child nature, the way is open. Such a one should begin to observe boys and girls just where he is, noting their characteristics, and seeing how the boy of one age differs from his companion who is two or three years younger or two or three years older. He should also note that boys of a certain age, while manifesting the general characteristics of that age, differ one from another. This study once begun, should be continued. It will lead inevitably to a desire to read some of the many books published on child nature. Reading and the observation, going hand in hand, will lead the wise teacher to apply what she already knows. It will not be long before she attempts to adapt the knowledge thus acquired to the various children or adolescents whom she meets in the home or class. This attempt at adaptation, resulting in experimentation, will demonstrate soon the need for further observation and study. Little by little, the facts acquired will be found so valuable that the teacher, almost unconsciously, will employ them in her work, to the advantage of those under her care. The fascination of the study, and the value of the results obtained, will surely carry the person who becomes interested, on to greater efforts.

CHILD STUDY.

Child study should have an important place in every young woman's education—as a preparation for her life as woman—whether she be a mother in the specific sense or not. Such study will enable her better to understand herself; will help her to adjust her relations to others; will give her a wider horizon, deeper sympathies, more gentleness and toleration—in short, will be a potent factor in developing the real woman—which is the mother.

There is no better way of gaining the attention of a class than by making oneself completely master of the subject to be taught. The teacher who extemporizes at the last moment to fill a vacancy seldom succeeds, for she has not prepared herself. One should go before her class with a fully thought-out plan of operations. She should fairly sparkle with her subject. She should have an abundance of stories and illustrative material for instant use. She should prepare herself for the half hour as if it were to be two hours. Dr. Arnold of Rugby always prepared himself for the coming recitation, be the subject ever so simple. "I will not compel my students to drink from a stagnant pool," he said, "they shall have the running stream." If the teacher is a dynamo corruscating with power at every point, the children cannot help giving attention.

The study of the child should begin with the physical, for the psychology of the child is based on physiology. If one watches every child he knows, paying attention to the physical side of his nature, he will soon discover for himself, and quite apart from the books, that the nature of the child demands incessant action; that there is a craving for employment, habits are forming in muscle and brain, and that there are distinct periods in the physical life of the young which are commonly called babyhood, infancy, childhood, boyhood, and girlhood, etc. The teacher must understand this, for insight into the nature of the child is the secret of all discipline and of all training.

Let me but do my work from day to day,
In field or forest, at the desk or loom,
In roaring market-place, or tranquil room;
Let me but find it in my heart to say,
When vagrant wishes beckon me astray:
"This is my work, my blessing, not my doom;
Of all who live, I am the one by whom
This work can best be done, in the right way."

Then shall I see it not too great, nor small,
To suit my spirit and to prove my powers;
Then shall I cheerful greet the laboring hours,
And cheerful turn, when the long shadows fall
At eventide, to play, and love, and rest,
Because I know for me my life is best.

—*Selected.*

Subject for the month: Work.

Divisions: Lesson 21, Influence of Work on Ourselves; Lesson 22, Work in the Home; Lesson 23, Idleness; Lesson 24, Opportunities.

Lesson 21.

Subject: Influence of Work on Ourselves.

Introductory talk:

"Boys and girls, don't wait until you're grown up to decide what you will be, or what you will do to help on the world's work. Instead of building castles in the air, and imagining yourselves the heroes and heroines of impossible situations, in an impossible world, be every-day heroes and heroines in a real, every-day world. The boys and girls of today will be the men and women of tomorrow. Begin, then, today, to build the foundations of your castle, not in the air, but on solid ground; and when the morrow comes, it will find you ready. Resolve early in life what you will be, and your usefulness to the world will be doubled. Don't imagine you are too young. Thomas A. Edison, the great electrician, was making experiments in chemistry at twelve years of age. Frances E. Willard, the great temperance leader, with the help of her brother Oliver, started a paper at fourteen, and the boy and girl talked frequently of what they would be and do when they were grown up. The great MacMahon was told, when a poor boy, that he could be anything he wanted to be, if he only kept working and thinking about it. "Then I'll be a marshal of France," said the boy, and he became not only a marshal of France, but President also. Lucy Stone, the great champion of higher education and equality for women, made up her mind, when but a tiny bit of a girl, that she would go to college and graduate, and she did. She picked berries and nuts and sold them to buy books, and eventually was graduated at Oberlin, the only college then open to women.

"Decide now what you will be, what you will do. Don't dream. Think and work."

"Don't think you can fret and chafe under your present conditions, your work and surroundings, for years, and that some day work and environments will suddenly be changed just to suit your tastes and you will be happy forever after. Begin inside with the happiness problem. If you do not have what you like altogether, find something, if only a small part of your daily routine, that is worth liking, and work away at improving the other parts. Be very happy over something, for the sake of the habit. Make yourself useful, agreeable, kind, even at the cost of a struggle with your own temperament. Give, give; give more than you get or can expect to get. Find out your favorite

pastime, your favorite accomplishment, your favorite work, and enter into all of them with energy. Fill your life full of regular occupation, some work, some play, and you will find that you needn't worry about having everything just to your liking."

"Look on the bright side," said a young man to a friend, who was discontented and melancholy.

"But there is no bright side," was his doleful reply.

"Very well—then polish up the dark one," said the young man, promptly.

Are you evér despondent? Then adopt this advice, and remember that the best way to "polish up the dark side" is to work—work hard, and with ceaseless devotion and energy. I once had the honor of working for a time with a famous and eloquent dignitary of the church. He lost his wife very suddenly, and I knew that this was the most crushing blow he could possibly suffer. I quite expected, therefore, that he would go away and rest, perhaps for several months to come. But in a week he was busier than ever. His zeal increased ten-fold, his energy appeared to be boundless; no burden of work seemed too heavy. It was evidently a daily struggle to concentrate his attention on what he had in hand; but he did it, and by degrees the awful load of grief seemed to grow lighter. Honest work well done is the sure path to a cheerful spirit. Try it.

"God can do great things with our lives, if we but give them to Him in sincerity. He can make them useful, uplifting, heroic. God never wastes anything. God never fogets anything. God never loses anything.

"As long as we live we have a work to do. We shall never be too old for it nor too feeble. Illness, weakness, fatigue, sorrow—none of these things can excuse us from this work of ours. That we are alive today is proof positive that God has something for us to do today.

Memory Gems.

"Work wields the weapons of power, wins the palm of success, and wears the crown of victory."

"Next to faith in God is faith in labor."

"Without work nothing prospers."

"A man's best friends are his ten fingers."

First Grade.

Read suggestions for First Grade Teachers in the January number for this year. Page 26.

Opening exercises.

Memory gems or review of concert poems.

Singing.

Concert poems.

POLITENESS.

"If a lady in the street,
Or my teacher I should meet,
From my head my cap I take,
And a bow like this I make.
Now I fold my arms up so,
To my seat I softly go."

THREE LITTLE RULES.

"Three little rules we all should keep,
To make life happy and bright—
Smile in the morning, smile at noon,
And keep on smiling at night!"

DO SOMETHING.

"Do something for each other,
Though small the help may be;
There's comfort in little things,
Far more than others see.

"It wants a lovely spirit,
Much more than strength, to prove
How many things a child may do
For others, by his love."

Story, "It's Fine to Grow:"

Sleeping in the soft protected earth lay the little grain of corn. He lay in his dark nest, and slept on until suddenly one cold morning he awoke, when the spring sunshine threw shadows of the leafless beeches across the brown ridges of the cornfield. He felt a strange and new desire to bestir himself and to push upwards, he knew not whither. It was as if some wonderful voice were calling him, a voice which he could not help obeying, and which urged him to awake and move. And as he tried to do so he became conscious that a tiny green shoot was springing from him which had the power to grow, and to force its way up through the brown earth.

"Why, where are you beginning to go?" asked a fat red worm, which lay comfortably coiled near him.

"Up through the earth. Someone is calling, and I want to go."

"I shouldn't trouble if I were you," said the worm, in a slow, drawling voice. "It's much more peacful down here."

The little grain felt discouraged. In fact, he felt half tempted to take the worm's advice. He hesitated for a moment, then, thrusting forth his green shoot more resolutely than ever, he said, "I shall go on. I cannot stay."

The soft earth parted as if to help him, and the raindrops pattering above sank lower and lower until they reached him. He drank the moisture gratefully, and felt a throb of triumph as he found his tiny shoot growing higher and stronger hour by hour.

One fresh sweet morning in early April the wonderful thing happened. The last grain of earth yielded, and the young blade had reached the light. Little rosy clouds floated across the clear sky, and then the golden sun rose slowly above the horizon.

The little blade gasped for breath. His slender stem quivered with emotion.

"What is that glorious thing?" he cried.

An older blade of corn grew near.

"That is the sun," he said, kindly. "You have come to the upper world, and you're a brave young blade, for you've done the journey very quickly. I had a fair start of you."

The little blade was still trembling.

"Now I know whose was the voice," he cried. "It was the sun who called me. It is a wonderful thing to grow!"

"You are quite right," said the older blade. "Grow on higher and higher, push on, don't stop; then one day we shall stand tall and strong, crowned with yellow light, and ready for the service of man."

"I am glad I obeyed the voice," whispered the little blade. "It's a fine thing to grow."—*Little Folks.*

Story adapted from lesson.

Memory gem on lesson.

Second Grade.

Review of previous lesson.

Introductory talk: Page 242.

Story: "Homely Hannah," Page 221.

Help the children to understand that work is a blessing; that strength of muscles and mind comes through their exercise; that it is necessary for them to do their own hard work, lessons, etc.; that it would be just as well for them to ask some one else to eat their dinner as to get their lessons for them; that every trial increases their ability to do harder lessons, for the exercise makes the brain work better. Tell of the hard work of Abraham Lincoln, James A. Garfield, and others. These men loved their work.

Teach the following memory gem:

"Those who toil bravest are strongest,
The humble and poor become great;
And so from these brown-handed children
May grow mighty rulers of state."

Third Grade.

Introductory talk: Page 242.

Topics for members of the class.

1. Read II Nephi 5: 14-18. Write short paper describing the knowledge that Nephi possessed to be able to teach so many arts and industries to his people. Tell what kind of a worker he must have been and the influence of his labors on his character.

2. What effect did labor have upon the Lamanites. Alma 23: 18.

3. Find out all you can about the boyhood of Christ and explain the value of his example to others.

5. Write your ideal of a man, and how a boy may assist towards the development of one.

6. Write your ideal of a woman, and how a girl may try to grow into the ideal woman.

7. Read the following:

"Other things being equal, it is usually better to do a hard thing than an easy one. There are plenty of tasks waiting for attention every day; few of us are troubled by lack of something to do. But most of us are content to keep busy over the less difficult tasks, persuading ourselves that because we are not idle, we are doing all that can be expected of us. The more difficult duties are pushed aside, and deferred, and day after day opportunities for character-training are lost.

Those who grow stronger and abler in life's race, forging ahead of the rest, are those who are steeling themselves to take the harder task every time there is a choice. That is sound advice, credited to Professor James of Harvard: "Every day of your life do something that you know you ought to do and that you don't want to do." It is Spartan training, but it makes for character here and hereafter."

Story: "Homely Hannah." Page 221.

Lesson 22.

Subject: Work in the Home.

Introductory talk:

"She wiped all the dishes and dusted the chairs,
She fed the canary, then hastened upstairs,
Where she helped her mother to make up the beds,
Ran an errand or two; then, satisfied, said:
"Now I can go to playing."

He emptied the ashes and brought in some wood;
He swept the piazza as well as he could;
He cleared off the walks; the chickens he fed;
He, too, did some errands, then merrily said:
"Now I can go to playing."

And gayly, I ween, with conscience clean,
In summer weather, they played together."

"Children do not love to work," it is said. Perhaps not, but it is because they do not stop to think what work is for. It is just as necessary as food or clothes. God says that if a man will not work, "neither shall he eat." He must work or starve. But for work we should have but few, if any, great men and women.

"But the rich do not have to work," children say. Yes, they do. Many of them worked hard to obtain their wealth, turning night into day; and they are still working hard to keep it. Many rich men are our hardest workers. It is best for every one to work, whether rich or poor."

"It is quite time that the question whether boys and girls shall work or play was settled. Many of them believe that childhood and youth should be given to play—that work is for men and women. Not a few parents entertain the same opinion, and so plan for sons and daughters on that basis. It is not strange, in these circumstances, that so many young people count on play instead of work.

But there is no reason why our youth should not work. We do not mean on the farm, in the shop or store, or in the mill, as they will later on; for youth is the springtime of life, when school and home duties make large demands. But the good scholar works; and hard work it is that he does, leaving only a fraction of his time for play. The obedient son works about his home, doing chores, milking, taking care of horses and cattle, and performing a variety of errands. The true daughter works also, assisting her mother to keep the house neat and tidy, sewing, sweeping, dusting, washing dishes, and taking care of her own wardrobe. This is work—necessary, honorable work. She works in the schoolroom, too, if she has a creditable ambition to excel. There is nothing valuable for young people to acquire that can be had without earnest work. Play will not do it.

For this reason, neither old nor young should think for a moment that youth is the time for play instead of work. If "all play and no work makes Jack a dull boy" be true, then work should have its place. And this truth becomes more important when we consider that the lazy, idle, shiftless boy makes a poor apology for a man. All play is the worst sort of idleness, and idleness is always and everywhere a curse. Play, or recreation, must have a place, both in early and later life, but it is not the first place, by any means. Work is the rule, play the exception."

Children who attend school ought to make school duties their first care. Parents know this, and are commonly ready to relieve them of burdensome hindrances to study. But when study is over, cannot the young people still help to lift household cares a little, and find as much pleasure in cheerful home service as in play alone. Is the answer, "I must study," good only when they are asked to do errands or help about the chores, while of no use when play is proposed?

Mary is a schoolgirl, faithful to her lessons and commonly ready to do right; but she is very busy with her books, and finds it easier to say, "I've no time" to disagreeable things than to interruptions that are pleasant. Yesterday her father heard her tell her mother that she had no time to wash the dishes, and a little later she excused herself from sewing a button on her brother's jacket for the same reason. But when a schoolmate called she did not refuse to go out for a long walk, and

she found time in the evening to play games with the brother, who had been obliged to go to his mother with his torn jacket.

After prayers that night, when Mary came to her father for her good-night kiss, he found that she was quick to see her mistake, and she promised to give the dishes their chance with the walking and the games.

"I really have to study hard," she said, "but I can find considerable time for anything I like to do. I'm afraid I don't like to wash dishes."

"A sturdy little figure it was, trudging bravely by with a pail of water. So many times it had passed our gate that morning that curiousity prompted us to further acquaintance.

"You are a busy little girl today?"

"Yes'm." The round face under the broad hat was turned toward us. It was freckled, flushed, and perspiring, but cheery withal.

"Yes'm; it takes a heap of water to do a washing."

"And do you bring it all from the brook down there?"

"Oh, we have water in the cistern mostly, only it's been such a dry time lately."

"And there is nobody else to carry the water?"

"Nobody but mother, an' she is washin'."

"Well, you are a good girl to help her." It was not a well considered compliment, and the little water carrier did not consider it one at all, for there was a look of surprise in her gray eyes, an almost indignant tone in her voice, as she answered:

"Why of course I help her. I always help her to do things all the time; she hasn't anybody else. Mother'n me's partners."

"There's a button off my coat, Molly. Can you put it on for me?"

"Why, of course, papa dear." The answer came so promptly and Molly's hand patted her father's sleeve so affectionately that almost any one who listened would have been astonished a few days later to hear him say, "By the way, Molly, that button isn't sewed on yet."

Molly gave a little horrified cry. "Oh, you poor, patient papa! How neglectful I have been! I surely will sew it on tonight." But she was so absorbed in her shadow embroidery that she forgot it again, and her father stopped at the tailor's next night and the button was sewed on. As for Molly, she forgot that she had forgotten and never thought about the button again.

Kind works sound sweetly in a father's ear, we may be sure, but when they are coupled with continual forgetfulness, there is a jar in the music. It is the girl who remembers father's requests and anticipates his wishes whose loving words always ring true."

Memory Gems.

"It is better to wear out than to rust out."

"Parents who give their children habits of industry provide for them a fortune."

My business is not to try to remake myself, but to make the absolute best of what God has made.—*Browning.*

First Grade.

Opening exercises.
Memory gems or review of concert poems.
Singing.
Concert poem, Page 244.
Story, "A Home Fairy:"

Elsie and her mother sat for a few minutes after breakfast on the porch. The coolness of the breeze sweeping through it was pleasant, for outside the sun already poured down fiercely, and there was every promise of a hot day.

"If I only could have my wish," said Elsie. "Oh, I know what I would wish."

"What would you wish?"

"First, I'd wish that a little fairy would appear, yes, I'd have her poising right on the top of that lilac bush; she would be such a feather-weight, you know, that it wouldn't bend even the smallest twig. And she'd say: 'What can I do for you this morning?' And I'd say: 'Please hold out that nice little wand of yours, and set the sitting room and the library to rights in a minute. Dust all the corners, and shake the little rugs, and sweep the porch.' When that was done I'd say: 'Please go to my room and tidy it up, and when you've done, leave a beautiful new dress for me to wear to the lawn party this afternoon.' Then I'd go out and lie all the morning in the hammock. I'd have the fairy fix the flowers on the dinner table so that I wouldn't have to move. I'd read that good story I haven't had time for, or if Janet came over we'd just lounge about and talk. After dinner I'd dress to go to the lawn party. I'd have the fairy have a carriage ready to take me. And in the evening I'd have her by me and read to grandmother, while the real me could run over to Janet's and have a good time there. Now"—Elsie laughed at the pleasant picture she had drawn—"wouldn't that be a nice day? What would you wish for, mother?"

"Well"— mother was ready to enter into the little girl's humor—"I usually have too much to think of to spend much time in wishing. But one thing I am sure of—I should want my fairy to have two wands instead of one."

"Oh, mother, you expect a great deal. One could do all I ask for. But go on."

"I shouldn't want even to tell her what I would like to have done, for my fairy would know without any telling. She would skip about with such willing hands and such a happy face and such a cheery song as would put cheer into the heart of everyone in the house. She would put your room in order, too—not slighting anything, making it just the sweet, tidy room that every dear little maid ought to have. All the time

she would still be on the lookout, with a pair of the dearest, brightest eyes in the world, for things she might see to be done without waiting to be told."

"You want your fairy to do just about what I want mine to do," commented Elsie.

"The dining room would smile a welcome to everyone who came into it, so much pains would she take with the flowers—not hastily cramming them into the vases. After dinner I should feel like saying: 'My dear little fairy, you have been such a willing comfort to everybody all morning that I think it is only fair that you should have a little recreation.' So my fairy would go to the lawn party."

"Oh, mother, how you are talking! I thought you meant it all seriously."

"I never meant anything more seriously in my life," said mother. Then going on, as if she had not been interrupted: "My fairy would carry all her sweet loving kindness with her, with the result that all who came her way would feel it good to be near her. She would not remain with just the girls she liked best to be with, but would encourage the shy ones, and have pleasant words for those who might feel strange or neglected. When she came home it would still be with a loving spirit, prompting her to let those who loved her there have a share in her good times by her account of them. She would gently wait on grandmother, finishing up her day with the reading with which no one can please grandmother so well."

Elsie shook her head a little, smiled a little, and then sat for a while in deep thought, saying, at length, as she rose: "Well, mother, I don't think there is much chance of my fairy coming to wait on such a lazy thing as I made myself out to be. But I do think that your fairy might be expected to be somewhere about. She ought not to be an impossible fairy. Perhaps if I were to try, and I think I will, I might be able to be and do all that you would wish and expect of your little fairy."

Mother kissed the two little "wands" as they went about their sweet home magic.—*S. S. Visitor.*

Story adapted from lesson.

Memory gem on lesson.

Second Grade.

Review of previous lesson.

Introductory talk: Page 246.

Story: "The Hero of the Tenements." Page 226.

Let the following story, "With All His Strength," be told by one of the children:

A little boy had declared that he loved his mother "with all his strength," and he was asked to explain what he meant by "with all his strength."

After some little time spent in reflection, he said:

"Well, I'll tell you; you see we live away up here on the fourth floor of this tenement and there's no elevator, and the coal is kept away down in the basement. Mother's dreadfully busy all the time, and she isn't very strong, and so I see to it that the coal-hod is never empty. I lug the coal up four long flights of stairs all by myself, and it's a pretty big hod. It takes just all my strength to get it up here. Now, isn't that loving my mother with all my strength?"

Dear, helpful little boy! One must search long to find a clearer, sweeter definition of the way in which a boy could love his mother "with all his strength."

Talk about home duties. Show that it is necessary for every member of the family to work, not only the father and mother. That each child should do its part, and the work would be lighter for all.

Teach the following memory gem:

"It may be news, my friend, to you,
But 'tis the truth I tell;
No work is very hard to do,
To those who love it well."

Third Grade.

Introductory talk. Page 246.

Topics for members of the class:

1. A short paper on the following subject, "What are the duties of boys and girls in the home?"

2. Describe the results of idleness and wastefulness in the home. Proverbs 18: 9.

3. Read Proverbs 13th. Explain the verses which you think would help to make us better and more useful in our homes.

4. Give Solomon's description of a good woman. Proverbs 31: 10-31.

5. Memorize and recite the following: "Let all children remember, if ever they are weary of laboring for their parents, that Christ labored for His; if impatient of their commands, that Christ cheerfully obeyed; if reluctant to provide for their parents, that Christ forgot Himhimself and provided for His mother amid the agonies of the crucifixion. The affectionate language of this divine example to every child is, "Go thou and do likewise."

6. Relate the following:

"The German emperor has put two of his six boys to farming, so as to teach them practically about German agriculture. They have a few acres of land and two cows, besides chickens and ducks. With six of their schoolmates, they work the farm themselves, under expert advice. They get up early, cook their own meals, and are, it is said, the most hard-working lads in the empire. The American boy on a farm, therefore, if he grumbles over his lot, has only to remember that the kaiser's

sons are having the same training, and that the kaiser considers it a first-rate thing for them. A further point is, that the young princes are expected to make the farm pay, and if the milk, butter, eggs, and grain are not first-class, a stern rebuke is at once forthcoming. There is no place for poor farming, even by the sons of an emperor.—*Selected.*

Story: "The Hero of the Tenements." Page 226.

Lesson 23.

Subject: Idleness.

Introductory talk:

"Sixty seconds make a minute,
So may father used to say;
What you've got to do, begin it,
Or 'twill not be done today;
For so fast the seconds fly,
You can't catch one—nor can I.

"Sixty minutes make an hour,
So my mother used to tell;
While you've got the strength and power
Do your work and do it well;
Or at night you'll have to say,
I've done nothing all the day."

Towser lies in the sun waking occasionally only to stretch and yawn. Wearied with hard studies or tedious chores, his young master envies his idle pet, and wishes he, too, had nothing to do. He says, "No lessons to learn, no chores to do, no errands to run, no calls to answer, that would be fine, indeed." Is he right? has he found the real source of happiness and content? Before you answer think of the *danger* of doing nothing. There is a great difference between taking a well-earned rest, and doing nothing in order to gratify indolence. Doing nothing, that is being idle or unoccupied, unfits one for doing *something*. In India certain men, thinking to please their god, hold their arms in a certain position, and find after a while that they cannot move them if they wish. One holds his own by using it. Frequent practice is necessary to excellence in reading, and other studies, in music and painting, in ball or marbles. So people, when they do poorly, often excuse themselves by saying, "I am out of practice." A well bucket got tired of going up and down after water, and wished for a life of leisure. One day it lost an ear, and was laid up for repairs. "Now," said the bucket, "I shall have a good time, with nothing to do." But it sat out in the sunshine and rain, now swelling, now shrinking, until one hoop and another burst, and at last the poor thing was nothing but a heap of old iron and staves.

Doing nothing soon ceases to be a pleasure. The desire to do

nothing comes from selfishness, and nobody is so hard to please as a selfish one. He wishes comfort, pleasure, entertainment, and when he cannot procure these he becomes discontented, peevish, and complaining. A gentleman met a little fellow moping around a blacksmith's shop, during a long school vacation. He said, "You are having a fine time out of school?" "No," the boy answered, "it is hard work doing nothing." And he had the right of it.

We were made to be busy, and it is very difficult to be still for a long time. One tires of idleness, and wishes for a change. The great danger of doing nothing is that it prepares for wrong doing. If one is not busy in doing good, it is quite easy to be tempted to evil. Two boys are in a field. The one is at work, determined to hoe so many rows before the call to dinner. The other is sitting on the fence, grumbling at his hard lot. Temptation comes to them. It is much easier for the idle boy on the fence to slip down into mischief than for the boy who is sticking to his task. The old adage is still true, "Satin finds some mischief still for idle hands to do." One more danger awaits the do-nothing, or idler. He loses resolution and courage, and finds it a task to do when he would. The poet Spenser tells of The Lake of Idleness, and says whoever drank of this lake grew "instantly faint and weary." The Red Cross Knight drank of it, and was made captive by Orgoglio. Thus we find Do-nothing is a master who does not fulfill his promises of pleasure, and unfits us for service that will pay. It is very mortifying to wake up to the fact that we cannot do things as well as we used to. No amount of selfish ease-taking pays for such humiliation. Do not envy your sleeping dog, nor any idle do-nothing companion. The Do-nothing very soon becomes a Worth-nothing, and you do not want to be that. Remember that the only goodness that deserves the name is that which does something.—*Selected.*

The man, woman or child without something to do is an object of pity. The days and nights of such are too long. Life, under such circumstances, must be a misery. Nothing to do ought to mean no pleasure.

The command is that we should labor six days in the week and rest one day. Those who obey that command enjoy themselves; those who do not suffer sooner or later the consequences of disobedience.

About the meanest looking thing on earth is a lazy boy. One look at him is enough. Unless a great reformation takes place that boy is doomed to live and die nobody.

There are but few hours in the day, and each hour should have work portioned out for it—except in rare cases.

There are times in which to play; but genuinely lazy people are too lazy to even play—other people have to play for them.

The habit of laziness grows fast on those who permit the disease to take possession of them. It has the effect of making them careless as regards all their best interests, whether pertaining to this world or the world to come.

Do not permit your fathers and mothers to work too hard for you. Do your best to lift some of the burdens off their shoulders. It is no disgrace to work, but it is a disgrace to be lazy.—*Selected.*

Memory Gems.

"Lost, yesterday, somewhere between sunrise and sunset, two golden hours, each set with sixty diamond minutes. No reward is offered, for they are gone forever."

"Laziness begins in cobwebs and ends in iron chains."

First Grade.

Opening exercises.
Memory gems or review of concert poems.
Singing.
Concert poem, Page 244.
Story, "The Measle Song:"

Richard had suppressed measles. This means that the speckles don't come out on your skin, but stay inside and make you very uncomfortable. Perhaps they come out on your temper instead. Richard's did. I will not say that he was crosser than a crab, for any self-respecting crab would blush as red as thought he had been boiled, at the comparison.

Richard's family tried to amuse him. They had to keep the room rather dark, because the light hurt his eyes; but his grandmother sat beside a chink in the blinds and read aloud to him out of the Trotty Books, while he lay fidgeting and groaning, and tossing the bed-clothes off, and teasing for a drink. His auntie brought him some nice hot lemonade, and he made such a fuss over it that you would have thought it was castor-oil they were coaxing him to swallow.

His big sister came in with his bag of marbles, and they played a new game. Every marble had a name. The biggest of all, a glass alley, was Constable Dunk, and a small mib was the Little Green Thief. The Constable chased the Little Green Thief, found him hidden in a fold of the bed-clothes, and carried him off to prison in grandma's work-basket. Two real agates were Mr. and Mrs. Swiss-Family-Robinson, and a lot of China Alleys were their children.

Sister had to tell all the things that happened to those children that are not written down in the book, how Ernest Swiss-Family-Robinson, though a good boy in the main, had a bad trait, disobedience, and how this led him into many adventures.

Then Richard was hungry, and called for cream cakes; but they could only bring him soft-boiled eggs. When he sat up to eat them he gave the bed-clothes a great flop, and the tray with the eggs was all upset into the bed. Sister had to come again and tell about Exmelia, the worst little girl that ever was, and how Little Ed, with his peaked

hat and his flop-toed shoes, came and carried her away to his roofless house, where the rain falls in, and the wolves howl loud, and a Headless Eye pursues you.

Auntie had to sing, "Why Phoebe have you come so soon?" which is a very long song, so that Richard finally fell asleep.

On the next day Richard's eyes began to hurt if they opened the blinds, and when the room was darkened he couldn't tell the Little Green Thief from Ernest Swiss-Family Robinson. Everybody tried to think of new stories, but he snapped at them all, from grandma to nurse. Finally he lay on his back and waved his legs in the air and howled.

"Oh, dear, what shall we do?" cried grandma, "if he doesn't keep himself covered up, he will take cold, and then his measles will never come out!"

"Richard, do stop howling and keep warm, like a good boy, and I'll buy you that blow-gun," said his mother.

But Richard still kicked the bed-clothes away and howled louder than ever.

"Don't pay any attention to him," said sister, and then everybody went out of the room and left him howling like a jackal in the desert. Only sister stayed, and she was picking up the marbles, and talking to herself. Richard went on howling, but his howls were in a softer key, for he wanted to hear what she was saying. It sounded like poetry, but she wasn't saying it to him. This is what he heard:

"My throat is sore and my eyes are red,
I've a dreadful pain in the top of my head;
I feel as bad as bad can be,
But my measles won't come out on me."

By this time Richard stopped howling long enough to ask, "What is that?"

"That," said sister, "is the Measle Song."

"Who made it?"

"I am making it."

"Is it about me?"

"Yes."

"Is there any more of it?"

"There will be, when you have pulled up the bed-clothes."

Richard stopped waving his legs, and pulled the blankets up to his very chin.

"I'm covered up," he said, "Now make some more." So sister went on:

"They will not allow me to wave my legs,
They feed me nothing but soft-boiled eggs,
Hot lemonade and hot beef-tea,
But my measles won't come out on me."

Richard actually giggled. "Go on about how bad I feel!" he commanded, and sister went on:

"There's not an inch in my whole concern
That doesn't shiver, or ache or burn.
I wish to goodness you'd let me be
Since my measles won't come out on me."

"Now tell how badly I act, said Richard.

"I thrash about like an acrobat,
I'll not eat this, and I'll not drink that;
No boy could behave like the cherubim
If his measles wouldn't come out on him!"

"Here's the doctor to see you, Richard," said his mother.

"Now, suppose we have a little light and take a look at this young gentleman," said the doctor. "Well, well! You couldn't suppress those measles any longer. Here they are."

"Am I speckled?" cried Richard, in great excitement.

"You are very thoroughly speckled," said the doctor, "and now I believe you'll feel better."

"It was the poetry," said Richard. "It made my measles come out on me!"—*Holiday Magazine.*

Story adapted from lesson.

Memory gem on lesson.

Second Grade.

Review of previous lesson.

Introductory talk: Page 252.

Let some member of the class tell the following story:

Nellie was a good little girl, but she had one fault. When she was told to do anything, she would say: "In a minute."

One day she was reading a book. Her pet bird was hopping about on the floor. The door was open.

"Shut the door, Nellie," said her mother. "In a minute," said Nellie.

The cat came into the room. It saw the bird. It caught it. It ran out of the room with the bird in its mouth. Nellie threw her book on the table. She chased the cat into the garden. She caught it and took the bird away. But the poor little bird was dead.

She carried it into the house and sat down and cried. She felt very bad.

"I am very sorry, Nellie," said her mother. "But it was your fault. You did not close the door when I told you to."—*Selected.*

Teach the following:

"There's nothing great, there's nothing wise,
Which idle hands and minds supply;
Those who all thought and toil despise
Mere nothings live, mere nothings die."

Third Grade.

Introductory talk: Page 252.

Topics for members of the class:

1. Judging by their works what were the opportunities and how were they taken advantage of by Lib and his people; how would you expect their homes and costumes to be influenced by their industry. Ether 10: 18-28.
2. Explain Proverbs 12: 24.
3. Explain Proverbs 22: 29.
4. What is the greatest value in labor. Ecclesiastes 2.
5. How is God glorified by His works and what are the special labors He gives to us that we may be glorified. Read the 8th and 19th Psalms.
6. Explain this statement: "He that hath a trade hath an estate."
7. Write a short paper telling about some of the many opportunities that come in the every-day life of boys and girls.

Story: "Tom Harwood's Pull." Page 229.

Lesson 24.

Subject: Opportunities.

Introductory talk:

"It was very warm, and Jamie was tired. He had been riding on his bicycle all the afternoon, and now he was sitting in the vine-covered arbor on the lawn, waiting for the clock to strike half-past eight, which was his bedtime.

But presently, as he leaned back, with his eyes half shut, he heard steps coming nearer, and when he opened his eyes he saw a queer little old man standing before him.

The little old man had a large knapsack strapped on his back, and carried a bulky parcel in one hand. He nodded to Jamie and said. "Good-evening," and then he sat down, took off his hat and fanned himself with it, as if he felt quite at home.

"Are you a peddler?" asked Jamie, after waiting some moments for the old man to speak.

But the old fellow smiled at this question and shook his head.

"I will tell you my business," he said, briskly, "I'm a collector."

"And what do you collect?" inquired Jamie. "Postage-stamps, or coins, or autographs? I've tried collecting all those things myself, and I would like to see your collections ever so much."

The old man smiled again. Then he said: "No, I don't collect things of that sort; I am a collector of waste."

"A collector of waste?" said Jamie, much puzzled. "Why, I never

heard of such a collection before. I don't understand what you mean by waste. Where do you find it? and what is it like?"

"That is just what I'm going to tell you," said the old man, as he unstrapped his heavy knapsack and laid it down.

"The world is full of waste-collectors like myself, only you have never been favored with a sight of one before. We go about collecting everything that human beings waste—time, opportunities, money, happiness. All these things we gather up from day to day, and sometimes our loads are frightfully heavy, I can tell you. Look at this knapsack and this parcel—all collected today!"

"Dear me!" said Jamie. "I wish you would show me some of the things you have there. Couldn't you do it?"

"If I show you anything, I will show you your own waste, for you've given me lots of work today collecting it," replied the old man, severely.

"I'd like to know what I've wasted today!" exclaimed Jamie, indignantly. "Now, that's nonsense!"

"It is, hey?" said the old man, with a cross look. "Well, then, I'll prove that it's true, and I'll make you own it, too, before I go. I have not time to open my knapsack now, but I will read the list of all you've wasted today from my memorandum-book," and he took out a small book and turned over the leaves, saying:

"Jamie—J—yes, here is your account—now, listen. In the first place, you wasted thirteen minutes this morning lying in bed after you were called and told to get up. Then when you were only half dressed you wasted eight minutes more looking out of the window at two dogs who were fighting. So much before breakfast. In school you lost ten minutes of the study hour drawing pictures in your copy-book, and you wasted eleven minutes more over that newspaper you carried to school.

"When you came home, instead of going directly to your room to wash your face and hands and brush your hair as your mother requested, you spent nine minutes grumbling on the stairs before you obeyed her. You stopped in the street to talk to Tommy Rose, and wasted twelve minutes of your music lesson time, besides—"

"Oh, stop! do stop!" cried Jamie, interrupting the old man. "Don't tell me any more about the time I've wasted, please."

"Well, I'll tell you about the other things, then; your wasted opportunities, for example. You saw a bird's nest robbed today, and never said a word, when you might have saved it. When you saw that little boy drop his marbles you only laughed at him, when you might have helped to pick them up. You let your sister take that long, hot walk to the postoffice this afternoon, when you could have gone there so easily on your bicycle—"

"But I promised the boys to run races at four o'clock, and I had no time," Jamie protested.

"That's no excuse. They could have waited for you," said the old man. These opportunities to be kind all wasted in one day!"

"Well, I hope this is the end of your list," Jamie said, in a shame-faced way.

"By no means! There was another wasted opportunity when you were inattentive to your history lesson in school. You flew into a passion, too, because your shoe string was in a knot. Wasted opportunity for self-control! You forgot to rise and offer your mother a chair when she entered the room. Wasted opportunity to be polite! You bought chewing gum after resolving never to buy it again. Wasted money and wasted good resolutions! But I have read enough to prove what I said, and I have no wish to be disagreeable."

The old man closed his book and looked at Jamie with a serious yet kindly gaze.

"Take pains, my dear boy," he said, as he picked up his knapsack. "It is in your power to lighten my daily load very much. Whenever you are tempted to throw away anything as valuable as your time or your opportunities, remember the Collector of Waste! But hark! Your mother is calling you—don't waste a moment, I beg. Good night."

Jamie sprang from his seat and ran toward the house. As he went out of the arbor he turned and looked back. The old man had vanished.—*Selected.*

"We are not put in this world merely to have a good time, to enjoy ourselves, to eat and drink and dress well, and move about in paths of pleasantness. We are here to grow into the nobleness and strength of the best manhood we can attain. He who misses this, though he live in luxury all his days, has missed all that is really worth while in life.

Young people should always remember, too, that in their school life they must do their own toiling; nobody can do it for them.

Nothing really noble or valuable is ever got easily. One does not find gold lying about on the streets. One does not get any place of honor in the world as luxury. We have to dig our way through rocks to get to earth's treasure-houses. We always have to work hard to achieve anything worth achieving.

"The successful man is he who to a great extent creates his own occasions, and, instead of waiting for things to turn up, turns things up while he waits. The wise laborer works with a small opportunity until the Lord gives him a great one. And the Lord is apt to give the larger chances to the man who has proved himself willing to make the best use of little things."

Many men have become great by taking advantage of each little opportunity that has come to them when they were boys. Perhaps their boy friends had just the same chance, and when they hear of the success of one, they think, "Why, I could have done that. I had just the same chance.' Yes, perhaps they might have done it, had they taken the same advantage of the chance. But they did not, and they have lived to regret it. A poet has said:

"Of all the sad words of tongue or pen
The saddest are these, 'It might have been.'"

Look out for each opportunity, and when it comes, be careful to make the most of it.

Memory Gems.

"Opportunity has hair in front, behind she is bald; if you seize her by the forelock you may hold her, but if suffered to escape, she cannot be caught again."

"Our young years are our years of opportunity.
Let us use them to the full."

First Grade.

Opening exercises.
Memory gems or review of concert poems.
Singing.
Concert poem. Page 244.
Story: A Lesson Out of School.

No one who reads this little story must think that Georgie was not a good boy, because he was; but he did not like to go to school very much, and found it hard to sit still during his lessons.

Georgie's reports were nearly always low in "deportment;" for he would whisper to Jack Thompson, who sat beside him, and then, of course, the teacher had to give him a bad mark. When he brought his report home for his mother to see, he would feel sorry and make up his mind that the next week he would be sure and have it all right; but he would forget, so that, week after week, his mother would sigh and ask him to try to do better. Georgie's mother was an invalid. She was in bed almost all day, and Georgie often thought about it.

One day he brought home a very bad report indeed—in fact, the worst one he had ever had, and his mother was sorry that her little boy should not do better.

Georgie," she said to him, "I really believe that if your reports were not so bad it would help me to get well."

Georgie turned this remark of his mother's over in his mind, and, because he loved her very dearly, he decided that it was his fault that she was sick; and he determined that his reports should be better. He had not understood before that his conduct had anything to do with it, but he was certain now that his mother would not be sick any more if he were a good boy in school.

It was not very easy at first, and he did forget now and then; but he kept on trying and whenever he wanted to talk to Jack during school hours, he would say to himself, "You mustn't whisper, because Mamma

won't get better if you do." He studied harder at his lessons, too, and in a few weeks his reports showed a great improvement.

This cheered his mother, and it happened that she began to get better and did not have to stay in bed nearly so much, but would come down stairs and lie on the sofa in the sitting-room.

One Friday Georgie came home with a perfect report. Into the house he burst, calling out for his mother.

"Now you're going to be well again!" he exclaimed. "I've got a fine report!"

"Truly," said his mother, after she had read it through, "you are a good boy, and now I will have to get well."

"I'm at the head of the class," said Georgie, proudly; "so you mustn't be sick any more."

"Why, I really feel quite well now," said his mother, almost as glad as Georgie was over the report, "for I'm sure my little boy will do his best hereafter."

But Georgie shook his head.

"Mamma," he said, "I've decided not to go to school any more."

"Not go to school any more!" exclaimed his mother in surprise.

"Yes," answered Georgie; "I've thought all about it, and now that you are nearly well I guess I had better not risk being a bad boy again, because if my reports were not so good—and it will be awfully hard to keep 'em perfect—you might get sick again; so I don't think we had better risk it. You can see yourself it's much better that I should not go to school any more."

This was a very long speech for Georgie, and he had to stop to take a breath. His mother was astonished to hear what he had said, but she saw he was serious about it.

"What will you do if you don't go to school?" she asked him.

"Oh. I'll go to work like Papa," answered Georgie.

"What work will you do?" asked his mother.

"Well," said Georgie, "I would like to be the captain of a ship."

Georgie's mother did not laugh, although she knew that he was a very little boy to be a captain of a ship.

"Of course," she said to him, "you know that if you are to be a sailor, you will have to know lots about geography."

"Will I?" said Georgie? "I never did like geography."

"But you see," explained his mother, "the captain of a ship is obliged to know the world so that he can steer his ship—if he did not know his geography, and all about the rivers and oceans and continents, he would not know where to go. I suppose you know your geography, or you wouldn't have thought of being a sailor?"

"No," said Georgie, "I don't believe I know very much about geography. Would I have to know all about it?"

"Yes," answered his mother, "and everything about the stars, too, so that you could steer by night, for they are all the sailors have to guide them when it is dark."

Georgie thought a long time.

"I guess, Mama, I'll not be a sea captain, after all," Georgie said finally.

"You'll have to do something," his mother told him; "of course, if you don't go to school, you'll have to work like Papa and other men."

"Oh, yes," replied Georgie, "I know that; and I've been thinking that it would be nice to be a railroad engineer, only you won't let me go near the tracks, and of course it is very dangerous."

"Oh, no!" exclaimed his mother, "I couldn't think of letting my little boy go on the railroad."

"Well," said Georgie, "I can be a clerk in Papa's store, any way. Papa said he wanted a clerk to keep the books, and I'm sure I could take care of the few books there are in the store."

"But you would have to write so very carefully," explained his mother. A bookkeeper is the one who writes all the bills and sees what everybody buys and how much they pay for it; and if they have things charged, he writes it down in a large blank book so that it will not be forgotten. And every now and then he sends bills out to the customers, and if they are not right he is scolded. You would have to know a great deal of arithmetic and writing and spelling. It's really difficult to be a bookkeeper."

"Well, then," said Georgie, "what can I do?"

His mother took him in her arms and loved him, for she knew that he wanted to be a good boy but didn't quite understand.

"You are a very little boy yet, Georgie," she told him, "and like all little boys, you have to wait until you grow up before you begin to work. And all the time you are growing up you have to be studying to learn things to help you when you are a man. You see, dear, you don't know at present what you will be when you are grown up, and as you don't, it is better for you to study as many things at school as you can while you are a little boy. No matter what you decide to be when you are older, you will have to know, at least, how to read and write and do arithmetic; and all the other necessary things you cannot learn till you know these. So my Georgie will have to be a pretty good little boy and study hard, to be able to do any work he wants to do when he is a man."

Georgie and his mother had a long talk about it—they talked nearly all the afternoon—and after a while he saw that there were lots of things boys must know before they go to work like their fathers; and that schools were made for that reason.

He had several other talks with his mother; and on the following Monday, on his way to school, he thought things over for himself and decided that after all he was but just a little boy, and that school was not such a bad place if you only understood what it was really for!—*Arthur Alden Gnipe.*

Story adapted from lesson.

Memory gem on lesson.

Second Grade.

Review of previous lesson.

Introductory talk: Page 257.

Story: "One Day's Record." Page 234.

Let one of the children tell the following story, in his own language:

James N. Spawn, tells us how he lost an opportunity, which was at once grasped by a little Italian boy, who kept a peanut stand:—

A blind man was walking along a street, feeling his way with a cane. As he came to a crossing, he stopped and seemed afraid to go farther. After passing by him, I turned to see what he would do. Just then the Italian boy saw him. Without a minute's hesitation the boy left his stand, ran to the blind man, locked arms with him, as much as to say, "Come I'll help you across." Instantly the man gave himself up with confidence to the little boy's guidance. When he had taken the blind man across, he returned to his stand and continued selling peanuts as if nothing had happened. So an opportunity was lost and a lesson taught.

Lead the children to see that there are all kinds of opportunities coming to each of them, opportunities of helping others and also opportunities of helping themselves. Let them tell of some of them.

Teach the memory gem:

"Our young years are our years of opportunity.
Let us use them to the full."

Third Grade.

Introductory Talk: Page 257.

Topics for members of the class.

1. Explain this proverb: "An idle brain is the devil's workshop."

3. Explain to the class the commandments of the Lord in regard to idleness among the Latter-day Saints. Doc. & Cov. Section 40: 40-42; Section 68: 30; Section 75: 28-29.

3. Explain Proverbs 6:6.

4. Explain Proverbs 10:1.

5. Some people are always making excuses. Read and explain Proverbs 33:13; 26;12-16. Illustrate your point with some of the excuses that boys and girls are apt to use to avoid taking their share of work.

6. Give the reason why Sodom was destroyed. Proverbs 16:49.

7. Explain Proverbs 24: 30-34.

Read the following:

There are few easy places in the world; when we do find them they are at the end of the road over which one did some very hard traveling. Even then we come upon them unexpectedly. The way to the easy

place is not by seeking for it, but by laboring hard until the work is finished and the day is done. After labor comes rest—and we should not seek it until labor is done. Yet the world is full of folks seeking soft places.

In answer to a boy's letter, asking him for help in securing an easy place in which he might make his mark, Henry Ward Beecher once wrote this striking paragraph: "You cannot be an editor; do not try the law; do not think of the ministry; let alone all ships, shops and merchandise; abhor politics; don't practice medicine; be not a farmer nor a mechanic, neither be a soldier nor a sailor; don't work, don't study, don't think! None of these are easy; my son, you have come into a hard world. I know of only one easy place in this world, and that is the grave."

Story: "One Day's Record." Page 234.

THE DULL BOY.

The dull boy is often the stuff from which earnest, honest, faithful, untiring and well-balanced men are made. And if he lacks strength and keenness of intellect he may at least enrich society with finer gifts, the beauty of life, the purity ofmanhood, the sublimity of character, that charm, refine and ennoble the race."—*Supt. D. A. Harmon, Hazelton, Pa.*

THE LITTLE BOY'S QUEST.

The little boy said, "Come and play with me."

But the bee said, "No, I must get some honey. I must not be idle." So he flew away.

Then the little boy met a dog. "Dog, will you play with me?" he said.

But the dog said, "I must not be idle: I must go and catch a rabbit."

Then the boy saw a bird. The boy said. "Birdie come and play with me."

But the bird said, "I must make a nest."

So the bird flew away.

"Oh, dear! I will go to school. I cannot play alone," said the boy.

So off he went to school and learned his lesson.—*Tweed's Supplementary Reader.*

65. THE BLIND MAN WASHES IN THE POOL OF SILOAM.
St. John ix. 7.

American Tissot Society, New York

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"He went his way therefore, and washed, and came seeing."

The Children's Friend

Vol. VII. JULY, 1908. No. 7.

REPORT OF THE SIXTH ANNUAL CONVENTION OF PRIMARY ASSOCIATION WORKERS,

Held in Salt Lake City, Utah, June 12-13-14, 1908.

The convention just passed was one of the most successful, profitable and interesting.

All the sessions except the two conjoint meetings were held in the Assembly Hall. Representatives being present from all the 56 Stakes in Zion except Beaver, Cassia, Snowflake, St. John and Uintah.

The Spirit of the Lord was made mainfest in the loving kindness which was manifested by all who were present. The labors of all interested in this great work among the children seems to create that sentiment of sympathy and good will that naturally grows with people who are drawn together by a great and worthy purpose.

The singing during the entire convention was a delight to all present,Box Elder Stake Primary officers took charge on Friday, under the direction of the Chorister of that stake. On Saturday Weber Stake Primary under the direction of their Stake Chorister, and on Sunday morning special music was furnished by the Primary officers of the Ensign Stake under the direction of the Stake Chorister, Nellie Penrose Whitney. The work was all excellent, choruses by girls, boys and officers and it was a musical treat which was greatly appreciated by all.

Saturday evening the visiting Stake officers were entertained at Wandamere and the grateful thanks of all were tendered to the management for every courtesy extended by them.

Space will not allow of a complete report but just as much as possible of the addresses and talks given will be included in this issue.

We desire to express our appreciation of the arduous labor of the general secretary, Sister Olive D. Christensen, who has so ably and correctly reported all the proceedings of the convention.

ANNUAL REPORT OF THE PRIMARY ASSOCIATIONS

Of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, for the year ending December 31, 1907.

Number Associations in Church,	766
Number Associations Reported	641
Number Stake Officers,	713
Number Local Officers,	7,016
Number of Boys,	18,799
Number of Girls,	28,906
Total Number of Officers and Members,	55,434
Number of Children of Primary age, (Not given in all reports)	46,445
Average attendance of Officers,	4,044
Average attendance of Boys,	7,919
Average attendance of Girls,	14,147
Total Average Attendance,	26,110
Meetings of Stake Boards,	738
Meetings of Stake and Local Boards,	529
Regular Meetings of the Primary Associations,	22,172
Preparation Meetings of Local Officers,	7,675
Sunday Conferences,	477
Special Meetings,	795
Entertainments,	909
Fairs,	69
Associations Graded,	642
Number of Libraries,	361

Clara W. Beebe:

Brethren and sisters: I feel very weak this morning in standing before you, I know that you saw in last night's News, that Sister Louie B. Felt would give this address. Sister Felt is not feeling well, she has had a great deal of work to do before this convention, so has asked me to take this responsibility, and I ask for an interest in your faith and prayers.

We certainly welcome you all here this beautiful morning, we realize to the fullest extent, I believe, the sacrifice in one way and another that each of you have had to make to come here. We know that some have had to make a sacrifice in a financial way, and others of us have home ties, so that all have some kind of sacrifice to make. The General Board appreciates this fact perfectly, and thanks you for being here. We feel that we are engaged in one of the greatest works on the earth, that we are trying to improve the condition

of the children of God. I can imagine nothing better than this, trying to help them to live a higher and more satisfactory life in the sight of our Heavenly Father.

We notice by comparing our last year's report with this that we have made an improvement. We cannot stand still; we must improve or go back, and by our report we notice that in almost every case we have improved. We appreciate this fact, we also appreciate the attitude of the Priesthood and the way they have treated our association in the past year. They have taken more interest in our work. We find in many stakes that the Presidents bring statistics to our conventions, ask questions and take an interest in the proceedings. These things help us in our work, they also help in the general work of the Stake.

The singing is greatly improved. There is room for improvement still, but we feel encouraged in this line. There seems to be an awakening in this direction, and we certainly needed it. We have a great many beautiful singers, and singing seems to arouse an interest, and we hope to have still better singing throughout the stakes.

We find that the reports sent in to the secretary this year are more accurate and in better form, in the past it has been very difficult to get a complete report. We would like to draw the attention of the Presidents of the stakes to this particular part of the work. Try to see that the reports sent in are as nearly correct as possible. We all know that every year the Chuch calls for more accurate reports. In these things we are doing better than in years gone by. Now we must have correct reports, and we hope that next year will see a great improvement over this year.

We find that our preparation meetings have increased, that they are better than they used to be. We know that it has been uphill work for the presidents, for while they felt is was a benefit to them, at the same time it has been hard work to get all the officers converted.

Notwithstanding the epidemic of sickness throughout our country, there is a great increase in the number of enrolled childen in the associations. We are gratified for this, and hope that it will continue. The average attendance, however, is not what it should be throughout the stakes. Since we started to use our new roll books there has been improvement, and we hope to work to the end that our average attendance will be better all the time. We want to keep this in our minds and have it much better than it has been.

We realize that there are many of our children who are not in the Primary, but they should be. In most of the stakes there are more girls enrolled than boys. Now I think there ought to be something done to help our boys, something to draw them into our association and to hold them there. I think this is an important point, for there is a great future for our boys, and we must try to keep them in our association until they are old enough to join the M. I. A.

I think there is more unity among the officers throughout the associations, and a feeling of love for each other. This is as it should be, from the head down. This is the keynote, to love each other and be united among ourselves. If there is one thing that will be a drawback, it is pulling in opposite directions. It will have its effect on the association.

I saw one of our sisters yesterday, tears rolling down her face as she talked of her Primary, she had the work so much at heart. She was thoroughly worked up about it. She spoke of fasting and praying about some matter that had not gone right. I thought that if we could all have this feeling how different our work would be. The keynote of our success is to have love in our hearts, to go about our work in a systematic way, and that is what we are gradually coming to.

I hope that we may all have an enjoyable time while at this convention. We want to be united; we all want to feel that we are in the central stake of Zion, and that we will enjoy every minute while we are here, and that we may go back, feeling that we have had something given to us that will be a help and a comfort to all.

About speaking to each other: I hope there is not a soul in this house who will not speak to me, whether I know you or not. You will realize that we meet so many that we cannot possibly remember and hold so many faces in our mind. I speak of this because some say that when they meet the sisters on the streets of this city they will not speak to them, although they are very cordial to them in their own stakes. You must take into consideration that we meet many people, see them for a day or two, and then possibly not for a whole year. We want you to speak to us no matter where we are, and if we do not know you, just tell us who you are.

High Councilors have been appointed in some of the different stakes to oversee the Primary work. We find that they have done a great deal of good among the wards they are placed over. We are very grateful for this. They are appointed by the President of the stake to assist and I can assure they have been a great help. We want to appreciate whatever is done for us, so that we may grow and increase as much as possible.

I hope the Lord will bless everyone of you with the particular blessings you need, because I think every one of you has some particular thought in mind that you want carried out. I will ask the sisters while here to give Sister Felt their faith and prayers, that she may be uplifted and kept well and that her health may be improved. I again ask the Lord to bless you. I welcome you with my whole heart, and I know I voice the sentiments of all the General Board when I say this.

God bless you. Amen.

LOYALTY.

Lillie T. Freeze:

My beloved co-workers, and my brethren and sisters: I feel a great timidity and a great weakness in standing before you this morning although I have stood in this position more or less for the last twenty-eight years; but I have never stood upon my feet to instruct, to encourage, or help others in any way when I felt self-sufficient, when I felt that I did not need the faith and prayers and the strength of those whom I addressed, and above all I have felt that I needed the blessings of God. God has blessed his children with many great and glorious gifts. He has blessed them with that Spirit that lighteth all men that cometh in the world. Every man and woman clothed in mortality is entitled to this spirit, and accompanying this are gifts, graces, and qualifications that will help men and women in the different spheres of life, to perfom great and glorious works on earth, for the benefit and the uplifting of God's Kingdom. We who have gone into the waters of baptism and who have had the Holy Ghost bestowed upon us, which is the spirit of truth and will lead into all truth, into all light, and all intelligence, have a claim upon more than his spirit, we are entitled to the spirit of revelation, to guide us in all our duties and obligations, especially those duties pertaining to our work for the uplifting of the children of men in the Church of Christ. As women of Zion we have been placed under a great responsibility in laying a foundation for the great work of bringing the children of God up to the high standard and helping them on the road to perfection. We have been and are builders, and if the foundation is weak, there will be a shaky and faulty structure all the way through. We want you to realize that we are not only living for ourselves and our children, but for the generations who are to follow.

It is well to know what the ancients did in their day and time, how faithful, loyal, and true they were to the work that was given them, and it is necessary that we should know the work that is given us, we should consider the work of the present day, for if God had destined that we should do something else, He would have placed us in a different sphere. But we were born at this particular time when the Gospel is established on the earth, when there is a work going on different from anything that has preceded and we must be prepared to meet the responsibilities of to-day. The foundation of our work should be one of truth, one of integrity, one of loyalty. I noticed in looking over the pages of the Bible that the word "loyalty" was not used. It was not then coined to express what we are talking about to-day; but there is much said on truth, on integrity, principle, on that which may be relied upon. We

are taught to speak the truth from the heart; there should be no double meaning, no mental reservation. When we speak the word "yea" or "nay," it should be the truth, otherwise we will lose the confidence of each other. We should teach our little children the principle of truth, and to live so that our lives may be read as an open book. We must respect each other's personality, and not try to find faults in each other; but let the Spirit of God strive with us, let it have its work in bringing us to that perfection which God requires of us. If each Primary officer will do this, will be so busy keeping herself straight, keeping herself in the line of her duty, living according to the Spirit of Christ, she will have little time to be picking flaws in the work of her neighbor. We shall so honor and respect each other that we will not dare, because it is not right, to tear down and depreciate or censure the work of those who are working in a like manner to ourselves. This principle extends from the Presidency of the Church to the least little child, who also, has its rights, who was born with certain inalienable privileges. Every little Primary child has its own individuality that every man and woman should respect.

The keynote to our convention at this time should be respect, love, and loyalty to those who stand at our head. We know that in the world there is a spirit that every man has a right to labor for himself, and he wants his will to come to pass; he wants his purposes to mature; he wants to see his thoughts and ideas promulgated and advanced on the earth. We are prone to have great selfishness, great self-love, and we desire that our way shall be paramount. That is the spirit of the world to a great extent; but, having accepted the Gospel of Jesus Christ, we acknowledge a head; we have sworn allegiance to that head in the waters of baptism and through the ordinances that we have been permitted and had the privilege to receive, that we shall uphold and sustain them in all good works. We can afford to sustain the Presidency of the Church and the Twelve Apostles, because God has promised that He will never permit His servants to go astray while in His work. We all make mistakes; but if we never made mistakes, we should never know the joy and grandeur of humiliation and repentance, and receiving the forgiveness of our Heavenly Father and those with whom we associate. If we did not make mistakes ourselves, we would not be kind and lenient to others who may have similar weaknesses. God has not sent His angels in their perfection upon earth to perform His work, but men and women with many failings, who suffer from the environment of their youth, from lack of education and from other disadvantages. They may, to us, appear very weak instruments to perform God's works; but they are God's choice and when they can no longer do His will He removes them. It will not belittle us nor injure us to give them all reverence while we are called to associate with them on the earth. I had the blessed

privilege of being born in the Church and I can say I was never taught the principle of disloyalty to the Government of the United States nor the President of the Church. If I have ever deviated from the truth or have been guilty of disloyalty or lack of integrity or anything that would cause me to falter in my position of upholding and sustaining those in authority, it is because of my own weakness, it it is not because of anything I have been taught. I am thankful to say that my heart has been set from my childhood, as yours has been also, to serve the Lord in the way that has been pointed out by the Prophet of God. We will think well and speak well of the Presidency of the Church, of the Twelve Apostles, and those whom we look upon as leaders. We will respect also our position as leaders in the Primary work, or whatever work is given to us to do. No matter what division of this great labor is assigned to us, that is the thing we are to be loyal and true to.

Here is President Louie B. Felt, who sits in our midst to-day. She has labored from her early youth and for twenty-eight years she has held this position of President of the Primary Associations throughout the world. I feel to sustain her in her work, because I know she is God-appointed. I have never come in contact with a woman better qualified to fill the position of General President than Sister Louie B. Felt. Whatever weakness she may possess as a woman, I know that God sustains her, and those whom she has called to her assistance.

The report of our past years of labor will show that we have been united by the spirit of interest, the spirit of love. Think of the intelligence, self-sacrifice, and energy that has been expended in order to bring this to pass. When we hear these reports read from year to year, and we think of the labor of these sisters, it is a marvel to me when I see how much has been accomplished. It cannot all be made apparent in our reports, but it will give an outline.

Now, my sisters, do you think we have done this without much prayer, without fasting, without humiliation and suffering, both of mind and body? Have we done all this work without a struggle? Has not God blessed us? Have we not reason to thank Him with all our hearts for the way He has stood for us in all our work? I think God has been loyal to us, His chosen people, His weak, humble daughters, who go forth sowing the beautiful seed of the Gospel, in tears, humility, and bodily weakness. They have many things in themselves to fight against, but they are always trying to overcome, and I have every confidence in my co-workers; no matter what mistakes they may make in their work, they have the spirit of sincere repentence working in them, calling them to cast aside that which is not right and to continue on with that which will help them to that high standard so much to be desired.

Now, my sisters, I do urge you to be true to the work that is

given you as Primary officers, seeking for the Spirit of God to know just what that duty requires of you. You should reverence those who are placed over you, be polite, courteous, and true to the officers that you come in contact with.

When an officer feels it necessary to withdraw from her work, counsel with love in your hearts, that all may separate with the kindest of feelings. Officers are sometimes disabled for active service. When that time comes we should try to make them feel their labors have been appreciated in the past, and when they withdraw from our circle we should not let them go feeling humiliated or hurt. Let us show them every courtesy and consideration, because however weak their work may have been, it was probably the very best they could do.

It is not good, for any one to aspire to power, to rule. It is enough if we are called to these positions. I would urge you to make yourself qualified, not to seek for office, seek for the Spirit of Christ, love truth, so that when a call comes, you may be prepared for it. But I warn you, my sisters, against aspiring to these positions of responsibility and trust, because they call for much self-sacrifice and require great qualification and high principles that we may not be able to live up to, and we might not be able to shine with any greater light or glory than those perhaps we have looked upon with criticism. Let us not feel hurt if we are not called to positions. Let us remember that Christ said, "Not my will, but thy will,O Father." This spirit should be with us all through life. This spirit to control and have our way should be quenched; and if we are endowed with it from our ancestors, we should put it aside.

May we seek to have the spirit of love and harmony, to build each other up and not tear down. You remember when Joseph Smith visited the Hill Cumorah every year for four years, and was shown by the angel of God the wonderful records that were hidden up, we have it in history where the Prophet Joseph Smith said that Satan also came. Satan was there, and he exerted his power over the Prophet, who afterward said: "This key I wish to leave with you: "Satan always comes with the spirit of faultfinding, the spirit of censure." The angel encouraged and strengthened him when he was faint and nearly overcome by the man-fearing spirit that he naturally possesed in communicating with an angel. This undoubtedly encouraged him and strengthened him, built him up, and gave him courage to go on with the great work assigned him. May this be the keynote of this convention and for the coming year; that we will love each other, that we will cultivate the spirit of Christ that we will hold each other up, our friends and associates, and especially those we are called upon to labor with, otherwise we cannot have the help of our Father in Heaven. "United we stand, but divided we fall."

By our prayers and our tears may we at last reap the approval

of our Father in Heaven: Well done, thou good and faithful servant, you have been faithful over a few things, over the little Primary children entrusted in your care, enter into the joy of my presence. This is my prayer, in the name of Jesus. Amen.

Aurelia S. Rogers:

I feel very thankful for the privilege of meeting with you this morning. I am pleased to be here and wish you welcome, all the sisters who have come from away off to this convention. I think it has been a great labor, a labor of love and pleasure to come here. I was sorry to miss the remarks in the forepart of the meeting, but I enjoyed the remarks made by Sister Freeze, and I thought how true it was. She was speaking of the weaknesses of people, and the Lord calling weak people to do His work on earth. We should forgive each other with love, and not notice each other's little faults and failings. I enjoyed it because I think we have so many things to meet in our Primary work, and I think also that when we would do good, this feeling is before us, and many times we struggle and have everything of an opposite nature to overcome. When I was President of the Primaries of Davis Stake we had to travel in conveyances to take us from one place to another. We noticed it so often that when we would be getting ready to visit, something would happen to the harness and we would be so afraid we would be late, or perhaps we would fail in getting a horse and we would have to go and get another. We had so much to try us but we always seemed to come out all right. We never had an accident happen that was at all serious. In all my traveling I was never sick once at any one time that I traveled around. I know these things are true and I feel that we have to depend upon the Lord; we want to draw near to Him and keep near to Him.

There is one thing that I want to speak about to-day. It was an experience in my home just before our convention in Davis Stake. My daughter is secretary of Davis Stake, and she has a place where she keeps all of her minute books and everything that pertains to the Primaries. Four or five days before the convention was held she thought she would look over the minutes of the last convention. She went to the drawer where she keeps them, but she could not find them. She inquired of me, and we began to search. We looked in every place where we thought the minutes could have gone; we searched but we could not find them. We looked in every possible place, and I felt very sorrowful over it. I felt to pray over it, for we must not lose them, and another thing, it would not have a very good effect not to have the minutes. We prayed about it. That is what we teach our little children, and many Primary children have borne testimony that when they have lost

articles, they have found them through prayer. So we prayed to find the minute book. My daughter went to the President of the Primaries of the Stake, to let her know that she could not find the book, and she prayed also. Friday we had not found them, and I began to wonder if we were not going to find them. I did not believe that the Lord would fail us. I gave another search; but I had not done it before my daughter happened to go to the drawer next to the one where she kept the papers, and the very first thing she saw as she opened the drawer was the minutes. I felt as if an angel had been in the house and helped us out of our trouble. We had looked that drawer over and over. It has been on my mind ever since. If we are in trouble and go about it in the right way, we will be helped out. I do hope you will be successful in your teaching. I believe you will, even if you cannot come up to the mark as you wish to be, as none of us can. We make mistakes, but we must bear with each other; try again and not give up the work that has been assigned us.

I do pray that all of you sisters, workers in the Primary Association, will be blessed in your labors; that while you are absent your families and little ones will have nothing the matter with them; that you may have peace in your homes, and go to your homes in safety. I pray that you may all keep up with your duties. I pray for Sister Felt and her assistants and those who are working for the good of our children. We want to work together and be united, loving each other as one family. May the Lord bless every association, I ask, in the name of Jesus. Amen.

Elder L. W. Shurtliff, President of Weber Stake:

Members of the General Board and sisters of the Primary Association of the Church: I can assure you it is a treat for me to be here this morning. I came in not expecting to occupy the stand, but sat down with one of my brethren from Box Elder stake in the back end of the hall in order to hear and to become more familiar with the reports and work of this very important organization. I can assure you, my friends, that I am delighted with the work that is being done in the Weber stake. It may not be all that we could wish, but I do know that we have a president, Sister Katherine Wright, who is devoted to the work. She has gathered around her those who are interested, and I presume this is the case in all of the stakes of Zion.

When the sisters were talking about having some of the High Councilors to assist them, Sister Wright asked me about it, and I said she could have the President of the stake and all the High Council to assist her. I feel in this particular that, while it may seem not so great as some of the auxiliary organizations, I be-

lieve, sisters, it is one of the most important organizations in the Church. You take the children of the people almost from infancy, and they are taught, as I know when I look into your faces, those who are here to-day, I know that they are taught in the correct principles of the Gospel. You will teach them to be loyal to every principle that God has revealed, as well as to the authorities that He has placed to preside over the Church.

I was invited to attend a Primary conference in the Fifth Ward, that is my home ward, and I want to tell you it was a revelation to me, the conduct of that conference, the singing and all of the exercises. I believe that it would be a good thing if some of the brethren did attend them more frequently, if you conduct them in the way this one was conducted; everything was done and I really did not know who was doing it. We go to some meeting, and we see some brother get up and call upon this one and the other one; but this was all done without any apparent exertion or calling upon this one or that. Each one knew his or her place. They sang just as these little children did this morning, and who but felt that angels were here to listen.

You are teaching the children of the Latter-day Saints not only to be loyal to God, but you are teaching them to be loyal to themselves, and to be pure and upright; and I thank God for the Primary Associations of Weber Stake of Zion and the loyal supporters and laborers we have in that particular place. We have had the pleasure of having some of our sisters to visit us. Sisters, we are glad to have you come and see us and talk to us. I want to say that I should love to attend every convention that you hold, if you won't call me up to the stand, and I hope you will let me sit down there and listen to what you are doing; for I feel to say God bless the Primary workers. There is no greater work; you are laying the foundation for lives of purity of men and women; and, while it may be done in weakness and tears, it is all important, and I thank God that we have such worthy women and girls who labor for the cause of Zion and God's people. Amen.

President Louie B. Felt:

My beloved brethren and sisters: I shall not take up much of your time, but I feel that I would be doing wrong not to extend to you the welcome that is in my heart to give you. I wish I had the tongue of an angel for a few moments that I might speak to you as I feel in my heart, but through the weakness of the flesh, I had begged to be excused. Sister Beebe, kindly consented at very short notice to do what I felt I could not do this morning, and I apologize to you, for the weakness that took hold of me; and I pray that God will forgive me for this weakness, because I have in my heart

a love that I cannot express in words for you, my dear co-laborers. I feel to you, as you feel to those precious gifts that God has given you. Perhaps, like me, there are some who have been denied the great privilege of being a mother; but, if you feel as I feel, I know it was the wisdom of God that denied me this blessing, for I am certain that I should have been more selfish than I am to-day had I been a mother. But God has given me many, many lovely children through other mothers, that I may pray for, think of, and love as I love you, my sisters. I feel that you are all my children, and your children, my grandchildren, or great-grandchildren, as I often say.

President Shurtliff has spoken words that for years I have longed to hear: "We are interested in your work. I love you, my sisters who are struggling and trying to do good to other people's children." I have longed for twenty-eight years to hear some good brother stand up here in Salt Lake City and say that this is one of the greatest organizations, because it is the foundation, and the seed that you are sowing to-day, my sisters, is the seed that will spring up and cause your heart to rejoice, if you live long enough; but if you are called beyond the veil before those over whom you preside to-day, you will know there what you have done. You cannot realize or appreciate it to-day. We feel sometimes that our labors are irksome, that we are getting little out of it. Do not think it, my sisters. God is at the helm, and He directs what you are doing. He loves you for the sacrifices you make; He loves every sister in this house to-day whose heart is in her work; He loves you with a love that you cannot understand, and He will bless you and will comfort you, as He has done me. I feel so many times that I am the weakest of the weak, that I should not hold the position that I do, because of my great weakness; but if God desires me to go on a little longer, and if you will pray for Him to take from me this timidity and the weakness that overcomes me, I trust that I may yet do some good in this life. And if I were to stop to-day my work in the Primary Association, I have been repaid, because of the words that I have longed for years to hear from the Priesthood of God, and when our sisters go out among you and come home to me with the report that the President of the stake, some of the High Council, many of the Bishops were in our midst, I thank God with all my heart that they can see and understand that we are not trying to be officious; that we have been placed here by those placed over us, and we are only trying to magnify our calling. We are trying to do good unto the most precious gifts that God has bestowed upon us.

Now, my sisters, the keynote is love. Let every member of our boards remember what Sister Freeze has said to them this morning: Be truthful, be honest, be straightforward with each other, and avoid as much as possible all unpleasantness. When you know there is perhaps some little trouble, go to your Father in Heaven

and ask Him to help you to overcome that trouble. We are not placed here to judge. If we see in some sister, or in the President of the stake, or in the President of the Church something that we do not exactly like, is it our business to set them straight? I think not. Is it our right or privilege to talk about it? I think not, I know it is not. Our duty is to shut our eyes to the faults, that is, so far as speaking of it and repeating things that we hear. Our duty is to look upon all of our fellow-creatures with love and with kindness, and if we can, in a godlike spirit inspire those with whom we are working to overcome little imperfections and ask them to try to avoid in the future any little thing that another may find fault with, we are going then just as far as it is our privilege or our right. Let us shut our eyes to the little follies and little weaknesses in our brothers and sisters, because, while we are seeing these little weaknesses in them, perhaps they see much greater in us. We should so shape our lives in every thought, every action, and every word that the finger of scorn cannot be placed upon us. We should so strive to live that when we meet a brother or sister we can extend the hand of fellowship.

I need your faith and prayers. I want to do right; I want to do my duty, to live in such a way that when I go beyond the veil I may meet my dear ones who have gone before me, and there meet them with the feeling that I have done the best I knew how, with the weaknesses of the flesh.

May God's choicest blessings rest upon you, my beloved workers; may the spirit that is here this morning be with us throughout this conference, and then go with us to our home that it may make us feel that we have new life and new vigor and a desire to serve God and to do His will, to keep His commandments, no matter what obstacles may be placed in our way. Let us put away all formality; let us be like one large family. If there is anything that I can do for you, I will take joy and pleasure in doing it, so will every member of our Board, God bless them. We have the grandest sisters that ever walked.

I want you to be united in faith for the perfect recovery of our sister, May Anderson. She does not like me to say this, but she needs it. You who have been associated with her, who have been visited by her, know her worth a little; we of the General Board know what she means to the Board. It is not her own strength, it is the power God has given her. I want you to pray for her, that God, if it is His will, will restore her to perfect health and strength for many years. I pray that the same blessings may rest upon Sister Beebe, Sister Freeze, and all the Board, and Sister Rogers, she and I have grown white in the work of the Primary Association.

We feel to pray for those who bear the burden, the local officers and the stake officers. They may not know it now, but theirs is work that will stand out in days to come, and our children will be

pointed to as Primary children of years ago, noble men and women, in fact all that we want them to be, a generation of pure boys and girls, grown to manhood and womanhood.

May God's choicest blessings rest upon the brethren who have come into our meetings. May their voices rise many times in the houses of the Saints of God in defense of our work. May our Primary workers be known throughout Zion and in the world as a band of sisters who are struggling to do what is right, and help the poor, laboring mothers who have large families. May the blessings of God be with us, each and every one of us to help and assist us at all times, is my prayer, in the name of Jesus. Amen.

DISCIPLINE.

Doctor Seymour B. Young:

My beloved sisters: I esteem it a very great honor to be with you to-day, by invitation of the Presidency of your society and I consider that what I have said heretofore in regard to the training of children may have something to do with my being here to speak at this session of your conference. Some of you may remember that I have been pronounced in my sentiment and my expression of that sentiment, which has been that parents should not strike their children. Possibly my attitude in regard to this matter may need a little explanation.

The crowned heads of Europe never allow their children to receive a blow. They consider that the heirs to the thrones of those great powers would be degraded forever if they should receive a blow from any person; and my position is this, in regard to the Latter-day Saints and their children: Their children are well born and of royal descent, just as royal, as kingly, as queenly as any on the face of the earth and, if there are any choice spirits in Heaven in this day and time, and I maintain that there are many of them, they are coming this way. There is no other community to which the favored spirits, those intelligent beings that God, our Father has begotten in Heaven, can come where they will be more welcome than in the homes of the Latter-day Saints.

I remember my son went into the country before going on his mission. I sent him for a purpose; he remained over night at the house of one of the brethren in what is known as Kimball's Park; it is below Park City, on the old stage line. While he was there, the father punished very severely one of his little boys. My son came home and said: "Papa, I could not sleep last night! I saw that little boy after he was punished." The little fellow sobbed and cried all night. My boy said, " I could not sleep for hearing him sob and cry."

Now, this to me was an evidence of brutality. I could hardly refrain from administering to that father a severe reproof. However, I did refrain from doing it, for reasons possibly that I could not explain to myself.

However, the Discipline of Children, and the subject of discipline, that I am asked to speak on to-day, possibly will not be remote from what I have said now. I wish to attract your attention, my sisters, you who are teachers and officers in this very worthy school, to the discipline of great minds and great men, in a few remarks.

I have said in the beginning of my notes: "The child is a bundle of possibilities, I think you will all agree with me. There may be some impossibilities about it also. Truth is stronger than fiction, and this thought is evidenced continually as the unfolding of the minds of our children is portrayed, and we realize that we do not get quite to their depths. I have been asked questions by my children that I could not answer, and I guess other parents have had like experiences. But I do not leave them unanswered, as a rule; but if it is a question that I do not understand or cannot answer for any cause, I say, "My son, or my daughter, read so and so; or read what the Lord says on that subject, then you will get the answer for yourself. The Lord will give you inspiration."

There was a little Corsican, Napoleon Bonaparte, a boy, ragged, uncared for, in the little Kindom of Corsica, where the old grudges were faught out by shooting their adversaries, and the stiletto and knife were a common means of duelling between neighbors who were at feuds with one another. "Napoleon Bonaparte," a little "ragged boy," fourteen or fifteen years of age, "ten years later became the ruler of Europe," and my impression from his history is that he was a very good disciplinarian; he submitted to the discipline of those who were his teachers, and sought to learn all about a certain thing, and the thing which dominated his mind was the method of war and the means of carrying it on successfully. Hence, when he came before the public, he came more or less prepared for a soldier's life, for a general's life, for the life of a leader, because he had been disciplined in that way. He had learned to obey thoroughly.

I remember very well when I was a boy a remark made by my father to Captain Lot Smith, at the time we enlisted in the United States service, during the war of the great Rebellion. My father said to Captain Smith, "My son does not know very much about being a soldier but he knows how to obey." I thought that was the greatest compliment I could have had from anyone.

Admiral Robley D. Evans, of whose recent history you are probably somewhat familiar, was appointed by Captain William H. Hooper to the Annapolis college, where sailors are trained to be officers in the navy the same as they are trained at West point

to be officers in the army. Robley D. Evans was sent from Utah by Captain Hooper, then our Delegate to Congress. How he improved his time and made good the trust imposed in him the history of that great man will readily tell. He it was during the Spanish and American war who was captain of that great battleship, called the Oregon. He brought that vessel from San Francisco harbor to San Diego Harbor, around the Horn, twelve or thirteen thousand miles, without a mishap, and in an incredibly short time, considering the weight of the vessel, having to carry his own supply of fuel and other supplies during the entire voyage. He went into the war under the appellation of "Fighting Bob Evans," and he has been known by that title ever since. Finally he became Admiral, and after Sampson and Dewey had retired, he became chief officer of the battle ships of the navy. When on his recent voyage in the battle fleet of the nation he arrived on the southern coast of South America, he was stricken down with a very severe illness, but he regained enough health and vigor to enter the harbor of San Francisco with our fleet, was accorded there the freedom of the city, with his officers and men of the navy.

On the morning of the 13th of May, I think it was, they had a grand parade in honor of the fleet in the city of San Francisco. Robley D. Evans was on time, with his officers, at a point where they were to be conveyed by carriages through the different streets of the city in the van or front of the parade. The carriages failed to appear on time. Admiral Evans marched across the street to a point where stood a large automobile. He sprang into it, with his officers, and ordered the driver to move to the front of the procession, inquired for the Utah cadets, who were to be his body guard, and with them led the vast concourse of celebrators through the city of San Francisco. When the carriages arrived ten minutes later, they saw the Admiral and his party far in advance, at the head of the procession. They had not been waited for, and they learned a lesson no doubt in discipline, in punctuality, that they will not forget very soon. Discipline in that case meant punctuality.

The discipline of honesty. A merchant who had, through sagacity, honesty, and perseverance secured a trade that brought him wealth, honor, and a good name in the community where he lived, desired a messenger boy for his home, etc. He advertised for one, and in answer to his advertisement, half a dozen boys put in an appearance on a certain morning. They were all admitted into the office of the merchant and seated, and then one at a time invited into a private room and left to himself for a length of time that no doubt tried the nerves of some of the boys. The first boy admitted sat quietly for awhile, and then began to look around, and said, aloud, to himself, "I wonder how long I am to wait here." Then in a few moments he added, "I wonder what I am waiting for anyhow." Then he looked around the room and saw upon the

table in the center of the room a box. "I wonder," said he, "what is in that box?" And being in a condition of wonder he arose from his chair, walked up to the table, picked up the box and looked at it from side to side, and set it down again, and went back to his seat. Pretty soon he arose a second time and went to the box. "I want to know what is in that box." So he cautiously and carefully raised the lid. He had to exert some little strength to draw it from its fastenings; but he did so and drew back the lid. Immediately an artificial snake jumped out of the box and coiled itself around his arm. You may be sure there was an alarm. The boy yelled and the merchant rushed in, with one or two of the cash boys, and asked him what was the matter. He could not tell them, but held up his arm. The boy was taken to the back door of the office and dismissed. Four other boys went through the same process. Everyone of them failed because they lacked the discipline; they lacked the training that a conscientious mother and father should have given them. But the last one was a poor widow's son. He stood apart from the rest when he first entered the room, because his clothes were old and mended; but he was clothed in mended garments that showed a neat, and careful mother, for they were clean, his shoes were polished, his hands were clean, his hair kept properly. He attracted the attention of the merchant, who left him until the last. He showed him into the room where the others had received their probation and trial. It reminds me somewhat of the trial and probation we are having here. We are left here by a wise and kind Father, sent here to see what we will do, and these boys had the same chance, only in a narrower condition, and a much more speedy result was reached. This boy, although left for more than an hour in the room, without a soul to speak to, sat entirely quiet, did not move from his chair. Finally, after more than an hour had passed, the merchant came into the room and said:

"My boy, I am sorry to have kept you waiting so long."

"Do not mind that," said the boy. "I was happy. I had nothing to make me otherwise. The room was pleasant and comfortable, and I had nothing to do but enjoy myself."

"Were you not thinking of what would be the result of your visit?"

"Somewhat, but I left that entirely to you as to whether I would suit you or not."

The merchant was very much impressed with the conversation he had with the boy and engaged him immediately, and said to him:

"I want you for my messenger boy and I will give you employment. You will please convey this word to your mother."

The boy proved satisfactory to his employer, became his partner, married his daughter and as the stories say lived happy ever after.

Now, widowed mothers generally, if they are good mothers, are very careful to make up in care and training of their children the loss of the father and husband, and many of them succeed admirably. The mothers are generally the chief instructors of childhood, and upon them devolves a very grave responsibility; and I sometimes think if it were not for the mothers of our children, what would become of them? Fathers are away from home almost constantly, some of them pretty nearly all of the time; and upon the mothers devolve the actualities of home life, the responsibility of training their children, teaching them honesty, frugality, good manners, general deportment, politeness, etc. But the nearer a mother enters into the heart of the child, the more she exerts herself to read the child, to get within its deepest recesses, the less reason she ever sees for lifting her hand in violence against that child; for the deeper and more careful the training, the greater the realization of the possibilities of that child enters into the mother's heart, and before she knows it, she has won the love which can never be lost to her while life shall last. Hence there is no necessity for a blow, either from father or mother. So I say, as I said in the beginning, do not strike you children. Rule them by love and by understanding them; for if you do not understand them, you cannot quite govern them; but if you try to understand them, with a determined purpose, coupled with humility, great love and kindness, you will get to the bottom of their hearts, to the very foundation of their thoughts and affections, and you will govern them, you will discipline them, you will train them so that they will never forget their parents' training.

There was a character appeared in the British army some five or six years ago, prior to the death, however, of the good Queen Victoria; and before I say anything on this matter, I want to call your attention to the subject I wish to emphasize and that is discipline of a pure and clean life. The Jewish matrons taught their daughters generations before the birth of the Savior, that their King, their Messiah, was about to appear, and that he was sure to come through the loins of a Jewish maiden, because they were the promised seed from whence was to be taken their scion, this great personage who was to be the King of the Jews. All the prophets pointed to this lineage for his descent. So for generations these maidens of Judah were prepared by the strict training and careful culture of their careful, high-minded, virtuous mothers; and the result has been that to-day—I will say this for the Jewish women, they have no superiors in virtue and in purity and in excellence of life and constitution, they rank favorably with the women of our own communities, and they rank next to you, by beloved sisters, in everything that is true, noble, and good. So much for the Jewish maidens and matrons.

The Saviour came. God the Father, the Creator of life, selected for his mother the beautiful Mary, born in the town of Bethlehem, where her illustrious son was born. She was the daughter of Joachim, a man of Nazareth. He wedded one of Israel's fair daughters by the name of Anna, who lived in the little town of Bethlehem, and they lived for many years childless. It was a reproach in Israel to be childless. The priests in the temple were so straight-laced at that time that they even refused the gifts as peace offerings from the husband of Anna, because she was a barren woman. She cried and prayed to the Lord that He would remove her barrenness, and the Lord heard her prayer, and the angel Gabriel came to her and said, "The Lord has heard your prayers, and he is going to send you a daughter for your comfort, to take away your reproach, and when the child is born, you shall name it "Mary," which means, by the way, "forsaken." And yet it came to be one of the sweetest names in the English language, because the mother of our Lord had this name. When her child grew to manhood, he was forsaken and she was forsaken by her tribe. You know her history well. The four Evangelists have written it in the four partial histories, see Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John. There is a Life of Christ by Gieke, also and by Farrar, very interesting stories indeed.

Now, although the Jewish maidens had received this training very many generations before, yet when He came, His people, His nation, did not know Him, did not recognize Him, would not receive Him, and finally they demanded His death upon the cross, and Pontius Pilate was weak enough to grant their demand.

Now listen to the story I was going to relate in regard to a lieutenant in the British Army. His name was Baker. Riding one day in a British railroad coach, which you must remember is very different from ours. In every compartment where passengers are seated, as it leaves the station a guard locks the door of the compartment and you cannot get out until the train reaches the next station. Lieutenant Baker found himself locked in the compartment with a beautiful young woman. Baker was full of the vilest kind of whiskey or alcohol, drunk as a lord, as the saying is—I do not know that it applies to any lordly gentleman. He made advances of an ungenteel character to this young lady. Finally when she repulsed him, and refused to ride further in the car with him, he taunted her with the fact that she could not get out; that she was in his power. Immediately she flew to the window of the car, pushed it aside, and placed her hands on the sill of the window, and said, "If you dare to come an inch nearer me, I will throw myself to the ground to certain death, for I would rather die than receive your advances." The train just then dashed into the next station. Immediately the guard unlocked the door of the compartment; the young lady sprang out and fell fainting upon the platform. The guard stepped into

the car, and saw the lieutenant there in a drunken condition and he was immediately placed under arrest, until an explanation should come from the young lady. He was taken before his superior officers, a court marshal summoned. When they heard the facts from the young lady who confronted him before the court marshal, so plain and simple was her story and so accenuated with truth, the court suspended Lieutenant Baker, took his sword from him, and his epaulets from his shoulders, and sent him away, a disgraced man. The case was appealed to the Lieutenant General, Lord Kitchener, and he in turn agreed with the court marshal, who had turned Lieutenant Baker from the army in disgrace. ' His friends insisted upon its being appealed to Queen Victoria herself. When the case came up before her, she said the action of the court marshal was proper. She praised them for their prompt and proper action in the case, and said that while she lived and was queen of the realm no man who would insult a lady as Baker had done, should hold any office of honor or trust in the army or elsewhere.

The discipline of that young woman was perfect. She evinced the training of a careful mother; and Lieutenant Baker showed that he was indifferent to the discipline of his parents and of the army which he disgraced, because he had given away to strong drink, and when strong drink is in the brain of a human being, all discipline, all honor, all virtue, all things upright, pure, and noble, are forgotten or driven out by the strong drink that is within.

It is said that the German army is one of the greatest evidences of perfect discipline of any system in the world, possibly, of any military organization it is named as being the most perfect; but I have read of instances in that army where the discipline of it was very much exaggerated to the effect that discipline was taken for granted by some of the officers to place them in a superior condition to the citizens of the realm, so they have done some very cruel things. A German officer was marching along the sidewalk, with the saber dragging upon the pavement. A civilian passed along, in company with a lady. The officer was slowly moving; this couple wished to go on but could not get by without brushing against the officer. The young gentleman tripped over the saber in passing. He did not hurt the officer any, did not even mar his saber; but the officer immediately ran the young man through and killed him. The German Army gave him a court marshal hearing, but did not dismiss him from the service nor punish him. So that is a discipline very much overdone. He ought to have been hung for murder, and the quicker done the better it were done.

At the explosion in the harbor of San Diego, in which the Maine was blown up by a submarine mine, the officers and sailors of that vessel remained at their posts and went down with the ship. One of them, the Captain, was rescued, however, with a few of his officers; but the most of the non-commissioned officers and the

crew went down. Why? Because they had been disciplined in that way. They were to remain at their posts under all conditions until ordered by a superior officer to leave the ship.

Such is the discipline of the American Navy, even though they are more liberal, I believe, than other great nations in this matter; yet such was the condition that most of the officers and men remained at their posts and went down with their gallant ship.

There is a story that I once read of a little boy who was taken to sea upon a fighting vessel by his father. It was the sea fight at Trafalgar, where Nelson, the great British Admiral commanded. This little boy was kept in the cabin during the fight. He wandered out on the deck and said to his father, "I want to see; I want to be outside the cabin where I can see what is going on." The father placed him behind a gun that was disabled and said, "Remain there, until I call you. Do not leave that position. You will be safe there from the bullets of the enemy." The little boy was accustomed to obedience, because his father had shown him the example. His father went below, to the gunners on the lower deck. While there, a shell shot through an open porthole exploded, killing the captain of the vessel. There is a poem written by some inspired author, something like this in honor of this brave boy.

"The boy stood on the burning deck,
Whence all but him had fled;
The flames that lit the battle's wreck
Shone round him o'er the dead.

"He called aloud, 'Say, father, say,
If yet my task be done.'"
And but the booming shot reply,
And fast the flames rolled on."

Fearing the magazine of the vessel would explode, the sailors deserted the ship. Some of them called to the boy, "Come, the ship is going to sink; come away, come into the boat. Come away and let us save you." "No," said the boy. "My father bade me to remain here, and here I remain." And then the vessel blew up and the poem closes with this beautiful tribute.

"With shroud and mast and pennant fair,
That well had borne their part,—
But the noblest thing that perished there
Was that young and faithful heart."

Washington, the great leader of the army of the little Republic of thirteen states, when our forefathers were fighting for their liberty against the British Empire, was stationed at Valley Forge with his soldiers, hungry and almost naked, in the dead of winter without

tents, without blankets, almost the entire army compelled to stand in the snow at night, keeping fires burning to keep from freezing to death. Washington would every day retire a distance from the army, and once upon a time some of the officers followed him into the woods where they saw him kneel down and lift his eyes and hands to Heaven, praying with all his heart, that the God of Heaven would send succor to his poor, naked, starving officers and men; and when they who went after him to listen heard the prayer of their general and it was repeated to the army, that army received new force, new life, and from that time on there were fewer deserters. The men ceased to want to go away from the army; they ceased to have unbelief in the greatness of their cause, and their faith and strength were increased to that degree that when marching orders came the ranks were found full, every company answering the muster roll call, and they marched to victory, for soon after that came the surrender of Cornwallis and the end of the war.

Luther, the great Reformer, was a great disciplinarian. It was not possible, my brethren and sisters, for the people in the days of Luther to read the Bible; they did not have a Bible to read, until Luther published his German Bible, a copy of which I have in my house to-day. The Roman priests made him a prisoner and told him to recant what he had said about the granting pardon for sins that were committed or were going to be committed, for the payment of money; and they required him to recant or they would put him to torture. But he wrote his thesis of twenty-seven articles, denying their right to do as they were doing and nailed them to the church door at Wurtemburg. As the officers were about to drag him away to prison, he said: "This is my position; these are my sentiments. I cannot retract. God help me, I cannot recant."

The discipline and the spirit of reformation had been at work in his heart and it had found ready lodgment in his Christian soul. So the German people had his Bible. Rome did not kill him but imprisoned him and tried by every means to make him recant.

So it was with William Penn, the great Quaker leader. While in England the Quakers, Penn's fellow churchmen, were mobbed, rotten-egged, and in every way made to feel that they were not wanted in the communities where they lived. Penn stood as a champion for them before he left for America. That was one reason why he left, to come to a land of freedom, for he had heard they had freedom of conscience in this land. Many of his followers came with him. He said: "if the King and churchmen cannot convince me by arguments that I am holding to the wrong faith, if they cannot convince me of this by logical arguments, they cannot convince me by sticks, stones, and clubs." The discipline of an honest heart was there again, intensified in its convictions by every persecution that came upon him.

So it has been in all times, wherever you find reformers, earnest and true to their convictions, you will find them faithful amidst all persecutions that can be brought upon them.

Now, then, I am going to bring to your notice one or two more characters. Abraham Lincoln was the leader of the American cause at the time of the great Rebellion. When he was inaugurated President of the United States, the sovereign states, six of them, had seceded from the Union, and he called upon the country for seventy-five thousand volunteers to put down the Rebellion. And when they had struggled with this terrible condition for three months, or during the term of their enlistment, Lincoln called for one hundred and fifty thousand more to serve three months, or during the war. After this, along in 1862, the latter part of the year, Grant came into prominence. He demanded of the President one hundred thousand. He continued to call until at last there were six hundred thousand men in the field arrayed against the Confederacy. Finally the Union army was victorious, all were tired of the war, both North and South. General Lee approached General Grant at the surrender of Petersborough, and tendered his sword.

"No, General Lee," said Grant, "retain your sword." "Here are our implements of war," said Lee, "artillery, horses, etc." "We will take your arms; but your horses and your mules you shall retain, for you will need them for your spring plowing. You will need them to put in your spring crops." What a revelation of a kind heart in a soldier for his fallen enemy! Keep your horses and mules, for you will need them for your spring plowing, Grant said. Not only strong and firm in the realities of the war; but when the war was ended, that was the end of the fight; no ill feelings on the part of the Union men was evidenced. Lincoln said, in speaking at the cemetery at Gettysburg: "With malice toward none, with charity for all, with firmness in the right, as God gives us to see the right, let us strive to finish the work we are in, to bind up the nation's wounds, to care for those who have borne the battle, and for the widows and orphans; to do all which may achieve and cherish a just and lasting peace among ourselves and all nations."

So we see men who were disciplined in the sternest realities of life, in the contemplation of the welfare of communities lend their aid to soothe and bind up the wounds of their fallen foes.

Next Joseph Smith, the Mormon Prophet. You can imagine, my brethren and sisters, what his life would be and was; of what metal he was composed; what was in his heart and in the heart of his parents also, for they became both of them shining marks in the Church, shining examples. They were both of them perfect types of the New England father and mother, devoted, worship-

ing the Lord so far as they knew with all their hearts, observing the Sabbath Day and keeping it holy and sacred, teaching their children in the same lines; and, when the Lord answered the prayer of Joseph Smith, the boy Prophet, the Lord recognized this fact; I believe that He selected a pure-minded youth, one who had been disciplined by pure-minded and noble-minded parents, one who had descended from a race of heroes. The Prophet's relatives, many of them, were in the Revolutionary War that decided the fate of this Republic; not only were they soldiers of the army when they gained their freedom, but they were also soldiers of Christ, many of them were teachers of godliness, of pure religion as far as they understood it. One of the Prophet's forefathers, claimed that the time would come when a relative of his would bring to pass, in a religious point of view, something that would astonish the world. "It is borne in upon my mind that some of my family will receive revelations and demonstrations of the divine pleasure of the Lord."

This is the discipline that is taught in the lessons of life, in our organized communities and you mothers, you fair daughters of Zion are to be the mothers of a host of heroes who shall be saviors upon Mount Zion when the kingdom shall be.

May Anderson:

My dear brethren and sisters: I have enjoyed very much the address that has been given to us by Brother Young, and I would like to believe that we could all feel and understand the lessons which it has given to us. The pictures he has brought before us are of noble, worthy lives and the lesson is that we as officers and teachers over the young of Zion need just such discipline; that when the call comes to us, in any form, we will be ready. When the children come to us for help and assistance, how do we know who they are going to be and what their mission in life may be? Let us just glance at the Presidency of the Church. Men born far apart from each other, reared in the humble walks of life, undoubtedly working hard in their youth, having to face many difficulties, and yet, where are they to-day: Why do they stand there? Because all through their lives their motto has been, "When the Lord calls me, I am ready."

I believe that the workers in the Primary Association have the privilege of helping to shape and form the characters of nearly fifty thousand children, and out of that immense number without doubt we shall have in the future leaders of honor and leaders of merit who shall carry on the great work of this Gospel.

The General Board has been called and set apart by the presiding authorities of this Church to perform a special mission, to oversee and to help and direct, as far as they are able, the officers

who labor in the fifty-six stakes of Zion. How well we are doing our labor is told in statistics, perhaps a little more definitely than in any other way. We know to-day we are stronger than ever; we know to-day we have more workers than we ever had in the past.

As an officer of this Board it has been my privilege to go out to three or four conventions this year, and my testimony is that the interest as manifested by the stake officers is wonderfully increased. In days gone by we used to visit you in your stakes, in fact had a very nice time visiting the Saints of Zion, and approving of the work done by you. By and by it dawned on us that we ought to do more than approve, and so decided that we must first of all reach the officers and help them, they in turn helping the children, perhaps more intelligently, because we had the privilege of seeing many different ways used to bring about successful work in the organizations; so after much consideration and by working out plans we reached some good ideas of work and tried to take them to you. We have addressed the officers in the various stakes and have talked with you and have tried to help you. Now, this year we want to take a step further; it is going to be the special duty of the General Board to labor with stake officers. When we met with you in the past we had reports from the various wards, from the local officers; now we are going to get these reports from the stake officers. We want to know the condition of each ward in the stake, and we shall take them one after another and discuss them with the stake officers. We shall want to know if you are acquainted with the different sisters who preside in the different associations. If you know their names, condition, troubles, and trials, you will be able to help more intelligently. A lack of this knowledge on the part of the stake officers will show us that you are not doing the best that might be done in your stake; and we believe in this way we can do the most good for the Primary Associations. We wish to meet with the local officers but it will be to encourage and enthuse and praise them for the great and noble labor they are performing every week.

Now, sisters, I hope that you see the system of this. Brother Young has shown us very plainly that it is through the discipline of our daily lives that we reach the place where we are able to do great things. Now, there must be system, intelligent system; and we believe that the officers who preside over the children should be helped by the stake officers and the General Board should assist the stake officers particularly.

The conventions I have visited show marked improvement. Our lesson work is better, our interest is better in every direction, our attendance of officers is greatly improved. We have every cause for congratulation in these things.

I wish to speak one word in relation to the singing. I wish

you could change places with us and hear how beautifully you sing together. I do not believe if you had practiced you could have done any better. It has been a real joy and satisfaction to me, and has given a strong testimony that as Primary workers we are improving in enthusiasm, in energy, in love for our work, as expressed in our singing, which centainly was glorious this morning and this afternoon.

May the Lord bless us and help us to take into our lives and express in our acts the force of the address given by Brother Young, is my prayer, in the name of Jesus Christ. Amen.

THE OUNCE OF PREVENTION.

Dr. E. G. Gowans:

My dear fellow-workers:

I certainly feel a very heavy responsibility in arising before you to talk to you, and I think it very much of a disadvantage to be introduced as an expert; because we expect something of experts. I like, however, to think of myself as being interested in the same work that you are interested in, namely, the welfare of the young people of the Latter-day Saints. When I realize that there are here representatives from practically all of the stakes of Zion, from Canada to Mexico, I certainly feel humble, and desire that you will assist me by the influence of your faith and prayers, that I may be able to say something that will be mutually beneficial to us.

I notice by the program that the secretary has placed me there to talk on the subject, "The Ounce of Prevention." There is an old saying that an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure. If I could have my way, I would change that saying, making it like this: "An ounce of prevention is worth a hundred tons of cure." As a matter of fact, there is no comparison between prevention and cure, if we go into the field of medicine, where that saying had its origin. Certainly the man or the woman qualified to prevent disease who goes into a city like this, or any other, and by the exercise of wise means prevents an epidemic of scarlet fever, for example, has done vastly more than the man or woman whose skill and good care saves an individual suffering from that disease, or by wisdom, skill, or good care succeeds in saving the life of a child; because we know from statistics over the United States from this one disease there are about seven in twenty who die; with all the skill that can be used in a curative way seven out of twenty children who take scarlet fever pay the penalty of their misfortune with their lives.

Now, then, here is an opportunity for us to make a comparison

between prevention and cure. If by wise measures, if by careful quarantine, if by wise and skilful disinfection we prevent an epidemic of the disease and prevent twenty children from having the disease, we have saved seven lives that otherwise would have been sacrificed. So I say there is no way of making a comparison between prevention and cure.

Now, in that field in which you are all working, the development of boys and girls, this work of prevention, so far as it affects the future morality of the boys and girls, is just as much more important than the work of cure as can be imagined. You sisters, having the boys and girls at an early age, coincident with the care exercised over them by the parents, are in a position to do the preventive work, and, being in that position, there is laid upon your shoulders a very heavy responsibility. There is no more noble duty, no more noble task that a man or woman can undertake than the matter of training boys and girls, because the training of boys and girls, the making of men and women out of boys and girls, is the greatest work in the world. It is the purpose of all of the work we undertake. It is the purpose of every institution that has been established in the Church and out of the Church. The great purpose of the Church itself is to make perfect men and women out of the boys and girls that are intrusted to our care. It is the purpose of schools, governments, and all institutions, both Divine and human, to do this great work; and we, placed as we are, in charge of boys and girls at a tender age, are in a position to do this preventive work, which is so much more valuable, far reaching in its effects, than all the curative work that is being done.

It is true, there is a certain amount of curative work that has to be done. Boys and girls go wrong, and after they have gone wrong something in the way of curative work must be done. If the preventive work has been properly done, well done, effectively done, each one of us can feel that we have discharged our full duty under the responsibilities placed upon us; then there will be no curative work to be done in the future, if the preventive work is perfectly done. Now, it seems to me it ought to be the ideal for us to hold before ourselves, to do the preventive work that is to be done and do it as perfectly as possible.

It may be of interest to you to know that in the last fourteen months in Salt Lake County, there have been brought before the Juvenile Court and the Juvenile Court officers over eighteen hundred boys and girls. Now, I would like to ask, are we doing our full duty in the preventive work, when in this county alone there can be brought into the Juvenile Court more than eighteen hundred boys and girls inside of fourteen months? And not only that. You will be astonished, I am sure, to learn that out of those eighteen hundred cases there have been seventy-four cases of sexual immorality of boys and girls under eighteen years of age; and you

will be more astonished to know that more than half of these boys and girls are our boys and girls. Is it not our duty, my brethren and sisters to improve in doing the preventive work in the field of morality among the boys and girls? I am sure you will agree with me that it is.

Now, then, how can we do this preventive work? Possibly I ought to talk to you as though you were all parents, and as though the children who come under your care were your own children, your very own; because they are. You are charged with a responsibility just as near to the responsibility of the parent as can possibly be; and having that responsibility, certainly we should be interested in knowing what is the best thing for us to do. I believe as parents and teachers we ought to qualify ourselves better for the performance of our duty. I believe this is a message that you should carry into your respective stakes, better qualification for the important duties that rest upon teachers and parents. We ought to be better parents and better teachers than we are. Now, when I say better teachers, I no not mean that we should be more virtuous or more noble or more straightforward; because I know as a rule there are no more virtuous, noble, or faithful people in the world than our people. I do not mean that; but I mean by better teachers, teachers who understand better how to do their duty as teachers, and by better parents, parents who understand better how to do their duty as parents. We ought to have better training for parenthood, and for teaching, and they are about the same.

Now, what opportunity do the schools afford us for the training and preparation for parenthood? It is to be confessed with regret that the schools do not furnish us very good preparation or qualification for parenthood and for teaching. I believe that the workers in the Primary Associations, the individual teachers, just as the parents in the individual homes, should make the preparation for parenthood the one great duty resting upon them,—the one duty. If it is true as I said in the beginning that the making of men and women out of boys and girls is the biggest work in the world, then certainly the duties of parenthood and duties of teachers are the most important duties in the world. It does my heart good to see a woman whose purpose in life is to teach and benefit some one else; it does my heart good to see a man whose purpose in life is to benefit some one else other than himself, who is willing to devote his time, his means, his energy to the advancement of some one else than himself; and this is a great thing in parenthood and in teaching.

Now, you know that not long ago our women were told that all the avenues of business life and professional life and industrial life were thrown open to women; that they could do anything they desired; that they could qualify for any position; and not many years ago I heard it taught from our own pulpits that it was a

good thing for women to go into all kinds of work. I do not believe that this is good doctrine. I believe that the highest and the best work that any woman can perform is the work and the duty of motherhood; and I say that the schools and all of the work we are doing in the Church should tend in the direction of producing better fathers and mothers in the Church. As I said before, I do not mean better in the sense that we ordinarily use the term, I do not mean better mothers in the sense that they must be better morally; there is no fault to be found, except in individual cases, with the morality of our fathers and mothers; but you will agree with me, when I tell you a few things that have happened in the Juvenile Court, that they are not always good fathers and mothers while they are good men and women.

What would you think, for example, of a great big, broad-shouldered man, weighing two hundred and twenty-five pounds, who comes into the Juvenile Court, leading a little boy by the hand, who is nine years old. "Judge," I shall have to have your assistance. I cannot manage this boy. He is out on the street every night; I can't keep him in the house. It is impossible for me to control this boy, so I wish you would send him to the Reform School at Ogden."

"Well," I said, "what have you done to make your home more attractive than the street? Have you done anything? What do you do to make it more attractive for him to stay in the house?"

"Well," he said, "I am a busy man." Think of it, a busy man!

"I am a hard working man," he said, "and provide well for my family, and give them everything they need in the way of food and clothing. We have a home and there is no debt on it. I am under no obligation to anyone, and I am proud of that fact. When I come home I am tired out, and have supper and read the evening paper, and then I go to bed."

"You go to bed and leave that nine year old boy on the street in Salt Lake City?"

"Certainly, I can't go out and hunt him."

This man was an honest man; he was a good neighbor, and did not interfere with the business of his neighbors; he was honorable in his dealings; he was honest; he had paid all of his debts, if he had any; he was doing his best in those lines to be an exemplary citizen of the town.

"I will venture a guess" I said, "that when you come home tired, everyone has to stand around for you. You are the lord and master, and if that boy happens to whisper, you send him out of sight so that you can read the paper in peace; then you go to bed, after you have sent the boy out."

Then I said to him, "I believe the best thing you can do is to devote three hours less to earning money for the boy and devote three hours more to being that boy's companion."

Not very long ago two young girls were brought into the Juvenile Court, they were girls belonging to respectable families in Salt Lake City. As required by law their mothers were sent for to appear with them. They were brought by police officers, and it developed that the girls had not been home all night. I said to the mother of one of the girls, "Did you know where your daughter was last night?"

"She said she was going to stay with her," naming the other girl. I said to the other mother, "Did you know where your daughter was last night?" She said, "She told me she was going to stay with the other girl." "Did you have a telephone in the house?" "Yes." To the other woman, "Did you have a telephone in your house?" "Yes." "Did either of you step to the telephone and find out whether those two girls were safe at home?" "No."

And where were they? They were in a rooming house on State Street with two young men all night. And neither of those mothers, good women, honest women, virtuous women, women with too much confidence in their daughters, took the trouble to step to the telephone and find where their girls were that night. Are they examples of good motherhood? I say they are not; they may be good women, but they are not good mothers, and this is not the teaching of motherhood that we ought to be giving among the Latter-day Saints.

Another woman comes in to the Juvenile Court with two of her boys. They live down by the railroad tracks, or did at that time. The boys had been gathering up coal on the tracks, and they could not find enough coal on the tracks, so one of them got on the car and shoveled it off, and the other put it on his wagon and hauled it home. While on the way to the home a policeman saw them and saw them getting it off the car, and brought them for stealing coal. In a talk with the mother, I said: "Have you done anything in the way of instructing these boys about the evil of stealing?" "Well," she said, "they took it in broad daylight." "Do you mean to say that you have not taught those boys it is just as bad to steal in the day time as in the night?" "Well," she said, "I know you are very anxious to find boys in some little fault of that kind, but last winter when we had no coal in the house, and I didn't have any money to buy it, I didn't notice any officer of the Juvenile Court or the Relief Society trying to find out whether I was able to support my children.

"What are your circumstances?" I asked. "My husband is dead, and I have eight children to support, and I have to work night and day to support them. I am doing the best I can." What could I say under those circumstances to that mother? I said, "I think you had better move from that part of town to some other where the boys will not have this temptation presented to them."

I started out to say a short time ago that women were told that

the best thing for them to do was to go into business lines, and we have a large number of young women who have the ideal before them of being business women. They go to business college, they learn stenography, and they become very proficient as stenographers and typewriters and take a position in some office. Or they take a place in a store, and they think it is a good thing to be engaged as a saleslady. I want to tell you that I believe the preparation for parenthood and teacher is so much more valuable than a business education that there is no comparison at all. How will the girl who gets training as stenographer and typewriter be able to perform her duties when she stands at the head of her family and has the responsibility of educating boys and girls resting on her shoulders? How about the girl who stands behind the ribbon counter? How is she going to perform the duties of motherhood and stand at the head of the home and be an adviser and educator of boys and girls that come to bless the home? I say they are not prepared at all. Business women are slaves, because if a girl sits at a desk and takes dictation in shorthand and then goes to the typewriter, she is simply a slave to some man who tells her what to do. They ought to be preparing themselves, instead of that, for the great work that is going to devolve upon them, preparing themselves for their future life. They ought to be learning something about the development of the girl and the boy from infancy through the period of adolescence; they ought to know how to feed children, how to clothe children in a scientific way; they ought to know something about cooking in a scientific way; they ought to know something about sanitary conditions; they ought to know something about bacteriology; they ought to know something about housework in general; they ought to know something about art work, as applied to home decoration, things that will make a home out of a house. A house alone is not a home. In addition to a house it requires a home-maker, and the woman is the home-maker, and without a home-maker it never becomes a home, even if it costs $100,000; but the simplest house that contains a home-maker will become a home, even if it costs only $1,000.

Now, the great work that is before you teachers in the Primary Association and before the mothers is the work of preparing themselves to do well the duties of motherhood and the duties of the teacher. That is the great work, that is the thing I should like to stimulate fathers and mothers generally to do, to prepare for parenthood. You can go through the whole system of education without getting that preparation. You can go through the public schools, the High school, college, and come out with degrees B. S., M. A., B. A., etc., and you are told by the institution that you are now qualified for life; but you do not know anything about it. Education as

we get it in most of the schools to-day does not prepare for fatherhood and motherhood, the work we have to do.

What do we hear of the drudgery of the household? We hear women talking everywhere of the drudgery of the household. Women with the right preparation do not talk about that. Even the common occupation of washing dishes becomes a different thing, for she knows that when she subjects that dish to the strong heat she robs it of every possible disease germ that is there, and she is doing something to protect her family from disease. What is she thinking about? Drudgery? No, the scientific part of the work; the work is redeemed from drugery and is made scientific. It does not make any difference what kind of work we do, if it has a scientific side and we know it, that is the side the mind dwells on, that is the side that redeems it from drudgery and makes it what it ought to be. We can perform any kind of duty if we feel that in doing it we are doing the right kind of work; our minds are centered upon the intellectual side of it.

I believe the Primary teachers are placed in a position where they can exercise a very careful guardianship over the boys and girls and supplement the work of the home in the matter of guardianship. The Religion Classes are working very vigorously upon it, and it seems to me it is possible for the Primary Association to do much in this direction.

In the seventy-four cases of sexual immorality that I have mentioned, they occurred between the ages of fifteen and sixteen. This would indicate that it is then they are most apt to go astray. That is the time when teachers and pupils should come into such close relationship as to be able to give them in this critical period of their lives the very instruction they should have. It should be possible for a girl to go to her mother and her Primary teacher with absolutely any question that comes into her mind, and she should be entitled to a dignified and respectful hearing when she comes with a question of that kind. Now is the time she is subjected to a great flow of emotions and impulses that she has never known anything about before, and she does not know how to interpret these impulses, and if she does not have the guidance and influence of a good woman, a good mother, to help her, at this very time she yields to the natural impulses that come upon her because she has not developed the right kind of restraint that good training brings, and the girl is lost. If a mother did her full duty always, just as soon as she begins to have questions about herself, about anything affecting her future welfare, she should be able to go to her mother or teacher and have a most dignified kind of answer to any question she sees fit to ask. She should not be told that those are things she could not understand, that she cannot understand them until she is three or four years older; because, if you begin to question her, you will find she knows a great many more

things than you think she knows, and you are a little too late in giving the instruction. You should develop this ideal of establishing a more confidential relationship between mother and daughter and father and son than now exists, in order to throw around boys and girls a greater safeguard and guardianship.

I have said on several occasions, and I want to say it to this intelligent body of workers: I believe we should come, as a people, to recognize not only the importance but the necessity of exercising a very careful guardianship or chaperonage over our boys and girls. I was asked not long ago in a parents' class in Sunday school, How long would you exercise chaperonage over girls—how many years? "Until they are married," I said. Yes, every time.

You can go out to any of the resorts and see fourteen, fifteen, and sixteen year old girls with absolutely no responsible person. I say that is a great mistake. I say that parents who permit their boys and girls to go to those places without them are guilty of the sin of neglect, and will be held responsible for it. You go to the older communities, to the old world; would a girl ever think of going anywhere without her mother or a properly appointed chaperon? Absolutely no. Would a young man think of asking a young lady to go with him, without asking the mother to go too? He would insult the whole family, he would cut himself from the friendship of the whole family. I wish such an ideal existed right here in Salt Lake City. I wish such an ideal existed among all classes of people right here, so that a mother would feel: "I will not let my girl go anywhere unless I go with her. I must be with her. I will not let my boy go anywhere, especially in the evening, unless I go with him. I must be his friend and his companion, and I must be with him, particularly during this critical period of his life when he cannot understand himself, and he cannot understand the great problems of life that are coming upon him. I must see him safely through the critical period of his life, and then I am doing my full duty, as far as I understand it. I am doing my full duty as a father or mother."

I believe I said in the beginning that an ounce of prevention is worth a hundred tons of cure. Let us unite in our efforts to do our full duty, to qualify ourselves for fatherhood and motherhood that we may be able to discharge better the responsibilities that devolve upon us as fathers and mothers in the Church. Let us be humble; let us be devoted to the Truth; let us be as useful as we can! let us try to develop in others the idea that it is particularly good to do some work for others and not devote our time too much to our own selfish interests; let us be unselfish and remember that in all the work we do we must follow the great Teacher; and when we aim to follow Him the great thing is to say, "Everything I did from the beginning to the close of life I did for some one else."

We approach that type only to the extent that we do as He did. To submerge ourselves and our selfish interests and work for others is the way to bring satisfaction in this life.

May God help us to be devoted in our duty is my prayer in the name of Jesus. Amen.

PRESIDENT JOHN R. WINDER

Sitting here this morning, looking into your faces, my sisters, I have reflected upon the work you are engaged in, and have listened to the testimonies you have borne and thought of the long distances that some of you have traveled to come to this place, making some sacrifices. Probably that is not the proper word, for I do not suppose that any of you think you have made sacrifices in coming here; but you have traveled long distances, and left your homes to come up to Zion for a few days. We hope that you will be benefited by what you have seen and heard here, that the good influence of these sisters you will take home with you, and that they will aid and assist you in your work at home.

There is no doubt but that you have seen some things that were not pleasing and I know you have heard things that have startled you in relation to some conditions that exist here, which we much regret. We think the work you are doing will have a tendency, probably, to diminish these things that are so unpleasant, if you continue in your work.

There is one thing in my mind. It is is this: From what you have heard,you really know the dangers that exist in allowing your young daughters to come to Salt Lake, to come here unprotected, many of them; and also the boys. If you have daughters, mothers, who come to Salt Lake, even if it is to come to be educated in schools, it is really necessary that you should take care as to the society they fall into It is necessary that you select good associates for your children who come here to school. I have thought sometimes where you have a good Church school near at hand, at home, if it was my case, I should select the home school and keep my children as near at home as I possibly could. It might be said that the larger schools have advantages over the smaller ones in some respects. They also have their disadvantages, my sisters, when you have to send your children to these large cities, and many times they are unprotected, no person, probably, to watch over them. It is true that in our Church schools every effort is put forth to watch our young people, both male and female; but it is very hard for them to accomplish all of this. They can do it to a large extent during school hours and in the school, but where the young people are scattered around in different places, boarding and lodging, it is really neces-

sary, I repeat, it is necessary, my sisters and mothers,—there are mothers here and young people that have sisters,—when you send your daughters or your sisters or your brothers to Salt Lake City to try to make arrangements before hand and see that they fall into good hands, where they will be more or less protected. At least, I feel quite impressed on this point. You know the necessity of it from what you have heard during this visit here.

Now, when you go home, carry with you all the good things you have heard and leave behind all that is not good. Take away with you the good spirit that you have enjoyed in this meeting and in other meetings where you have assembled together. Go home and find that you have been refreshed and benefited by your visit here. It is a grand work you are engaged in. I feel as though I had a claim upon the Primary Association in this respect; it is said "once a man, twice a child." I have lived long enough to claim that honorable distinction of being a child again, and I have a most pleasant feeling and the desire to aid and assist you in any way possible in this good work that you are engaged in.

I think it was two years since I told you that probably you would have a home in Salt Lake City, at least that you would have a building or headquarters that you might go to. Well, it has been somewhat delayed, but now I think I can assure you that before a year hence the Primary Board and the Primary officers will have headquarters in Salt Lake City, so that when you come to see them, you will know the place to go to, and it will not be neccessary for you to wander from one place to another to where the meeting will be held or where you can find the officers of the Primary Association.

Now, sisters, I pray in my heart that the blessings of the Lord may be with you; and you who have traveled a long distance and have a long distance to return home, may the Lord bless you on your journey home, that no accident may befall you; that during your absence from home your families will be protected from all harm and danger. God bless you forever. Go on with the good work you are engaged in and the Lord will continue to bless you. He has promised and will fulfill it; He will not withhold any good thing from you. May Heaven's choicest blessings be upon you forever, is my prayer in the name of Jesus. Amen.

ELDER HYRUM M. SMITH.

I feel honored this afternoon in being invited to address this great conference in the interest of the Primary Association of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. This organization, it appears to me, is really more fundamental then auxiliary in the Church, as it has for its labor the primary instruction in the funda-

mental principles of the Gospel of Christ to the children of the Latter-day Saints, that they may grow up well established in an understanding of the Gospel, which is really the most important thing in the education of any child or man. The great and most important law pertaining to the teaching of children is given by the Lord directly to the parents when he declared through the Prophet Joseph Smith that wherever parents in Zion had children —and, thank God, nearly all parents in Zion have children—they are to teach them the doctrine of repentance, and to bring them up in understanding of the doctrine of faith in Christ, the Son of the living God, and in a knowledge of baptism by immersion for the remission of sins and the gift of the Holy Ghost by the laying on of hands. They are also to teach them to pray and walk uprightly before the Lord all their days. Hence, the great responsibility of the training and teaching of little children rests first upon their parents. I suppose this injunction is no more obligatory upon one of the parents than upon the other, that it is no more given to the mothers than the fathers of the children; but I believe it is generally true, nevertheless, that the great burden of fulfilling this commandment rests upon the mothers of the children. The mothers seem to be naturally qualified to teach their children, more so at any event than the fathers. Mothers are more constantly in the companionship of their children. Fathers are as a usual thing employed most of the time away from home; and the most it seems that fathers can do is to set before their children a noble and godlike example, and give them of course other instructions by precept that they can find time to give.

It is also a general truth that often mothers are occupied very extensively in household duties, constant, arduous work, which occupies most of their time; and consequently they do not give their children all of the instruction that they need. Therefore, the Lord inspired His servants to establish the organization known as the Primary Association of the Church. These associations are composed of women, who constitute the officers and the teachers; and of the children who form the classes in the association. They stand right side by side with the parents and the home in the interests of the teaching of the little children the first principles of the Gospel of Christ, to assist fathers and mothers by taking the children into a sacred place and there giving them instructions in the things pertaining to the Lord.

They not only teach them the principles of the Gospel; they teach them to love God, and their parents, and one another; they teach them that love should abound in the hearts of every member of the household, that brothers and sisters should love each other. They also teach them good breeding, that they may grow up to be polite, to be ladies and gentlemen, respectful to their elders, to re-

verence the aged, and to sympathize with the distressed; and seek to develop in them those noble qualities which make them feel an interest in the welfare and well being of their companions, boys and girls, and in all men and in the work of the Lord.

Consequently, mothers and fathers of Israel should welcome most gladly the Primary Association; for they are assisted in this organization of the Church by over seven thousand good, faithful women, young and old, who are laboring in the interest of the children and with a love that is scarcely second to the love entertained for the children by the parents themselves.

I do not know that I can really say that I am enthusiastic over women preachers, but I am most thoroughly converted to the work of women teachers. They are the best teachers in the world, especially among the little ones, in guiding them as they grow, and establishing them in the truth of the first principles of the Gospel, fitting and qualifying them to take up in the Mutual Improvement Associations, the Priesthood quorums and in the Church schools, the greater and more intricate problems of the great science of theology. And I can speak, my brethren and sisters, in behalf of the President and General Board of the Primary Association from a personal acquaintance with most of them, that they are truly women of God, and I may say that their chief qualifications for the position they hold is their knowledge and their testimony of the truth of the doctrines of the Gospel of the Lord Jesus Christ; they are women who understand the Truth, and being women, they love little children. They seem to be possessed of greater qualifications for teaching than men, that is among the little ones. They have the inspiration, the intuition, the patience, and that unbounded motherly love, that are indispensible in them who undertake to teach children and to guide their feet in the way of life. And also from personal acquaintance I can say the same thing of a very great many of the stake and ward officers of the Primary Association. They are the truest friends of the parents, true friends of the children, and are true Latter-day Saints. They are noble mothers, many of them, they are noble young women, full of a knowledge of the truth and a desire to help on the work of the Lord. I will speak in their behalf to all the General Authorities and all the local authorities in the Holy Priesthood in the Church.

It is the testimony of the Presidents of stakes and Bishops of wards, who have become familiar, and in touch with, the Primary Association work, visiting the associations and meeting the officers and seeing the work actually being accomplished with the children, that it is a revelation to them, and they become enthusiastic about it. They gave their full support to it, they encourage the good sisters engaged in the labor, and they are as anxious that this organization succeed as they are that any other organization within their

stake or ward succeed; and I welcome the day when every Presidency of Stake and Bishopric of ward, and when every man holding the Priesthood,—and by virtue of holding the Priesthood should himself be a teacher in Israel,—shall lend their active support in the interest of the Primary Association.

I said these organizations were more fundamental than auxiliary; they take the little children and are a very great power and influence for good in preparing the boys to enter into the quorums of the Priesthood.

Now, my brethren and sisters, the time will not permit me to speak longer on this occasion. I rejoice in the work the Primary Associations are doing. These good women not only impart lessons of instruction, but, it seems to me, that the very contact they have with the little children, those little, innocent, pure-minded boys and girls, actually sanctifies and hallows their own lives, makes them more gentle, more womanly, more faithful, more cheerful and gladsome, and a greater power and influence for good among all classes in the Church; for it is impossible for them to be thus engaged with innocence and purity without they themselves receiving, in their turn, from this innocence and purity, blessings in their lives, for their lives are beautified thereby.

May God bless them in their work. Fathers and mothers should remember that upon themselves first and foremost rests the responsibility of properly instructing and training their children in the things of the Gospel and in all other things, and they should welcome these good sisters laboring in the Primary Associations, and give them their full support, by sending their children and seeing to it that they are in attendance upon the association as they meet from day to day or from week to week in the meeting houses or class rooms.

All honor to the organization of Young Men and Young Women also. Always, my brethren and sisters, let us work unitedly with the Primary Association and with the Religion Class organization, and with the Sabbath Schools, and with the Quorums of the Priesthood, young and old, labor unitedly together, co-operate in the most friendly way for the success of everyone of these organizations; for they have in view as their object and as the reason for their existence the uplifting and the advancement, progress, education, and salvation, here and hereafter, of the sons and daughters of God.

As a result of what these organizations have done and can do, I point to this most magnificant congregation of young men and young women of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, whose purity, whose virtue, whose integrity, whose faith and faithfulness in God and God's commandments cannot be excelled nor equalled outside of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints

in all the world, that is, to the extent that is shown here in this congregation. And we are but a fraction of the great many equally pure, virtuous, and full of faith throughout Zion. God bless all of us; His great work, and those who preside over us especially with inspiration, health of body, vigor and strength of mind, long life on the earth that we everyone of us would rejoice to see them have in this world. May the blessings of the Lord rest upon all Israel, that we may grow up without sin unto salvation, and all things be done with an eye single to the glory of God and the salvation of all men through righteousness, is my prayer, in the name of Jesus Christ. Amen.

ELDER D. O. McKAY.

My brothers and sisters: I pray that the spirit that has pervaded this conference may prompt my remarks to-night. Yesterday in the Assembly Hall I listened to reports from Primary workers in stakes from Alberta in the north to Juarez to the south. About twenty-five presidents of the Primary Associations in these stakes gave reports. There was one feature that impressed me and pleased me. Every sister who arose bore testimony to the love that exists among the stake workers throughout Zion. I believe, without exception, every one testified to this condition. This morning in the Tabernacle there were sixteen brethren and nineteen sisters who bore testimony to the divinity of this work, and of their love for the Gospel of Christ. All in all I have been strongly impressed in these gatherings with the strength of these organizations. My mind has dwelt on two things: first, the strength of Zion; as represented in these organizations; second, the duty of the officers and teachers here gathered. The strength of Zion; Joseph Smith tells us that it is the Priesthood. To put on the strength of Zion, he says, is to put on the Priesthood of God, which Zion has a right to by lineage. But it is not alone that strength which came to my mind, but a condition without which the Priesthood would not be restored, would not be given to man; and that condition has existed and has been manifested throughout this conference.

What is this strength? Wherein does it lie? Brother Mc Murrin testified to it this afternoon. It is faith and love. One characteristic of it was manifested by David of old. He was but a boy, fair of complexion; he looked young, even younger than his years. He was called at one time to carry food to his brothers who were among the Israelitish army. The Philistines were on on side of a valley and the hosts of Israel on the other. They were fighters in those days. They stood man to man frequently. Sometimes not only the hosts would come together, but frequently one man would be chosen from each army, and these who would decide the

fate of the battle. During the encampment referred to, there was a huge man, physically speaking, who had defied all Israel. He was about as tall as the tallest two who are in our gathering tonight—eleven feet and a half—broad, and well proportioned. He was a giant, brave as well as boastful. He had defied Israel, and challenged them to bring out a man who would meet him and decide the battle. King Saul at the head of the Israelitish army had become fearful, the army was disheartened; but when this little boy came to give his food to his brothers, he was surprised to hear the boasts of that large man, and he saw that the army was discouraged and greatly afraid. David's elder brothers were with Saul as soldiers in the army. David said when he heard Goliath's boast, "Who is this uncircumcised Philistine who challenges the hosts of God?" Then they told him the story, how for eight days this man had been defying all Israel. David said that he would accept the challenge. "Let no man's heart fail him because of him; thy servant will go and fight with this Philistine," said the youth; but Saul said, "Thou art not able to go against this Philistine to fight with him, for thou art but a youth and he a man of war from his youth." But David possessed something that Saul knew not of, courage within his heart and *faith in God.* Seeing his determination, Saul covered David with his steel armor, put his helmet on his head, and placed his sword in his hand, and told him to go. David started, but he found the armor an encumbrance, and said, "I have not tested these, I have not proved these," threw them off, and taking his staff he picked out five stones from the brook, put them in his shepherd's bag, and started for the giant, who became insulted and indignant when he saw who had come to meet him. "Am I a dog that you, a mere boy, come against me?" But David said, "Thou comest to me with a sword and a spear and a shield; but I come to thee in the name of the Lord of Hosts, the God of the armies of Israel, whom thou hast defied. This day will the Lord deliver thee into my hand, and I will smite thee and take thy head from thee, and I will give the carcasses of the host of the Philistines this day unto the fowls of the air and to the wild beasts of the earth. The Lord will do this." Implicit faith in the God of Israel! You know the story; you know how the God of Israel did help that youth, and how He gave him his triumph. That faith is the first element in the strength of this congregation, and of these "hosts of Israel" who have been representing these mighty oragnizations of the Church.

There is another element, too, greater even, if it could possibly be, than this. We cannot say it is the outgrowth of faith though it may be, that faith produces this element in some instances. The other element is exemplified by the women of old; it was that which made them great. Ruth possessed it, when her mother-in-law insisted upon her going back to her people. "Do not follow

me any more," said Naomi; "go, return each to her mother's house; the Lord deal kindly with you, as ye have dealt with the dead and with me." The other daughter-in-law returned; but Ruth said, "No, entreat me not to leave thee, or to return from following thee: for whither thou goest,I will go; and whither thou lodgest I will lodge; thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God." She left all, as an expression of her love being "steadfastly minded," the Bible says, she went with her mother-in-law. She proved to be a blessing not only to Naomi; but to herself and descendants, for through her loins came the Saviour, who exemplified so beautifully, so perfectly the elements and characteristics that Ruth showed on this occasion. Hannah possessed love when she said to the Lord, "Give me a son, and I will give him to Thee." She kept him until he was weaned, and then gave him over entirely to the Lord. Do not say it was no trial. It was, and you mothers know what it cost that mother to say good by to her baby, when she left the Temple to go back to her home. But there was reverence for God in that act; there was devotion to His truth; there was honor to her duty, faith in the Lord, there was love.

These characteristics have been manifested in this conference. Therein lies the strength of the young people who go forth from this conference to inculcate love into the minds of those with whom they associate. But love for what? Love is the greatest thing. God is love, we are told; and His Son has said, "Love the Lord thy God, with all thy might, mind, and strength." That is the first element. Let us be specific. We go forth to-night with this faith, with this love in our bosoms; we know it because your very presence here has testified to it,—sisters who have traveled miles and miles, bringing babes in their arms. Sisters who testified here to-day, with infants in their arms are here because they love the work, and they love the Gospel and the testimony within them. There is no question about that in the minds of the workers who have testified.

But there is a duty upon us; to carry this love, this feeling, into our stakes, and into the wards. In order to become proficient, we must love, not in a general way, not in an evaporative way, the duties that are placed upon us as stake workers, or as ward workers. First, do we love the Primary Association as an organization? Is it firmly rooted within us that the Primary organization has an important place in the Church? That is a part of the strength, that will bring success. No woman who feels that the organization is futile or is useless will manifest strength in her work. She cannot do it. No man who feels that the Primary is an auxiliary association that can be done away with, will manifest strength in his Primary duty; but those men and women who love Primary work, who love it because it is necessary to the home as an organization that will receive the children furnished pure from the mothers' lap,—those men and women will manifest strength that God wants them to manifest.

Do we love the Mutual as an organization, as an essential auxiliary to the Church? Do we feel it is important? Do we love its mission?

Next: Do we love those children whom we receive? Or do we feel to say, "If that little boy would stay away, I would be so happy?" No, you wouldn't, sister; you wouldn't be happy. If he stayed away five or six times you would feel that the class was quieter, but that somebody was missing. You would feel that you did not love that child, because he made a noise. Now, if in reality you do not love, you cannot manifest strength in redeeming him. That child must have love. Love is a part of our mission, and the principal part of the element of the strength we put into our work. Not *feigned* love, for the Prophet says, "love unfeigned." Why? Because feigned love is detected by the child instantly. He will probably not be conscious of the recognition of it; but he feels it, and the teacher loses power and influence over him. But love unfeigned is what will win those little ones; it has made the Primary Association the success it is.

Now, here let me say I am not one of those who feel that we have too many organizations in the Church. I believe that everyone has its distinct mission to perform. It may be that there is too much work on a few; but that is our fault. The labor should be distributed, so that each one could devote his best time and his best talents to the calling that is placed upon him. Sometimes mothers may occupy several positions, and feel unhappy because they are not accomplishing what they desire. Others should share some of their work. We have not too many organizations, but too few laborers in those organizations.

Love for the association, love for the children, next, love for the study—for the lesson that we give those boys and girls. Let us not overlook that. We may prepare lessons that we do not understand and attempt to give them to the children. If we do, the strength of our teaching is lost, lost.

Yesterday it happened that I was in a home where the mother was preparing a party for a little four year old boy, whose birthday came that day. For hours before there was preparation, what she would do to amuse those little children. "Well," said one of the sisters, "we will play this game." "No, I do not like that." "Well, let us play such and such," No, I do not think they will like that much." Another was suggested. "That's the one. They will all enjoy it." For half an hour they sat, studying it out. The tables were set, little boquets placed at each plate. All was in readiness. About two o'clock in the afternoon, I happened to step in the house, as the little tots were around the table, feasting in honor of the little playmate. It was a pleasing thing to see those little eyes beaming with happiness. The mother and sister had planned wisely, and the little ones enjoyed it to the full. They had chosen exactly what satisfied the little ones. The hours passed, and still the children were

loth to go. When they said good-night, they parted with a longing for another time when they might partake of another feast, and enjoy another glorious time such as they had had with their little playmate. It is just so in inviting the little ones to a spiritual feast. If we plan a lesson that we love, and teach it with love, then the love radiates from us and the little tots will be truly taught and will love the lesson too. It is not the incidents alone that we should love or the characters in it; but the truth that the lesson has, the lesson the incidents give out. Suppose the lesson to be Rebekah at the Well. Oh, you can interest the little ones with that. You may love to tell the story: it is so sweet and refreshing. Anyone loves to tell it. Rebekah was wooed and won. It may be interesting to you, and you may love to tell it; but that is not enough. You may hold the interest of the children, but that is not enough. Is there not something underneath all that, some lesson that will be applicable to little children's lives which you want those children to get? If so, study it out before hand, plan it, get it impressed on your mind, love it, and make it a part of your life; and then, as you tell those incidents, that spiritual part of the lesson beams from your countenance, and the children will absorb it. They will not only be interested and pleased, but fed as well.

But, my brethren and sisters, if we possess the love and the testimony that we have borne to-day let us remember that where much is given, much is required.

Now, the second part, the *duty that devolves upon us,* should take our attention. What is my duty when I go to my home? My duty is to give that which I have received, that which I possess. The Gospel teaches all to serve mankind, to make them happy, as God has made us. Our duty now, is to make our associations feel what we feel, to give them what we possess, and give it cheerfully, give it cheerfully that the little ones may want to come back again.

In Jamaica the missionaries held a meeting for the purpose of collecting money to aid in missionary work. They passed some resolutions before the collection was taken up. They resolved first, "That we all give." Second, resolved, "That we all give as God has blessed us;" and third, "That we all give cheerfully." As was the custom, the contribution began. Men and women came up and deposited the amount just under the eye of the president. There was one well-to-do member who held back until he excited notice. Then he walked up and deposited his contribution. The old native president said.

"That may be according to the first resolution, but it is not according to the second."

The man, indignant, picked up the money and walked to his seat; then he walked up again and doubled the amount and said.

"There, take that, then."

"Well," said the old president, "I suppose that is in accordance with the first and second resolutions, but it is not in accordance with the third."

The donor took his rebuke, and the third time he came up and gave them a larger sum, and gave it willingly and cheerfully.

"There," said the president, before them all, "that satisfies all three resolutions."

I believe we all ought to go from this Convention, as Primary workers, as Mutual workers, and give the love, the testimony, the spirit we have received; that we should give as God has given to us, and as He will give it to us as we study and plan our lessons, and above all we should give cheerfully, that the boys and the girls throughout Zion may know that religion is the happiest state in which man can live. It is not a gloomy thing, it is not a repulsive thing, it is life, and the happiest life that man can live. Our boys and girls should know this. They may know it if we will do our duty. God intends that they should know it, and that they should rejoice in the happiness the Gospel brings.

Let us do our duty in another way. We are not all teachers; we are not all officers; some are parents. There is an obligation, a duty, upon us, already mentioned in this conference, and I wish to repeat it: We should see that our boys and girls attend these organizations, and that we support the meetings by our interest, by our urging the boys and girls to go, and what is better, that we take them by the hand once in a while and go into the Primary Association. Try it, and see if the expression of the president, who is a mother just as you are, and who has had to leave her work, just as you have had to do, see if her beaming countenance, and her thankfulness does not repay you. These are little things, but life is made up of little things:

> "We build our future thought by thought,
> Good or bad, we know it not;
> So the Universe is wrought.

In conclusion: Our strength in these associations lies in our faith in the Gospel, in our love for the work. Never mind about technical teaching, never mind about the rules of grammar. The secret lies within you. God will strengthen you and if you seek those qualifications, it is like the Kingdom of God, if you seek that, all else will be added; so if you get the qualifications of love for the association, the children, the studies, all else will come to you. Second, let us perform the duty incumbent upon us in redeeming the children; for, after all, the whole thing is for the salvation and the final redemption of the boys and girls. God help us to do our duty well, I ask in the name of Jesus Christ. Amen.

57. THE RICH YOUNG MAN WENT AWAY SORROWFUL.
St. Matthew xix. 22.

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"But when the young man heard that saying, he went away sorrowful for he had great possessions."

The Children's Friend

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"BOY WANTED."

"There! I guess that ought to bring one, early tomorrow morning," said Mr. Jonathan Peabody, as he finished tacking the card on the front door, "Boys are plentiful enough, but they are so trifling," he added, as he locked the door on the inside for the night.

Uncle Jonathan, as his customers called him, had sold papers and periodicals from that little shop for twenty years. The building was only one story, and contained two rooms—his shop and the one back of it, which he used for a general living room. It stood on an 18-foot lot on a business street. As far as the eye could reach on both sides, towered buildings of brick and stone; but this little piece of ground belonged to an estate, and could neither be leased nor sold, until the youngest member of a large family of heirs became of age.

With permission or without it, Uncle Jonathan had moved in there twenty years ago; no one had ever been legalized to collect rent, and as he was a favorite with everyone, he had been allowed to remain year after year, without being molested.

He must have laid by a tidy little sum, for he had only himself to care for; no one had ever heard anything about his having any relatives. Some said he was a miser, but he did not look it, with his clear, blue eyes, shining with kindliness, and the waving white hair which framed his face. The children in the neighborhood all knew better, for no one else was so generous with candy and rosy-cheeked apples as he.

The shop contained two long counters, one on each side of the room. They were covered with an attractive array of illustrated papers and gaily covered magazines, and in holiday times there was a tempting array of Christmas cards and calendars. Along the walls hung pictures with a printed slip attached to each, bearing the inscription. This beautiful engraving can be had with one year's subscription to the Fireside," etc.

Business had been so brisk of late, that Uncle Jonathan had determined to get a boy to help him about the shop and deliver packages. If he was smart and reliable he would pay him two dollars a week to begin with, and if he proved satisfactory he would keep him all the time,

as he began to feel the want of a little help. So he had printed the aforenamed card, and sat down to await results. It was a quarter past six when he repaired to his back room to arrange his evening meal.

The room was scrupulously clean and cheerful. A rag carpet was upon the floor, a round table in the center covered with a bright, red tablecloth, and a lamp with a rosy shade cast a cheerful and mellow light upon all the surrounding objects.

He trotted back and forth, all the while talking to Thomas, a large gray cat, that purred sociably and rubbed against his legs in a most sympathetic manner. First he laid a square piece of linen upon one side of the table, then he took from a high cupboard in the corner, an old-fashioned blue and white china cup and saucer and plate, and then beside them he laid a bone-handled knife and fork.

He lifted the cover of a pot which was boiling upon the stove, took down a tin can of yellow meal, and let it sift through his fingers into the pot, all the while stirring it briskly and keeping up a steady conversation with Thomas, who sat watching his movements with wide, yellow eyes. Suddenly he paused and listened.

"Thomas, did you hear a knock?" he asked. "Now we never open the shop after we have closed for the night: every one knows that; still, Thomas, we must see who it is." So after pushing the bubbling, seething pudding to the back of the stove, he took the light and, followed sedately by Thomas, passed through the store to the front door.

"Who's there?" he called.

It was a child's voice replied, but so faintly he could not understand the words. Children always appealed to Uncle Jonathan's heart, so he set down the lamp and made haste to open the door.

It was a little girl with a large bundle in her arms. The night was clear but very cold, and the sharp air cut like a knife, and threatened to blow out the light, so that Uncle Jonathan had to close the door to a small crack; a most inhospitable way, he thought, to talk with a child.

"Come inside, my dear, and tell me what you want; it's too cold to be standing here."

"Please, sir," said the girl, as he closed the door, "you wanted a boy."

"Yes—so I do; do you know of one?"

She did not reply at once, but commenced tugging at the bundle she held in her arms; it was a heavy shawl, and when she found the head of a fractious pin and pulled it out the shawl fell away from the tumbled head and rosy cheeks of a baby boy, of perhaps three years of age.

"Bless my stars!" exclaimed Uncle Jonathan. "It's a baby."

"Yes, sir," said the girl. "But it's a boy."

Then Uncle Jonathan laughed. How he did laugh and shake and chuckle, while the children watched him with great, round, serious eyes.

"Please, sir,—you said you wanted a boy." The child's voice was

so sad, so reproachful, that Uncle Jonathan immediately stopped laughing.

"I did—I did, my dear; but one big enough to help me in the store. Now, if you were a boy you could carry papers you see; but a baby—" Again he broke into a hearty peal of laughter in which the baby joined, clapping his hands.

"That's right, my little man; you see the funny side, don't you? and sister mustn't cry," as he saw two big tears steal down the girl's face. "I'll tell you what we'll do. Come into the back room and we'll all have supper together and talk it over; the pudding is done."

The magic word pudding dried the tears, and while Uncle Jonathan busied himself putting on an extra blue and white plate, cup and saucer and a pewter mug which he took from the top shelf of the cupboard, the child took off her own ragged jacket and hood, and released the baby from his imprisonment in the gray shawl.

"What is your name?" he asked.

"Mary McDonald, sir, and baby's name is Roderick."

"Scotch," said Uncle Jonathan. "That is good stock, isn't it, Thomas?"

Thomas was making the most friendly overtures to the baby, who in turn viewed him with round eyes of delight and wonderment, and made frantic grabs at the waving tail and the yellow eyes. But, withal, Thomas was wary and managed to keep just out of his babyships' fingers.

"Where is—where is your mother?" Uncle Jonthan asked this question hesitatingly, for the children didn't show much evidence of a mother's care.

"Mother died two weeks ago;" and Mary's voice broke. "And father went away when Rody was a tiny little baby; and oh, sir,"—it seemed as if the warmth of the fire and Uncle Jonathan's kindly manner had suddenly given her confidence—"I am too little to sew as mother did; you see, I am only eleven this Winter, sir, and I can't earn any money. You said you wanted a boy. I thought Roddy might do he is such a good little boy; he hardly ever cries. And if you would let me come and see him sometimes."

By this time the tears were rolling fast down the child's excited face, and something dropped with a big splash into the pewter cup which Uncle Jonathan had taken up to fill with milk.

"Come, come," he said, clearing his throat two or three times; "we are forgetting all about our supper. Come Roddy, little man, if you are going to be my boy you must sit on Uncle Jonathan's knee and drink milk from this nice cup. It's Thomas's milk, but Thomas won't care; he'll hunt a nice fat little mouse with a long tail for his supper."

Ah! it was a merry supper; the golden pudding and the creamy milk were the most delicious the children had ever eaten. Bit by bit their sad little story came out.

They had no one, and Uncle Jonathan had no one; so it is not

strange that the old customers were surprised next morning by a quiet, bright-faced little girl behind the counter, and that a yellow-haired, red-cheeked baby, toddled about the store and made friends with everyone.

'Some of your folks turned up at last?" they said; and Uncle Jonathan nodded his head with a face beaming with such happiness that the customers all congratulated him, and went out feeling as though something good had come into their own lives.—*H. E. Hawley.*

THE LUCKY GIRL.

"Of course I shall be the one. I'm oldest," said Edith.

"No, I shall, because you went away last, and I didn't," said Ruth.

"I need a change for my health," said Anna, with a drawn-down mouth that might truly be the sign of pain, but with rosy cheeks which could be the sign only of a very healthy girl.

"Whoever goes," said Mrs. Stone, "will have not only the visit, but the new clothes."

"Then it will have to be me, because I haven't a thing left over from last year, and must have new clothes, anyway," said Edith.

"I think I might be the one," said Anna, "for I have a new Winter suit all ready."

"Which fits me as well as you, and could be borrowed," added Ruth.

"Children! children!" cried Mrs. Stone, in despair. "What would Aunt Nell say if she were to hear you quarreling so over her invitation? She writes, 'I love all three of my nieces so much that I don't know which one I want to visit me next, so I will leave it for them to decide. Send along the girl who needs the change, and I promise her as nice a time as I know how to give."

But, instead of filling them with contrition, this reading of the letter made their desire to go all the stronger.

"Think of the sleigh rides behind the gray pair, all nestled down in those soft black furs!" said Anna, with a sigh, drawing the folds of an afghan about her, and half closing her eyes.

"I presume you hear the jingling of the sleigh-bells now," said Ruth. "A person with such a vivid imagination as you've got doesn't need to go away to enjoy things."

"Well, mother," said Edith, with a very grown-up air, "I think somebody ought to go who will do credit to the family, and of course I've been out more and know how to act in society better than these children."

"These children!" screamed Ruth and Anna, in a derisive chorus; but Mrs. Stone held up her finger with a warning gesture, and then, to the surprise of all, she buried her face in her hands, and sobbed—Yes, mother was crying!

The three girls looked at each other in dismay. "Mother!" cried Edith, gently, "what have we done?'

"I am so tired of it all," burst out the sobbing woman. "It has been so ever since your father died. Things no sooner get to running smoothly than there is a great fuss over who shall have a new dress, or whose boots are the shabbiest, or who shall go on the picnic? When there are three children there ought to be money enough to divide by three, not by one. I can't decide for you any more. You must choose some way for yourself."

The slow tears ran down her cheeks. Edith noticed how pale and wrinkled it was. There used to be color there when the father was alive. And what a shabby dress! "Mother, I've decided who shall go, and it's not myself. Will you all consent? And, mother dear, will you let me do all the contriving about clothes and packing, so that you needn't have a thing to decide about it till the day comes to go?"

Mrs. Stone wiped away the tears. "I am very much ashamed," she said. "Of course I'll help get anyone of you ready. It was the disputing that troubled me."

"Just this once, let me, mother," said Edith. "It will do me good, truly."

So Mrs. Stone consented, and the two younger girls were borne away to Edith's room. "Which of us is it?" asked Ruth.

"Neither," said Edith.

"Why, Edith Stone," said Anna; "you selfish old thing, to choose yourself."

"I didn't," said Edith. "It's—it's—mother!"

"Mother!" echoed Ruth.

"Why, she wasn't even asked," said Anna.

"No, but Aunt Nell would rather have her than all three of us put together, if she had any idea she'd come. Girls," and Edith's voice trembled, "the money has been divided into three parts when it ought to have been four. Does mother ever have a new dress? Does she ever go to a picnic or trolly riding? Do we choose her to have the extra orange or the Christmas present that's not marked for anybody? No, sir! We're selfish old pigs, that's what we are."

"But will she go?" said Anna.

"She'll have to," said Edith. "Ruth, you run straight down to Marcy's, and say that we've decided to change the blue suit for a black one. Anna hasn't worn it, and there was a lovely plain black for the same price. You don't mind, do you, Anna?"

"I'll wear my old one till it falls off," said that young woman, "and imagine it's stylish," with a wink at Ruth.

"Her bonnet is all right, and how thankful I am my new silk waist is a plain black one, and too large. It will just fit mother."

"And I'll get boots for her instead of skates for me," said Ruth, "and let her choose any of my stocks she likes, and—and she may take my new belt buckle, if she'll be very careful of it."

A note was dispatched to Aunt Nell, and the loving planning went on, till the day for the visit came, and the mother was still in ignorance. She had thought it wise to let Edith arrange things this time, and had not tried to solve the mystery.

At ten o'clock the three girls stood before her. "In one hour," began Edith, "the expressman stops at this house for the trunk of the one who is to visit Aunt Nell."

"Which is no evidence, as the same trunk would go, whichever person went," put in Anna.

"That trunk is now packed," said Edith.

"And the contents not to be poked over or criticised by the traveler," said Ruth. 'And all lent articles are to be considered the person's own."

"The ticket is bought," said Anna.

"The person's pocketbook, properly filled, with her name and address within in case of accident," said Ruth.

"And the lucky girl is—?" smiled the mother.

"Mother!" cried three voices in chorus.

And in telling about it all to Aunt Nell, Mrs. Stone said that if those artful daughters of hers had given her longer than one hour to think of it, she would have decided not to come, and that she was glad they hadn't.—*Selected.*

COALS OF FIRE.

Seth Benton lived in the country. Not far from his father's home was a large pond. His cousin Herbert had given him a beautiful boat, finely rigged with masts and sails, all ready to go to sea on the pond.

Seth had formed a sailing company among his schoolmates. They had elected him captain. The boat was snugly stowed away in a little cave near the pond. At three o'clock on Saturday afternoon, the boys were to meet and launch the boat.

On the morning of this day, Seth rose bright and early. It was a lovely morning. He was in fine spirits. He chuckled with delight when he thought of the afternoon. "Glorious," said he to himself as he finished dressing.

"Now, I've just time to run down to the pond before breakfast, and see that the boat is all right. Then I'll hurry home and learn my lessons for Monday, so as to be ready for the afternoon; for the captain must be up to time."

Away he went, scampering toward the cave where the boat had been ready for the launch. As he drew near, he saw the signs of mischief and felt uneasy. The big stone before the cave had been rolled away.

The moment he looked within, he burst into a loud cry. There was the beautiful boat, which his cousin had given him, with its masts and sails all broken, and a large hole bored in the bottom.

He stood for a moment, motionless with grief and surprise; then. with his face all red with anger, he exclaimed: "I know who did it—unkind boy. It was Fritz Brown: he was angry because I did not ask him to the launch; but I'll pay him for this, see if I don't."

Then he pushed back the ruined boat into the cave, and hurrying on some way down the road, he fastened a string across the foot-path, a few inches from the ground, and hid himself in the bushes.

Presently a step was heard, and Seth eagerly peeped out. He expected to see Fritz coming along, but instead of that it was his cousin Herbert. He was the last person Seth cared to see just then, so he unfastened the string, and lay quiet, hoping that he would not see him.

But Herbert's quick eyes soon caught sight of him, and Seth had to tell him all that had happened, and wound up by saying, "But never mind; I mean to make him smart for it."

"Well, what do you mean to do, Seth?" asked Herbert.

"Why, you see, Fritz carries a basket of eggs to market every morning, and I mean to trip him over this string and smash them all."

Seth knew that this was not a right feeling, and he expected to get a sharp lecture from his cousin. But, to his surprise, he only said, in a quick way: "Well, I think Fritz does deserve some punishment; but this string is an old trick. I can tell you something better than that."

"What?" cried Seth, eagerly.

"How would you like to put a few coals of fire on his head?"

"What, burn him?" asked Seth, doubtfully.

His cousin nodded his head. With a queer smile Seth clapped his hands.

"Bravo," said he. "That's just the thing, Cousin Herbert. You see his hair is so thick he would not get burned much before he would have time to shake them off; but I should just like to see him jump once. Now, tell me how to do it—quick."

"If thine enemy hunger, feed him; if he thirst, give him drink; for in so doing thou shalt heap coals of fire on his head. Be not overcome of evil, but overcome evil with good.' There," said Herbert, "that is God's way of doing it, and I think that is the best kind of punishment for Fritz."

You should have seen how long Seth's face grew while Herbert was speaking. "Now I do say, Cousin Herbert," added he, "that is a real take in. Why, it is just no punishment at all."

"Try it once," said Herbert. "Treat Fritz kindly, and I am certain that he will feel so ashamed and unhappy, that kicking or beating him would be like fun in comparison."

Seth was not really a bad boy, but he was now in a very ill temper, and he said, sullenly, "But you have told me a story, Cousin Herbert. You said this kind of coals would burn, and it won't at all."

"You are mistaken about that," said Herbert. "I have known such coals to burn up malice, envy, ill-feeling, and a great deal of rubbish and then leave some cold hearts feeling as warm and and pleasant as

possible." Seth drew a long sigh. "Well, tell me a good coal to put on Fritz's head, and I will see about it, you may be sure of that."

"You know, Cousin Seth," said Herbert, "that Fritz is poor, and can seldom buy himself a book, although he is very fond of reading, but you have quite a library. Now suppose—but no, I won't suppose anything about it. Just think over the matter, and find your own coal. But be sure to kindle it with love, for no other burns like that."

Then Herbert sprang over the fence and went whistling away. Before Seth had time to collect his thought he saw Fritz coming down the lane carrying a basket of eggs in one hand and a pail of milk in the other. For a moment the thought crosses his mind, "What a grand smash it would have been if Fritz had fallen over the string."

But he drove it away in an instant, and was glad enough that the string was put away in his pocket. Fritz started, and looked very uneasy, when he first caught sight of Seth, but the latter at once said, "Fritz, have you much time to read now?"

"Sometimes," said Fritz, "when I've driven the cows home, and all my work is done, I have a little piece of daylight left; but the trouble is I've read every book I can get hold of."

"How would you like to take my new book of travels?"

Fritz's eyes fairly danced. "Oh, may I? may I? I'd be so careful of it."

"Yes," answered Seth, "and perhaps I have some others you may like to read. And Fritz," he added, a little slyly, "I would ask you to come and help us to sail my new boat this afternoon, but someone has gone and broken the masts, and torn up the sails, and made a great hole in the bottom. Who do you suppose did it?"

Fritz's head dropped on his breast; but after a moment, he looked up with great effort, and said: "O, Seth, I did it; but I can't begin to tell you how sorry I am. You didn't know that I was so mean when you promised to lend me the books, did you?"

"Well, I rather thought you did it," said Seth, slowly.

"And yet you didn't—" Fritz could get no further. He felt as if he would choke. His face was as red as a live coal. He could stand it no longer, so off he walked without saying a word.

"That coal does burn," said Seth to himeslf. "I know Fritz would rather I had smashed every egg in his basket than offered to lend him that book. But I feel fine." He took two or three somersaults, and went home with a light heart, and a grand appetite for breakfast.

When the captain and crew of the little vessel met at the appointed hour, they found Fritz there before them, eagerly trying to repair the injuries. As soon as he saw Seth, he hurried to present him with a beautiful flag which he had bought for the boat with a part of his own money.

The boat was repaired and launched, and made a grand trip, and everything had turned out as Cousin Herbert had said; for Seth's heart was so warm and full of kind thoughts that he was never more sat-

isfied and happy in his life.

Seth found out afterwards that the more he used of this curious kind of coal the larger supply he had on hand—kind thoughts, kind words, and kind actions. "I declare, Cousin Herbert," said he, with a merry twinkle of his eye, "I think I shall have to set up a coal-yard."—*Selected.*

FRIENDSHIP THAT COUNTED.

"No; we never have vacancies here. There are always more applications than we can possibly grant. I am sorry, sir; but that is how the matter stands."

The superintendent turned away, somewhat slowly, as if he would be glad to say something more to this manly fellow who had come to him asking a place, not for himself, but for a friend. There was in the young man's face a certain strength that promised well for the future.

"I might take your name and address, and if anything should happen to change the situation, I could write to you."

The face of the young man brightened in a very cheery way. "That would be kind of you," he said, taking the pencil Mr. Ames handed him. "I suppose you think I am too persistent in asking what I have for Billy; but if I didn't know him so well, maybe I would not urge so hard."

"You say he is ill now, anyway."

"Yes. It would be all right if he could find a place six weeks from now. He was hurt dreadfully not long ago. And that's another reason why I am so anxious that he should win. It was for me he was injured."

Mr. Ames came back to his desk and sat down. "Won't you take that chair and tell me more about it? I am very busy, but this will not take long. I felt interested in this case."

David Gray took the seat Mr. Ames pointed out to him. "There isn't very much to tell, sir. It will be a short story.

"You see, Billy and I have always been chums. Went to school together and all that. And we have been studying lately on a little machine for making rivets, and bolts, and such things. My father had a small shop where he worked. He's been dead several years, father has, and I have not been old enough to do much with the shop until quite lately, and now it's gone."

A shadow fell over David's face for a moment, and he looked out of the window.

"We had the machine almost finished, and were trying it one night."

"Was it Billy's invention?" Mr. Ames interrupted. His interest was increasing.

"We were partners in it. I suppose the idea was not altogether his," David replied modestly. "But we called it our machine because we had worked it out together. He really did the most of the work."

"And the plan was yours. I see."

"We worked at it almost all night that night. It did not do just as he would have liked to have it. Just what the trouble was we could not find out for a long time. Billy made the discovery at last. One of the bearings was a little too tight, that was all. It was almost morning when we got it to working. By that time we were both pretty tired. Billy says that he dropped asleep first. He takes the blame all upon himself. I don't think he ought to, for I was just as much at fault as he was. Anyway, the next I knew I felt a suffocating breath of air from the little engine-room. For the time I could not stir or think very well. I tried hard to rouse myself, but some way the smoke held me down. "I am sure I never would have stirred again had it not been for Billy. He had strength enough to drag me out of the shop. The building burned with all in it. The fire caught in the engine-room, and Billy says he left the door open the last time he was down to see the fire. It had gone down low, and he thought if he gave it a little more draft it would come up all right. He worked like a tiger to put the fire out, and while doing so, he slipped and fell. One of his legs was broken, sir."

There were tears in David's eyes now, and Mr. Ames went to the window, blowing his nose quite vigorously. When he came back, he asked:

"You think he will be around again, shortly?"

"Oh, I am sure he will. We could not have it any other way. We, mother and I, took him right over to our house and nursed him the best we could. Billy has no home, you understand. That makes it all the worse for him. He has had such a hard time all the way, and now this. The doctor says he may be lame all his life. I hope it may not be so bad as that. But, anyway, he will need something to do. We were going to give him a place in the little factory if the machine was a success, as we thought it would be. That would have been fine; for Billy can do so many things I can't, sir. He is a good scholar, and can write beautifully. He was going to do the work in the office, see to the business part, and I was to look after the other part."

"You had no insurance on the shop?"

"It ran out a week or two before the fire. We had almost enough money to take out a new policy, but the fire came too soon for us."

"And the machine was not patented?"

"We thought it better to wait until it was perfect."

"Could you do it over again—make the machine, I mean."

Mr. Ames watched keenly for the answer.

"Oh, yes, sir. It is every bit of it in my mind now."

The superintendent sat for a moment with his head on his breast.

"The best place for Billy would be in the office then?"

"He can do anything, but, maybe, that would be most to his liking."

David had gasped at the changed voice in which Mr. Ames was speaking, and leaned over the desk toward the great man.

"Billy will do well, sir. I know it. He is honest and true. You could trust him everywhere."

It was worth something to have a friend like David. Mr. Ames looked into the young man's clear eyes and saw there more than lay in David's words. While he was pleading so bravely for Billy he was revealing his own character in terms that could not be mistaken.

"And I thought all men selfish," the superintendent said, half to himself. Then in a louder tone he went on. "I told you what was strictly true, David. We have no vacancies. A factory like this never has. But when your friend is strong enough you may bring him up here. I think we shall have something for him to do."

David had risen now and seized the hand of Mr. Ames. But the superintendent would not let him speak until he had added:

"And David, you make your plans to come, too. And be sure to have that new machine all in your mind's eye. We will see what we can do to help you with it."

If you could have seen the joy in David's face then! Then, too, if you could have been where you could have watched Billy and his friend when David broke the news to him! I know you would have been made stronger and better. Surely this was a friendship that counted, a friendship enduring for all time.—*Young People.*

FRANCE'S FOLKS.

"Now, he's took up a waxed end, I s'pose," said France, as the tap-tapping of the shoe-hammer in the next room ceased for a minute. "Deary me. I should think they would both go crazy. I shall, if I stay staring out this window much longer. There isn't work enough to keep a respectable snail busy."

She suddenly slipped off her shoes—coarse, much-mended shoes, which suggested an acquaintance with the tapping hammer—and began a mad, but noiseless, dance round the small kitchen. She whirled and pirouetted in her stockings which befitted the shoes, only they were not so faithfully mended. She imitated the dancers she had seen in the streets, and finally dropped breathless into a chair. Then the condition of her hose attracted her attention. She surveyed them with a grimace, and nodding toward the closed door, whispered in evident imitation of some one else:

"Frances, child, don't you know that good, tidy girls never have holes in their stockings? I hate mending, she added, fiercely, "and I don't feel like being Frances; I'm Just France."

The shoes were slipped on again as expeditiously as they had been taken off, and the girl laughed saucily. "Out of sight, out of mind," she said softly.

She was a girl of fourteen, lithe and strong, dark-faced, black-eyed, a combination of wilfulness, energy and odd conceits. As the sound of the hammer began again, she caught her hat and jacket from their hook in the corner, and hastily donned them.

"She's comfortable in bed, and he's comfortable in his chair, and I might as well find a place where I'll be comfortable, too," she murmured, as she quietly closed the outer door to the street. "Anyway, there isn't anything I can do for them till supper-time," she added, as if her backward glance at the house held a touch of compunction.

If the two in the large room were not as comfortable as she supposed, they at least tried to appear so to each other. The old man, laying down one implement and taking up another, looked again as he had done many times that afternoon, toward the patient face framed by the pillows. "This pair's nearly done now, Hannah," he said.

The invalid was sadly tired, but she forced herself to feel the interest which had never been lacking in any work of his, and answered with a faint smile: "That's good. You must have got along real well today."

He had not. With his failing sight and trembling hands he could work but slowly, and he had to be very careful, to avoid mistakes. He was beginning to suspect, too, that they gave him only coarser work from the store now, instead of the more particular repairing that he used to do. He had rather rejoiced in the omission, at first, as a mere happening which made it easier for him; but it could scarcely have "happened" so many times, and he did not want others to think of him as failing. He had tried hard today to make the work neat and to do it rapidly, but he was conscious that he had but a small amount to show for his hours of labor. He was glad that Hannah had not noticed, however, and he evaded her question, and made reply unnecessary by a little extra moving about of his awls and pegs.

The sunlight of the short Autumn afternoon shone through the western window, and fell on his scant gray locks, his thin, wrinkled face and stooped shoulders. Whatever the picture might have been to other eyes, those of the old wife rested on it lovingly. What a brave, uncomplaining toiler he had been all these years! Memory traveled back to earlier days, when, full of youthful hope and courage, they had planned for a far-off evening-time very different from this. But there had been needy relatives to be helped, and losses had come, and sickness. Little children had brought both care and gladness to the home, and then vanished from it one by one, leaving only three tiny graves in the cemetery—the latest green for many a year now.

Some plans had scarcely seemed worth striving for after that. Perhaps they never could have been carried out in any case, but she remembered how tender and unselfish John had been through it all, hold-

ing fast to his faith whatever befell, and doing his best, even when the best that was offered for his doing was hard and poor. Those knotted, trembling old hands had never shirked their share of life's burden of toil. Only a commonplace old cobbler in a plain, homely little room, but to her the bowed figure in its coarse apron was heroic.

"John," she said, suddenly, a break in her voice; "John, you're a good man."

"Why—why, Hannah!" he looked up with a little laugh of mingled surprise and pleasure. They were reticent of compliments or endearments, with the reserve common to silent, self-controlled elderly people—possibly because they had grown so close together that either seldom regarded the other as a separate personality. But not all the furrows and wrinkles the years had made could prevent the old husband's face from flushing at her words of praise, and the dim eyes behind the spectacles brightened. "I ain't ever been anything to brag of," he added, as if embarrassed to find an answer. "I'd be a mighty poor sort if I wasn't good to you, if that's what you mean—mighty poor!"

Good to her! How he wished he could surround her with every comfort, now that her strength had failed and her lameness might make her a permanent invalid. The glow her loving words had kindled was still in his heart as he rolled up his work to take it back to the store.

"France doesn't seem to be in the kitchen, mother; but I reckon she will not be gone long, and I'll hurry back quick as I can," he said, buttoning round him the coat that was growing painfully shiny at the seams.

If only they would pay him a little extra tonight, so that he could bring home a bit of fruit for her! He always counted his work at the lowest possible price, to save himself the pain of disappointment; but, once in a rare while, it chanced that their rating at the store was a trifle higher than his. He wished it might happen so tonight. The wind was cold as it swept up from the lake, and the chill and fast-gathering darkness without made the brightly lighted store-windows more alluring. The old man had thought himself beyond the age of day-dreams, and yet he found himself almost unconsciously selecting things he would like to "take home to Hannah."

At the shoe-store the senior partner was out. The junior, a shrewd, sharp-visaged person, who prided himself on being a "hustler," was talking with two acquaintances, and did not inconvenience himself to cut short the story he was telling. When he came forward, it was with a careless nod.

"Brought back some work, eh?"

But, as he unrolled the bundle, every trace of carelessness vanished. He took the work to the light, twisted, turned and pulled at it, and then looked at the patiently waiting workman. "Say, Martin, you're getting too old to do this sort of work, don't you know?" he announced with brutal bluntness. "You'll just have to quit it."

"I—I thought it was well done," faltered the old man, almost speechless under a blow so unexpected.

"Oh, I'm not saying it ain't strong, and all that; it's honest work enough, and it'll last, but it's too clumsy looking. Fact is, we'd rather not have it so substantial and a little smoother—a little more fancy, even if the stitches didn't hold together so well. Folks go in for looks, you know, and business is business. We don't want any back numbers here."

He pushed the shoes aside, took the money from the drawer, and counted it into a hand that trembled. Nothing but the thought of the sick wife at home could have forced Martin's next words.

"Any work to take with me, Mr. Jones?"

"No; nothing you can do, I guess."

"I was praying for some little extra comfort to take home to her, if 'twasn't no more'n a bunch of grapes, and now I've got to take her this!" he murmured bitterly.

It was hard, but all his thinking could not change the case, and there was no choice of courses to pursue. The pinched life must be pinched more closely still. At least, he would manage to bear the chief of the hardships himself, and shield Hannah all he could. If he had less work to do, he would have more time to take care of her and of things about the little home. They would have to let France go. Poor France! she had been in many ways a disappointment from the first, still she had always been good to Hannah, and they would miss her bright ways. They had taken her quite as much because she was homeless and alone as because the sick wife needed some one. It had been little that they could give her beyond the shelter of their home and the plainest of food and clothing; but that little was so much better than the nothing which seemed her portion that they had hoped she would be appreciative and content. How far France's appreciation went no one could say; but she was a restless young mortal, with an unsatisfied desire to reach out beyond her narrow boundaries in every direction. Once, in answer to Mrs. Martin's mild remonstrance the girl had tried to explain: "Yes'm, you're real kind, and everything's good enough here, only it's—it's such a little bit, and I want a big lot of something."

Well, she was older now by a year, and she could find work. They had tried to do their best for her, however they had failed, and now it was over; they could not take care of her any longer when they could not take care of themselves.

The light of the home window shining out upon the old man arrested his steps, and told him that, unconsciously, he had traveled in a circuit toward the familiar door. Hannah would be waiting for him, and he must go in. She was sitting in the rocking-chair, to which France had assisted her that she might rest a little and be drawn out to supper, and she turned her face toward him as the door

opened. He sat down beside her. It was a pitifully short story to tell, after all, only a few sentences, although it meant so much.

"I can't help it, Hannah," he said, in conclusion; "I am old."

"We're both old, John, and we don't want to help it." Her thin fingers closed round his knotted ones in a comforting clasp. "If the years take us away from some things here, they're taking us nearer to better things somewhere else. We don't want to help it."

Presently France looked in, and in simple, straightforward fashion, as was his wont when any duty was to be done, the old man told her. Really, one would have said that the first expression on the girl's face was one of pleasure.

"Oh, I can take care of myself easy enough. There's work—" Then a fuller comprehension of what had befallen them dawned upon her, and she stood staring at the two with black eyes growing momentarily wider and brighter. "Do you mean that there ain't going to be enough for you to live on with that place gone? Then why can't I stay and help? Oh, that's what I'd like! I'd lots rather do that than be took care of! There's the box-factory where some of the girls work, and I've learned to do some of the things quicker'n they do. The foreman said I could have a place, if I wanted it; the girls told me so. You see, I've been there a good deal when I slipped out. Oh, how I did want to go! 'Cause you just have to hustle round there, and I like a crowd of work to do that it pays to do quick. There's such a little bit to do here, and I could do it all up nights and mornings, and be earning money at the factory besides. Why, we could be just as comfortable! And 'twould be 'most like havin' folks of my own, if I could do that way. I always did want folks, like the other girls."

The words were pouring out in a torrent as France's ideas took form, and her whole face was alight. At last she saw a prospect of "a whole lot of something."

"We needn't care a bit about the stingy shoe-man," she said, disdainfully. "What you could earn, Mr. Martin, and what I'd earn would be enough; but Mrs. Martin could help, too, if she wanted to. I could bring home boxes for her to cover, like Emeline does for her lame sister."

"The child knows what she's talking about. Let her tell me," said Mrs. Martin, eagerly, when her husband would have interposed; and he saw that the hope of being useful again was more to her than any gift he could have brought her.

France did know of what she was talking; questioning soon revealed that, and her plan looked feasible. So the cloud which had seemed to be settling down upon them lifted again, and their sky took on a new brightness.

"No I'll get supper," said France, springing up.

"Would you mind if I sort of—pretended you're my uncle and aunt?" she asked.

"Child, we'll be mighty glad to have you," answered the old man, heartily.

In the little room outside France gave the old teakettle a loving pat as she filled it, smoothed the worn tablecloth, and looked round the place as if she saw it with new vision. "You're our kitchen," she said, complacently, "and them's my folks in there!" She took from her pocket the dime Emeline had insisted on paying her for work done in her stolen outing; and, slipping out to the corner grocery, she expended it in a plate of chipped beef for the tea-table. Then, when all was complete, she opened the door and said, impressively: "Uncle John and Aunt Hannah, our supper's ready."—*Selected.*

THE MAGIC KEY.

There was once a little teacher and she had a magic key,
And most wondrous was the power it possessed!
It unlocked each situation
That arose in her vocation,
And it gave to all her work an added zest.

For it quickly solved the problem of the dismal winter days;
When the children were as restless as could be,
It suggested variation
In the form of recreation,
Song and game were used to give variety.

It could always probe with patience far beneath the rags and tan
That completely hid a small, neglected soul;
At the magic key's commanding,
There came perfect understanding,
And the teacher had the child in her control.

When a mother or a father came to air a grievance sore,
Very sure "their little dear" had been abused;
Each one, by the key's blest mission,
Saw the teacher's disposition
And soon went away both smiling and enthused.

Every quarrel, complaint or trouble on the playground or the street,
All the problems that arose within the room,
By the key were swiftly banished,
Care and sorrow quickly vanished
And the sunshine came to drive away the gloom.

Many years sped on and still the teacher's brow was smooth and fair,
Her expression was a pleasant sight to see!
Higher salaries were offered,
Many fine positions proffered,
All resulting from the use of one small key!

Happy school-room where this power, sure and ceaseless toils away!
How its value ranks all other things above!
It can rise o'er ever trouble,
Make a teacher's value double,
For the tiny key's bright little name is Love.

—*Selected.*

Officers' Department.

Officers' Paper.

GREAT TEACHERS.

The great teacher is always rare. When he comes we recognize him, not only as one who speaks with authority, but as one who is not as the scribes; that is, not as those other teachers whose special training and manifold opportunities should have enabled them to edify and astonish the people more than he. Clearly there is more than learning and professional training needed to make a man a great preacher or teacher. What then is the secret of authoritative speech?

The thing most needful, and almost the one thing needful, is that the speaker should believe what he is saying. This seems an elementary demand; in reality it is the greatest of all demands. There are a hundred men who can speak, for one who really believes, and the only speech which strikes home and leaves its mark upon another soul is the speech of profound and passionate conviction. Man is more than mind, and belief is more than a thing intellectual. The teacher who covets earnestly the power of speaking with authority must believe his truth, not only with the understanding, but with the heart. He utters it, not as a proposition he can prove, but as a truth that has set his heart on fire. The impression he makes lies deeper than his words; it is the magnetism of the man, the inherent, transparent power of his message, and not the logic of his words, that carries conviction. The truth glows in his face, shines from his eyes. It does not so much belong to him as he belongs to it. It is not he that speaks, but a spirit that is speaking in him. He is not his own; he is urged on by an irresistible impulse to tell the thing he knows and lives by. He has mastered the truth, but the truth has also mastered him. He is the ambassador of the highest and that is why he is lord, and why he can speak as one having authority.

To speak as one having authority you must really have it, otherwise you are not wonderful, but ridiculous. And to have the authority you must qualify yourself by the severest dicipline of mind and heart. You cannot hope to speak with authority unless you meditate day and night. No man has the right to commend to other men his undigested thought But besides knowing the truth we must feel absolutely sure of it. We must be fully persuaded in our own minds. Half convictions will not do. We cannot effectively transfer to another mind a truth that does not possess and govern our own. Nothing but soul can reach soul.

Our belief must be a faith, an enthusiasm, a passion, and it must be uttered without regard to consequences. The speaker must think of nothing but his truth, and of the souls he knows his truth can bless. If he thinks of what he himself has to gain or lose by proclaiming it, his authority vanishes, as it deserves to vanish, for it is the single eye that God loves. Many of the greatest masters of authoritative speech perished on the rack or among the flames. The greatest Master of all was lifted upon a cross. Yet they were persuaded that God was for them. They had the divine consciousness of being his ambassadors, and they could speak their brave and lonely word, knowing that the future, would justify them.—*Penn. School Journal.*

The value of preparation meeting is appreciated by the teachers when it is thoroughly established. We know its worth when we are sure that we cannot expect a successful session with the children without the help gained in the preparation meeting.

Do you attend the Stake Officers meeting regularly?

Nothing on this earth affects my heart so much as children. When I consider them; when I mark in the little creatures the seeds of all those virtues and qualities which they will one day find so indispensable; when I behold in the obstinate all the future firmness and constancy of noble character, in the capricious that levity and gayety of temper which will carry them lightly over the dangers and troubles of life, their whole nature simple and unpolluted, then I call to mind the golden words of the great Teacher of mankind, "Except ye become as little children."—*Goethe.*

"To impress on a class of beginners the importance of sitting up straight at their desks, I told them a story of two trees, drawing on the board as I talked:

"One little tree was planted in Farmer Brown's field, while the other was in the next field, which belonged to Farmer Gray. Soon a heavy wind blew the little trees over toward the ground. Farmer Brown put down a stake and tied his tree to it to keep it up straight. Farmer Gray let his grow on bent over. In a few years the first tree was tall and straight, the apples it bore were big and red, the children liked to play under its shade, the birds built their nests in it, and everybody admired the tree.

"The crooked tree gave little shade, its apples were small, the birds would not make their home in it because it was too near the ground, and everybody wondered why Farmer Gray did not cut down his ugly tree. Now, which tree shall we be like?"

Instantly, the little people would straighten up, and for months after, whenever they would get a little careless in their position to simply say, "I like straight trees," would produce the desired effect.

Lesson Department.

NOTE.—In the future lessons will be given one month ahead to enable all to be thoroughly prepared; that the necessary help and instructions may be given in Stake Board meetings.

Subject for the month of September: Love.

Divisions: Lesson 25, Love as Expressed in Helpfulness; Lesson 26, Love as Expressed in Self Denial; Lesson 27, Love as Expressed in Forgiveness; Lesson 28, Love as Expressed in Friendship.

Lesson 25.

Subject: Love as Expressed in Helpfulness.

Introductory talk:

The hardest lesson in life is to learn to love. At first, we would say it is the easiest. It seems natural for us to love. It is not a task for a mother to love her child. The moment her baby comes, she begins to love it. She does not have to learn to do so. As young people grow up in companionship, it is not necessary for them to be taught to love each other. Natural affinities draw them together, and they easily become attached. All through life, people meet as strangers and like each other—not because they are taught that they should do so, but because there is that in them which draws them together, and they are straightway friends.

But this that is natural and that is so easy is not all of the love that is required. Mother-love, family-love, the love of lovers, are natural affections and do not need to be learned. But we do not read very far in our New Testament until we discover that the love which is there enjoined is not easy, does not come spontaneously, but has to be learned. The lesson teaches us that it is not enough to love our mothers, fathers brothers, sisters, and friends, and sweet, lovely people, and those who love us and are good to us. We are told to love our neighbor, which seems simple enough until we ask who our neighbor is. When we are told that he is everybody—anybody we chance to meet, anyone whose life touches ours in any sort of association—the lesson grows harder. He may be a most unlovely person—one we do not care to have anything to do with—uncongenial, repulsive. He may be the man who did us a great wrong the other day, and whom we have been hating. No matter—he is our neighbor now, and he is the one we are to love. When we think of loving in this wide way, we see at once that it is not the easy thing we supposed, that it is really a lesson that must be learned.

There is another phase of love which shows yet more of its meaning. Not only is everybody included in the duty, but the quality of the love required is very exacting. "As thyself" is the old measure. We must be as ready to serve our neighbor as ourselves. But the teaching of Jesus Christ goes still farther. "As I have loved you" is the standard for his followers. He loved them unto the uttermost. In His relations with them, He was infinitely patient, thoughtful, gentle, forgiving, kind.

The lesson of forgiveness which our Lord taught illustrates one feature of this love. We are to forgive as he forgives us—not three times, nor seven times, but seventy times seven. The standard is so high that it seems almost impossible for us to reach it. Yet that is the lesson, and we cannot tone it down. That is the copy set for us, and we must seek to follow it. That is the goal which we are to reach as we climb toward perfectness. Nothing less will do for a final attainment.

The same high mark is set for us all along in the lessons of love. Our loving is not to be affected by the way men treat us. Though they hate us and hurt us, we are to keep all bitterness, all resentment, out of our hearts, and to keep on loving through all ingratitude, injustice, or wrong. Then our love is not to be merely tolerant with people who are faulty, unlovely or uncongenial, with a cold, negative, and indifferent treatment of them, but warm, kindly, interested. The good Samaritan is our Lord's illustration of the way we are to love our neighbor. The wounded man was the Samaritan's enemy, but, if he had been his brother, he could not have treated him more kindly or royally. When we study the lesson of loving as Latter-day Saints are to practice it among themselves, there are the most minute instructions as to details. We are to love as brothers, we are to have fervent love, we are to be patient, courteous, compassionate, kind, gentle, tenderhearted.

It will be a profitable exercise in Bible study to go carefully over the whole of the New Testament, finding and writing down every word about the way we are to love. We will be amazed to find how much there is on the subject, and how high are the requirements. When we have done this, we will no longer wonder that loving is a lesson set for us to learn, that it does not come to us naturally or easily, that, even with the greatest diligence and earnestness, it requires years and years to master it.

Some people boast of their frankness and honesty in their intercourse with their fellows. "I am a blunt man," one says. I never profess to care for people when I do not care for them. When I don't like anyone, he is apt to know it. No one can call me a hypocrite." Now, there is a kind of frankness that is commendable, and there is a sentimental way of showing love for people that is disgusting to every noble spirit. But nature is not to have free rein in this matter. It is to be cultivated just as all other spiritual graces must be. It is not to be left to itself, merely as a matter of temperament or disposition.

No doubt, there are some to whom the lesson comes more easily than to others. But, however hard it may be for us, however radical a change in our nature must be effected before we can love truly, still there is the lesson, and it must be learned if we continue to say that we are Latter-day Saints.—*Selected.*

Memory Gems.

One has only to love a single creature with all one's heart, and the whole world at once looks lovely. —*Goethe.*

"To love and be loved is the greatest happiness of existence."

"Kindness—a language which the dumb can speak, and the deaf can understand."

First Grade.

Read suggestions for First Grade Teachers in the January number for this year. Page 26.

Opening exercises.

Memory gems or review of concert poems.

Singing.

Concert poem, "The Worth of a Smile:"

They might not need me—yet they might;
I'll let my heart be just in sight.
A smile as small as mine might be
Precisely their necessity.

—*Emily Dickinson.*

Story, "The Sale of David:"

Eliza was tired of taking care of David. Eliza was eight and David was two. In the morning before she went to school, Eliza washed and dressed him and gave him his breakfast. When she came home at noon she gave him dinner; when school was over at night Eliza took entire care of David till his bedtime.

Eliza's mother was a very busy woman with little money and seven children to clothe and feed.

But Eliza sometimes got very tired of David, very; though of course she was fond of him. This afternoon she was more than usually cross as she trundled him down the street in the cart her father had made out of a soap-box on four squeaking, wriggling wheels.

"Hullo, how's your kid today?"

The boys all called David "Eliza's kid."

Eliza did not deign to answer. She tossed her head and the wagon wheels creaked ominously.

"Kid for sale; kid for sale!" called another, smiling good-naturedly at David's happy face.

The silent Eliza went on faster than ever. When she had turned the corner, and was out of sight of the boys, she looked back at David.

She wished he was for sale; she wished somebody would buy him. With his soft red curls and round blue eyes, he was pretty enough for anybody to buy.

"I'd find him a good place," said Eliza, "with a kind, rich lady, and she'd pay a good deal, and I wouldn't have to take care of him. I'd want him to have a nice, big house."

The cart, the baby and the little girl went up the hills, where were some of the pleasantest homes in the town. Eliza stopped in front of one of these. On the side piazza sat a lady dressed in black. Squeaking, the cart came up the path. The diplomatic Eliza left David at the front and went around the side path toward the lady. David did not cry; David seldom cried.

"Are you the lady that lives here?" asked Eliza.

The lady took a moist handkerchief down from her eyes and looked with a start at the small Eliza standing at the foot of the side steps. She nodded.

"Would you like to buy a baby?"

"A what?" asked the lady in a strange voice.

"A baby. I have one to sell."

The lady sat up very straight. "How much is it worth?"

"I don't know. I'll let you see him and then perhaps you can tell."

Eliza trotted around to the front, gave David's curls a rub in the right direction, sighed at his dirty hands, and then pulled the cart around to the side.

"So that is the baby," said the lady. "Take him out and let me look at him."

Eliza pulled David out of the box and tugged him, limply indifferent, up the steps. The lady looked at him. She held out her hand and David caught at her finger; then, with a gurgle of pleasure, fell against her knee. The lady bent over him; she patted the curls and held the baby's hand. "This baby is worth a great deal," she said. "Why do you want to sell him?"

"Because there's six more like him—not exactly like him, 'cause I'm one; but we've got a good many babies and not much money, and I thought—I—Ihave to take care of him all the time and the girls don't always like to have him round."

"Do you think he's worth a hundred dollars?" asked the lady.

A hundred dollars! Why, of course not; no baby in the world could be worth that!

"I—I think ten would be enough," said Eliza tremulously.

"I can't pay you all at once," said the lady. She stooped and lifted the baby into her lap, and he leaned against her, laughing contentedly. "But I'll pay by installments."

"Ten cents will do for now," said Eliza.

The lady took up a dangling silver purse, and holding it out of reach of the baby's fingers, she extracted a dime.

"I suppose you'll give this to your mother," she said, gravely.

"Yes, ma'am," answered Eliza with greater gravity.

"And here's a cent for you to spend; and here's my card to show your mother who's bought the baby."

"Do you—do you know how to take care of babies?" asked Eliza.

The lady's lip quivered. "Very well, indeed," she said, and then she went into the house and shut the door.

"I'll leave the cart," shouted Eliza, "you may need it."

Nobody answered, and Eliza walked slowly away.

The maid of the lady who had bought David had just said at the door of an upstairs room, "A little girl to see you, mum," when Eliza pushed past her. Eliza was breathless; there were tear-streaks on her cheeks. She threw herself on a baby sitting sweetly placid on the floor.

"O, David, David, "she cried, "don't you know sister? Don't you love 'Liza?"

David gurgled and thrust the nose of a wooly lamb in Eliza's face. Then the lady, who was sitting very, very near David, said:

"What do you want, little girl? This is my baby; I bought him today."

"Oh, no, he isn't; he's mine." Eliza caught David around his fat shoulders and dragged him toward the door. I'll give you back your ten cents, and your penny when I earn another, but you can't have him.

"Wait, little girl, wait; you are hurting him," for David had begun to whimper. "Let me speak to you a moment, dear."

Something in the lady's eyes made Eliza let her take David into her lap, though Eliza stood close by.

"Once I had a baby something like David." The lady put her lips against David's curls. "And God took him away—and—and I can't have him back. You can have David back; but don't try to give away or sell or lose anything that loves you. Some day there won't be so many, and you'll want to remember that you always loved everybody God gave you to love. You should be very happy to have so many people."

"Yes'm," said Eliza. "Here's your ten cents."

As they went creaking down the driveway a little later David had on a pretty coat and hat and the wooly lamb in his arms. The lady walked beside Eliza to the gate. Then she said goodbye.

"Bring David to see me sometimes."

"Yes'm," answered Eliza. "Goodbye."

Eliza flew toward home with now and then a careful backward eye on David and the cart. Near her own house Mary came running toward her.

"O, Eliza, where've you been so long? Mother's most crazy. She's afraid something has happened to you or David."

"There hasn't," Eliza nodded happily. "She might have known I wouldn't let anything happen to David."—*Selected.*

Story adapted from lesson.

Memory gem on lesson.

Second Grade.

Note to Teachers:—Lessons to be successful and to result in good must be suitable to the children to whom they are given. There is a great difference in the classes of the Second Grade. In some associations the children of that class will be able to take part of the work of the Third Grade, while for the class in another association the work of the Second Grade will need simplifying. Therefore, in preparing the lesson, the teacher should read the work given for the First, Second and Third Grade, and take from them that which is best adapted to her class. She of course knows their needs, and this part of the work is left to her discretion. She will be able to find something in the lessons of each grade that will be helpful for her class, and her knowledge of the subject will be increased.

In giving the introductory talk, adapt it to the class. Let it be a "talk," and let the children do part of the talking, the teacher asking suitable questions and leading them to express their thoughts.

When a short story or poem is given to be told by some member of the class, make the appointment a week before it is to be told. Let the child tell the story in his own language, not in the words of the book.

If some other memory gem than the one suggested is preferred, teach it, but let the meaning of it be understood before it is memorized.

Have the preparation of the whole lesson so complete that the book will not have to be referred to during the session, and adapt the lesson to the class.

Read Suggestions to Second Grade Teachers, page 27, January number, 1908.

Review the previous lesson.

Introductory talk. Page 327.

Story: "Boy Wanted." Page 309.

Tell the story of "The Good Samaritan:

Jesus was once asked which was the greatest commandment. The greatest commndment, Jesus said, is, "Thou shalt love the Lord with all thy heart and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind, and with all thy strength!" The second commandment is, "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself."

"And who is my neighbor?" asked the man; and Jesus told him this story:

Once there was a man who was going on a journey from one city to another. As this man went on his way, he was hurt; his goods and his clothes were taken from him, and he was left by the road side in great trouble. Soon after another man chanced to come that way; when he saw the poor man lying in the road, he crossed over, and went

along on the other side of the street, saying to himself, "I don't want to be bothered with that man," and so he passed by. Pretty soon another man came down the road; he said just what the first one had said, and he, too, crossed over and passed by.

By and by a third man, a Samaritan, rode that way. The Jews hated the Samaritans and would have nothing at all to do with them, if they could possibly help it. We would not be surprised if this Samaritan had refused to help the wounded Jew. When he saw the poor sick man he pitied him and was sorry for him. He went to him at once and tried to bind up the hurt places and make them better. Then put the man on his own donkey, so that he could ride, and took him to a house, and said to the people there, "Take care of him, and I will pay you for your trouble."

And then Jesus asked the man which was the neighbor to the wounded man. The man answered, "The one who showed kindness to the unfortunate Jew.

Jesus then told the man to do likewise; that is, to everyone who needed help, he should do as the Samaritan did.

Let some member of the class tell the following story:

Years ago a vessel was wrecked upon the coast of a far-away island and only two men escaped alive. Although the people of the island were savages they welcomed the castaways and tried to make them feel at home. They gave them food and housed them as best they knew how. The conduct of the two men was very different. One was sadly homesick and wished for some passing vessel to stop and take him from the island. Every day he went to the top of a hill overlooking the sea. raising a signal of distress hoping to attract attention thereby. This was his only occupation. He paid no attention to the people about him, only to take from them his daily food. His comrade, seeing the bad condition of the natives, began to work for their welfare. He opened schools for the children,and taught them farming and other useful occupations. Through his kindly service the people became quite civilized, turned away from their idols, and became worshipers of the true God. Several years passed finding the two comrades thus employed. One day a vessel came to the island and offered to take the castaways to their distant home in England. Notice the difference in their departure. The one left his station on the hilltop and his signal, and went aboard the ship alone. The other was followed to the shore by crowds of the inhabitants, young and old.

Teach the following memory gem:

Be helpful, generous and true,
And very soon you'll find
Each face reflecting back to you
An image bright and kind.

Third Grade.

Note to Teachers: Be sure to read Suggestions for Third Grade Teachers in the January number for this year. Page 26.

Introductory talk. Page 327.

Topics for members of the class.

1. A short paper on "How is love best shown in the home."
2. Recite the following:

There's something that maketh a palace
Out of four little walls and a prayer,
A something that seeth a garden
In one little flower that is fair;
That turneth two hearts to one purpose,
And maketh one heart of two;
That smiles when the sky is a gray one,
And smiles when the sky is blue.

Without it no garden hath fragrance,
Tho' it holdeth the wide world's blooms;
Without it a palace a prison,
With cells for banqueting rooms;
This something that halloweth sorrow,
And stealeth the sting from care;
This something that maketh a palace
Out of four little walls and a prayer.

—*Our Young Folks.*

3. Relate the following incident and tell why there is such a difference in the feelings of the people of Russia from that of the people of Denmark.

"The Czar of Russia was visiting the King of Denmark, and upon one of their drives around Copenhagen the king pointed out to the czar a certain high tower.

"Now," said the czar, "how much power have you over your subjects? Could you command one of your poorest subjects to climb to the top of that tower and jump off?"

"No," said the king, "but I could go and sleep in that poor subject's hut and be a welcome guest."

And the czar was silent.

4. Read the following and explain why helpfulness is of more value than money.

"So far as we know, Jesus never gave any money—He did not have money to give. Yet He was the most munificent giver that ever lived among men. There was no life that ever touched His that was not helped by Him in some way. At the beautiful gate of the temple the lame man who asked alms of Peter and John did not receive what he sought. These men had no silver or gold to give. But the poor man was not left unhelped. "Silver and gold have I none," said Peter; "but what I have, that giveth I thee. In the name of Jesus Christ of

Nazareth, walk." Then he took him by the right hand, and raised him up. The man was helped in two ways. His lameness was helped by divine power. Then Peter gave him his hand, showing human sympathy and imparting strength."

5. Relate the following:

A young girl far away from her home was taken ill with typhoid fever. The aged lady with whom she was boarding was a total stranger, but out of the kindness of her heart the old lady nursed her all through the long illness that followed, and finally had the joy of seeing her entirely recovered.

When she was well again, the young girl asked the kind old lady what she owed her for her care and trouble. Looking smilingly over her spectacles the dear woman replied, "All you owe me, child, is to do it for some one else."

There is many a kindness which we receive, as we journey on through life, which we can only return in the way which the old lady suggested to her young friend. We must do it for somebody else.

"Do it for somebody else." This would be a good motto for every boy and girl to take. Think how much is done for you, boys and girls, by parents, teachers and friends, and then resolve that you will try to repay some of the kindnesses you have received by showing a kindness to somebody else.

"Have you had a kindness shown?
  Pass it on.
'Twas not given you alone—
  Pass it on.
Let it travel down the years,
Let it wipe another's tears,
Till in heaven the deed appears,
  Pass it on."

Story, "Boy Wanted." Page 309.

Lesson 26.

Subject: Love as Expressed through Self-Denial.

Introductory talk:

"Jean Montgomery, what are you doing?" asked her sister in amazement, as she entered the room where Jean was donning her prettiest, freshest muslin gown. "I should think sackcloth and ashes would be more appropriate to your feelings."

Jean turned a doleful face toward her sister. "This is the time, Blanche Montgomery, when clothes and atmospheres shouldn't match. I'm going into the dyeing business, that's what I'm going to do. Just because this morning happens to be a real, dingy, dull, depressing blue,

I am not going to live in it all day; I'm going to dye it rose-color; and the first part of the recipe says to make yourself look as attractive as possible. If ever there was a day when I needed my pink muslin and the world needed it, it's surely today."

It had been a morning when, as Jean expressed it, things had conspired. A long-anticipated trip to the seashore had to be abandoned word came of a prospective visit of undesirable relatives, Baby Ralph had upset a cup of coffee on Jean's freshly laundered white suit, intended to be worn that evening to a concert, and her dearest chum was going to move to another city. In consequence the atmosphere had been growing more densely blue all the morning, until Jean gloomily insisted it could be sliced off in layers.

"What is the next part of the recipe?" asked Blanche, with interest, as she watched Jean deliberately select her prettiest hat and don it, while she trilled a little song, unconsciously and involuntarily permitting the wrinkles to smooth away and dimples and smiles to take their place and match the fresh prettiness of the gown.

"Next is a trip to Auntie Williams, with a bunch of roses and a dish of fresh berries from the garden. And when I come back I'll tell you if the recipe is a good one," and Jean was off.

The man who transformed night into day by the invention of cheap and efficient lighting did much for the world, but the individual who knows the secret process by which a gloomy atmosphere of discouragement and doubt can be changed into an atmosphere of hope and good cheer and joy will find plenty of opportunities to exercise his skill. Yet it is easily among the possibilities, as many a brave, true soul is showing every day.

The formula is free to all who care to use it. First, use every legitimate means to create this atmosphere. Sackcloth and ashes, rags and tags, react quickly and effectually upon the mind; slothfulness or carelessness of dress makes a like condition of spirit. Make yourself bright and attractive of person on this blue morning. There may be days when your face will so shine that you have no need for the adornment of pretty clothes, but the blue morning is not that time. Then pierce that dense, thick atmosphere with a merry song; there's nothing that will more quickly dissipate the gloom. Make the lips curve upward and the eyes look merry whether you feel in the mood or not. Such a brand of hypocrisy is legitimate and valuable. So much for the outward semblance of the condition you are trying to produce.

Next, seek out some friend or neighbor who needs the kind of an atmosphere you are trying to create far more than do you with your fancied ills. Take to her a bright presence, a happy smile, a gay voice with a gift of flower, or fruit, or book, to lengthen out the joy of your visit when you have left. It is impossible for a really kind-hearted person to take a blue atmosphere into a sick room, so you will

find yourself exerting yourself to clear the atmosphere and give it the vivid, vital color of joy before you carry it to the shut-in friend; and when your visit is over, behold, the miracle has happened, and that atmosphere which you sought to take to her is your own to carry back into your world. The blue day has been dyed in the never-fading rose-color of unselfishness and sympathy and love for another."

"Awfully sorry I can't stop to see you, old man," said Harold Massey. He was locking the office door on a Saturday afternoon. Tom Grigg, for whom also it was "early closing" had come around to have a little chat and perhaps a leisurely lunch at the club.

"I'm going to take mother to the matinee," said Harold, as they walked along together, "so I've promised to put in an appearance at lunch."

"Oh, telephone her and say you're not coming," said Tom. "She's got her ticket, hasn't she?"

"What? Mother? No. It's here in my pocket if I haven't lost it."

"Well, you're a duffer. Why didn't you see she had the ticket and let her meet you? My sister's going with me this afternoon, but she meets me in the lobby, and glad enough of the chance. Work it better next time. See you there, maybe."

They parted, Tom for his comfortable luncheon at the club and a half hour's chat with a man he knew, and Harold to go home.

His mother met him in the hall. She was a little old lady with white hair and a happy face. She was opening a big box of violets.

"A gentleman's card," said she, pursing her lips like a girl. "Who can it be?" She read the name, "Mr. Harold Massey." Then she laughed and Harold laughed. It was an old little drama between them. "Like 'em, mother?" asked Harold.

"I guess I do!" she responded, sparkling, "I shall wear 'em."

Harold ran upstairs to dress, and came down resplendent. When he and his mother left the house for their afternoon, they were, he told her, "as fine a couple as ever walked down Beacon street." He carried her opera glasses and fan, and she wore the violets. He helped her gallantly over a puddle.

"Harold," she said, "you're a splendid beau!"

"You're a splendid girl, mother!" said Harold. —*Exchange.*

Memory Gems.

"Good manners are made up of little sacrifices."

"Swift hands to help, quick hearts to feel,
Pure gold of love, large, strong and deep,
That streams toward God in steady sweep
Through channeled ways to human weal,
These pay the price of happiness—
Man's surest joy, mankind to bless."

First Grade.

Opening exercises.
Memory gems or review of concert poems.
Singing.
Concert poem. Page 329.
Story, "A Small Boy:"

A small boy I know is so fond of his mother that when he plays hide-and-seek with her he gets anxious each time she hides for fear he will never find her again. This is rather silly of him, but very nice; for boys who are not ashamed of loving mother are much better than the other kind who sometimes pretend they have no feminine relatives at all. When Jesus was a little boy in Nazareth, it is quite certain He never minded who knew He cared for His mother. So I think that, except when the little man is naughty, our Lord must be pleased with the boy you are reading about.

The other day this boy was having his supper, and at last he came to what the grammar-book people call a full stop. This does not mean that he had quite finished. He was just stopping for a short time before he began again. At such times children generally talk, and this boy began to talk nonsense.

"I wish," he said, "I was grown-up and tall. I want to be big."

"Well," said his father, "how big do you want to be? Would you like to be as tall as a lamppost, or as high as a church steeple?"

The small boy did not smile. He was thinking it over. At last he answered,

"I should like to be nine miles high, nine whole miles."

This made everybody laugh, and even he smiled a little. But the next minute he looked sad, for his father said: "Come now. If you were nine miles high you would be too tall for mother to kiss you. Your head would be up in the clouds, and perhaps you would have stars in your hair."

His father thought he would be pleased at the idea of having stars in his hair. But he looked very troubled, and murmured to himself, "Too tall for mother to kiss me! I wouldn't like that." Then he smiled all over his face. "And I won't have it, neither. I'd manage somehow."

"Well," asked his father, "how would you manage? Mother is not six fieet high, and if you were nine miles tall she could never kiss her little boy. She could not reach."

The small boy chuckled right out. "Oh, yes," he said with triumph, "I'd manage, father dear."

"Well," came the question, "how would you manage? You could not bend down nine miles."

"No, father," was the reply, "I would not bend."

"Then what would you do?" asked his father.

The small boy looked sly and pleased and amused all at once. "I'd

stand on my head," he answered. And he clapped his hands and laughed to think how funny he would look.

This answer pleased his father, but something happened the next morning that did not please him. The boy who loved his mother so much heard her ask her little son to do something. Instead of doing as he was told he went on playing, and his mother had to call three times before he obeyed her. When at last the boy had done as he was told his father called him to him.

"Little man," he said, "I thought you loved mother; you talked like it yesterday."

"So I do, father," he answered. "I love mother better than anyone, or chocolate, or anything."

"Then," said his father rather sternly, why did you not at once do as she asked?"

The boy wriggled, because he understood.

"Please," he replied, "I wanted to go on playing."

"Yes, I know," said his father gently, "but does my little boy remember something that Jesus said? It begins, 'If ye love me, keep—' "

" 'If ye love me keep my commandments,' " broke in the boy. "Mother told me Jesus said it to His disciples." And he looked proud at having remembered it.

"Well," said his father, "the text means that if people did not do as Jesus asked them He was not always sure that they loved Him. I know my little boy loves Jesus and would like to plase Him."

"Yes, father," answered the boy, looking rather sad. He knew his father meant ever so many things by what he had just said.

"Then," went on his father, "don't you think Jesus would say that boys who really love their mothers ought to show their love by obeying her at once?"

"Yes, father," said the boy, who was beginning to look as if he would soon have to cry.

"Then," added his father, "run away and play. And the next time mother asks you to do anything, please Jesus by doing it at once because you love her."

The small boy ran off, and later that morning his father smiled to hear his little son say to himself as he went about his games, "If ye love me, keep my commandments."—*Selected.*

Story adapted from lesson.

Memory gem on lesson.

Second Grade.

Review of previous lesson.

Introductory talk. Page 335.

Story: "The Lucky Girl." Page 312.

The following incident to be told by some member of the class:

There was once a war between the Swedes and the Danes. One day a great battle was fought, and the Swedes were beaten, and driven

from the field. A soldier of the Danes who had been slightly wounded was sitting on the ground. He was about to take a drink. All at once he heard some one say:

"Oh, sir! give me a drink, for I am dying."

It was a wounded Swede who spoke. He was lying on the ground only a little way off. The Dane went to him at once. He knelt by the side of the fallen foe, and pressed the flask to his lips.

"Drink," said he, "for thy need is greater than mine."

Hardly had he spoken these words, when the Swede raised himself on his elbow. He pulled a pistol from his pocket, and shot at the man who would have befriended him. The bullet grazed the Dane's shoulder.

"Ah, you rascal!" he cried. "I was going to befriend you, and you repay me by trying to kill me. I would have given you all the water, but now you shall have only half." And with that he drank the half of it, and then gave the rest to the Swede.

When the king of the Danes heard about this, he sent for the soldier and had him tell the story just as it was.

"Why did you spare the life of the Swede after he had tried to kill you?" asked the king.

"Because, sir," said the soldier, "I could never kill a wounded enemy."

"Then you deserve to be a nobleman," said the king. And he rewarded him by making him a knight, and giving him a noble title.—*Selected.*

Memory Gem.

"It isn't the number of joys we have
That makes us happy and gay,
But the number we share with our little friends,
Ah, that is the secret, they say."

Third Grade.

Introductory talk. Page 335.

Topics for members of the class:

1. Recite the following:

"Love suffereth long and is kind;
Love envieth not;
Love vaunteth not itself,
Is not puffed up,
Doth not behave itself unseemly,
Seeketh not its own,
Taketh not account of evil;
Rejoiceth not in unrighteousness,
But rejoiceth with the truth;
Beareth all things,
Believeth all things,
Hopeth all things,
Endureth all things.
Love never faileth."

2. Read and explain: Matthew 5: 38-48.

3. Describe the kind of love manifested by the widow and by the scribes. Mark 12: 38-44.

4. Read Luke 10: 25-37. Tell the value of this story to us.

5. Read the following:

Some persons inherit refinement, and others attain it. There is, for instance, the fine young man, whose natural instincts are so noble that it is harder for him to offend against good taste than not to do so. He could not be rude to any woman. He would not read other person's letters though his room were papered with them. Nor would he listen to a private conversation between others even if his work were at a central telephone exchange desk. In a word, it is almost impossible for him to be mean.

On the other hand, there is the young man who inherits no such gentle blood. He is heir to no traditions of nobility and chivalry. His life is a long fight against what is mean and unrefined. But, knowing the contemptibleness of such practices as backbiting, taking an unfair advantage of a foe, failing to stand up for a friend, reading letters not intended for him, etc., he rises above them by sheer courage, and wins to nobility of life by his own will power.

Is not his the finer figure of the two? For the greatness of a conquest is determined by the strength of the adversary.

6. Tell the following story and give your opinion on its value as a lesson:

"Have you ever studied the art of self-defense?" said a young fellow to a man of magnificent physique and noble bearing.

The elder man looked at his questioner with a quiet smile, and then answered thoughtfully: "Yes, I have studied and practiced it."

"Ah!" said the other, eagerly. "Whose system did you adopt?"

"Solomon's," was the reply.

Somewhat abashed, the youth stammered out: "Solomon's! What is the special point of his system of training?"

"Briefly this," replied the other: "A soft answer turneth away wrath.'"

For the moment the young man felt an inclination to laugh, and looked at his friend anxiously to see whether he was serious. But a glance at the accomplished athlete was enough; and soon a very different set of feelings came over the youth as his muscular companion added, with a silent emphasis: "Try it."—*Exchance.*

Story, "The Lucky Girl." Page 312.

Lesson 27.

Subject, Love as Exercised in Forgiveness.

Introductory talk:

Love—When that word is spoken you feel as if you were getting into the very heart of life and touching it where it throbs. There is only one letter between "love" and "live." Actually there is less difference than that. We only live when we love. Count up all the other things—money, food, dress, society, travel—and leave out love, and how empty and lonesome life is. It is love that gives the home, business success, and all else their values.

It is better to have the loving heart that the Spirit gives, than to have all the rest of the world and hatred with it. If you are a poor man and love much, you are richer than the millionaire that loves no one. All the other fruits in the world cannot make so rich a harvest in the life as this one fruit of the Spirit—love.

Some years ago there was a boarding school in a town in Kent, the southeast border of England, for boys of the Society of Friends. There were also schools for other boys in the same town, whom, for greater ease in telling the stry, I shall call "Town" boys and the others "Friend" boys.

It was the practice of some of the Town boys, when they saw any of the friend boys, to shout after them, "Quaker! Quaker!" and other offensive names. This, no doubt, was mortifying to the Friend boys, but they passed on quietly and reviled not again.

Things remained in this state for a long time, until, one day, the Friend boys were taken out for a country walk. When about to ascend a high hill they saw some of the Town boys at play near where they had to pass, and they said one to another, "Now we shall catch it."

You may be sure that they did catch it, and that pretty smartly; for as soon as the Town boys espied them, they shouted out with great noise, "Quaker! Quaker! Quaker! Quaker!" so long as they could be heard.

When the Friend boys arrived at the top of the hill, seeing their own advantage with their enemy below them, they deemed it a fitting time to retaliate, and sent down a few missiles by way of alarm, into the enemy's camp. This unlooked-for greeting startled the Town boys and they angrily exclaimed, "Why these Quaker boys are pelting us with stones!" and in their haste they threatened to revenge themselves.

But when, without delay, another volley of the same sort came pouring down upon them, to their great surprise, as well as gratification, they found that they had been attacked, not with stones, but with apples, which the Friend boys had brought from home in their pic-nic baskets, but for another purpose. Now, as all the boys love apples, they soon gathered up their peaceable missiles, and began to eat them.

One of the boys, who was more thoughtful than the rest, said it

was very strange that the boys who had for a long time received nothing but ill-usage, without a word of complaint in return, had now given them so many apples: this was to them most marvelous treatment.

They now began to see the evil of their conduct, and, boy-like, to accuse each other of beginning the attack. None, however, were willing to be thought the ringleaders; but all of them agreed that a very different treatment was due to such kind boys, and they all promised to practice it.

On arriving at the school in the evening, this remarkable incident became the subject of general conversation among the boys. At last they decided to send two or three of their number, as an embassy of peace to the Friends' school, to acknowledge the wrong practice they had hitherto followed, and ask forgiveness for what they had done.

We need not add how kindly they were received and how cordially the Friend boys agreed to cancel all past grievances. The Town boys then returned to their comrades to report the result of their mission, which was received with cheers by the whole party.—*Selected.*

Memory Gems.

"You should forgive many things in others, nothing in yourself."

"Only in the loves we have for others than ourselves can we truly live—or die."

"The more we know, the better we forgive;
Whoe'er feels deeply, feels for all who live."

"Plant blessings, and blessings will bloom,
Plant hate, and hate will grow;
You can sow today, and tomorrow shall bring
The bloom that shows what sort of a thing
Is the seed—the seed that you sow."

"Love's the sweet sunshine
That warms into life;
And only in darkness
Grow anger and strife."

First Grade.

Opening exercises.

Memory gems or review of concert poems.

Singing.

Concert poem. Page 329.

Story, "How Daisy Helped:"

"Ah! there's lots of trouble in the world!" the cook said, as the grocer's boy passed out of the door.

Daisy, resting in the wide, cool porch, turned her blue eyes toward the speaker. "Who has lots of trouble, cook?" she asked.

"Lots of people," said the cook shortly.

Daisy pondered awhile, her chin resting on her plump little hand. Then she said suddenly: "Do you, cook?"

"I should think so! There! that boy didn't bring half the things I

ordered. He says the children are all sick, and the grocer's worried, so he forgets things. And he can't come back till he's delivered what he's got with him; and Kathie is in the garden gathering peas, and I can't leave these cakes even to call her."

"I'll go," said Daisy, jumping up, and tying her white sunbonnet. "I can clear off that much of the trouble."

As she ran across the lawn a group of children (summer boarders, like herself) called her to join them. But she shook her head gayly and hurried down between the long rows of pea vines.

"To go to the grocer's is it?" said Kathie despairingly. "And how'll I ever get peas enough for dinner, then?"

"I'll pick till you come back," said Daisy encouragingly. "Make haste, Kathie."

The nimble little fingers pulled the plump, green pods swiftly, and when Kathie returned, hot and breathless, the big basket was nearly full. Then Daisy sat in the porch again, and helped to shell them while she rested.

"I don't see how we'd have got along without you," the cook said, looking quite pleasant, as Daisy threw down the last shell.

Daisy laughed. "It's nice—helping people," she said. "I'm going to find some more trouble to clear off."

She ran down the steps and paused, glancing at an open window above. A low, wailing cry sounded within, and a sweet, faint voice singing a cradle song.

"I'll help Mrs. Verne take care of the baby," she thought, and she ran toward the hall door.

A playful breeze followed her; and just as she crossed the threshold a lot of closely-written sheets of paper fluttered to her feet.

"Oh, dear!" some one said, and Daisy looked up to see a gray-haired man at a desk near the door. He looked very pale and tired, and one of his feet was bandaged and resting on a cushion.

Daisy said nothing until she had secured all the fluttering sheets and placed them on the desk. Then she took a large shell from the hall table. "Will this do for a paperweight?" she asked timidly.

"Very nicely, my dear," said the gentleman. "It was so still this morning that I forgot to ask for one, and I have sprained my ankle so badly that I can't move without assistance. Thank you, my dear. I shall have no more trouble."

Daisy ran upstairs with a happy song on her lips. The young mother's pale, sad face brightened when she saw her.

"Oh Daisy, dear, you are like the sunshine!" she said. "Baby has been ill all night, and I am worn out for want of sleep. Would you sit by his crib for a minute or two, while I bathe my head?"

"And then we'll take him out of doors," said Daisy eagerly "Under the big trees it is lovely and cool! And I'll hold him while you rest in the hammock."

Ten minutes later Daisy sat rocking slowly under the trees while

the baby slept quietly in her lap. The tired mother in the hammock close by had forgotten her troubles and was sleeping the deep, dreamless sleep of exhaustion.

The voices of the gay pleasure-seekers on the lawn grew querulous and ill-natured as the heat of the day increased, but Daisy was very happy as she sung softly in the shade.

"Oh Daisy, I can never thank you enough," Mrs. Verne said, when she awoke, rested and refreshed. "How much better baby looks! And I feel so much better able to take care of him. I have been so worried," she added confidentially. "You see it costs so much for us to stay here, and I was afraid the money was all thrown away—baby was no better, and I was growing sick, too."

"There's the dinner-bell!" said Daisy. "Let me take care of the baby while you are eating."

"No, dear, thank you," the young mother said, coloring a little. "I'd have to dress first—and I'd rather not go now."

Daisy was an observant little girl. She did not press the point, but ran off to the kitchen.

"There's lots of trouble in the world," she said demurely, as the cook looked up and smiled.

"Who's in trouble now?" asked the cook, laughing.

"Mrs. Verne's baby's sick, and she doesn't want to go to the dining-room. But I just know she could eat a nice lunch under the trees."

For answer the cook loaded a tray with roast lamb, and green peas, and raspberry tarts, and gave it to Daisy.

What a delightful "picnic" dinner they had under the trees! Daisy's mamma was away for the day, and no one came to look for the little girl, so she and Mrs. Verne ate at their leisure; and then the young mother lay down in the hammock with her baby on her arm. Daisy waited until they both slept again, and then she ran back with the tray and told the cook how much Mrs. Verne had enjoyed her dinner.

A little boy came to the door crying because one of his marbles had rolled under the porch. Daisy found it, and played games with him until the nurse came for him. Then she went to the hall door to watch for mamma.

The children were coming in from the lawn, tired and fretful. The gentleman who had been writing had finished his work, and was lying upon the lounge. He smiled when he saw Daisy's bright face.

"You don't look tired," he said. "What have you been doing all day?"

"Helping people," said Daisy. "Clearing away trouble."

The gentleman laughed. "I should think that was pretty hard work," he said.

"But it isn't," said Daisy earnestly. "It's lovely—ever so much nicer than play. Ah, there's mama! I must carry her parcels upstairs!" And the little helper ran away.—*Selected.*

Story adapted from lesson.

Memory gem on lesson.

Second Grade.

Review of previous lesson.

Introductory talk. Page 342.

Story: 'Coals of Fire." Page 314.

Incident to be told by some member of the class: "How Hamburg was Saved."

Story, "A Forgiveness Account:"

John and his sister Gladys were out at the front of the house. Gladys was making a bead necklace for her doll. The beads were on a little worktable beside her. John was playing at trains. His train was an old box-cart, his new wagon was a coach for the passengers, and Gladys' doll carriage for the "first-class" passengers.

"Don't come here, John," said Gladys, as he came near the table.

"Puff, puff," went this snorting human engine.

"Take care!" cried Gladys again, as he came nearer to the table, "you'll spill my beads." Away John went, and soon forgot his sister's warning. The train came round the corner, and before he knew, the table was upset, and the beads scattered in all directions.

"Oh, John!" cried Gladys, with angry face, "what did I tell you?""

"I'm awfully sorry," said John, as he helped to pick up the beads. John was always sorry, but it did not make him careful. Gladys did not answer for a moment, but then she said: "Never mind, John, I'll forgive you." She had remembered the lesson she heard on the previous Sunday about Jesus telling Peter how he had to forgive his brother seventy times seven. Gladys was a passionate child, but had resolved to obey Jesus. She had been saying to herself—although John did not know—"I will forgive him four hundred and ninety times, but after that." She shut her lips tight. "I'll keep a forgiveness account," she thought, "so as to know when it's seventy times seven." Before she went to bed she wrote at the top of a clean page in her last year's copy-book: "List of the Times I Forgive John." And under this: Monday For spilling my beads."

Then she remembered that that very day she had upset a block tower John built to show father when he came home, and John had not been the least cross with her. "I suppose I ought to count that on the other side," she said. She then wrote on the opposite page: "The Times John Forgives Me." "Monday—For knocking down his tower."

That made them even.

And so day after day it went on.

One day she had a longer list, and another day John had it—often they were even. And Gladys was beginning to feel very humble, and said to herself: "I guess if I forgive all I can without keeping any list, it will take me all my life to make four hundred and ninety times. Perhaps, after all, that is what the Bible text means."—*Selected.*

Teach the following:

"If ye forgive men their trespasses, your heavenly Father will also

forgive you; but if ye forgive not men their trespasses, neither will your Father forgive your trespasses."

"No, it isn't enough to be "sorry,"
Or to "pity" in speeches alone;
Kind words must be backed by kind actions,
Ere the seeds of real comfort be sown."

Third Grade.

Introductory talk. Page 342.
Topics for members of the class.
Recite the following:

"Angry looks can do no good,
And blows are dealt in blindness;
Words are better understood
If spoken but in kindness.

"Simple love far more hath wrought,
Although by childhood muttered,
Than all the battles ever fought,
Or oaths that men have uttered.

"Friendship oft would longer last,
And quarrels be prevented,
If little words were let go past,
Forgiven—not resented.

"Foolish things are frowns and sneers,
For angry thoughts reveal them;
Rather drown them all in tears
Than let another feel them."

2. Repeat the Lord's prayer. Discuss with the class its divisions and the particular emphasis placed on forgiveness.

3. Explain that part of the Doctrine and Covenants, section 64, which pertains to forgiveness.

4. Read and explain the lesson taught in the story of the Unmerciful Servant. Matthew 18: 21-35.

5. Relate story of "The Prodigal Son." Luke 15: 11-32.

6. Relate story of "The Stoning of Stephen."

Story: "Coals of First." Page 314.

Lesson 28.

Subject: Love as Expressed in Friendship.

Introductory talk:

"A good many people seem to think that the way to show love is to say "dear" pretty often. If they do not feel that every other person is a beloved friend, they try to cultivate that feeling by imitating and

expressing it. When it comes to a question of endangering their own interests, or even of sacrificing their own convenience for the sake of others, they may be found wanting. But that lack does not trouble them. They never suspect that such things have to do with love.

But those things are the very essence of love. In the Greek New Testament there are two words that are translated "love." One of them means the sentiment that we have towards our friends. The other means the fixed purpose to help or serve its object. When we are told that Jesus loved Lazarus, the first word is used; when we are told that God loved the world, we find the second. Love is not a sentiment; it is a purpose, a principle of action.

When we speak of liking a person, we show that our taste is gratified by his qualities. We are told that "Joy in the Holy Spirit" is one of the proofs that the kingdom of God is in a man's heart (Rom. 14: 17). Yet questions of taste are not really moral or religious questions. It is our duty as disciples to submit our tastes to the guidance of the Holy Spirit, but the changes brought about in that way are slow and gradual. It is, no doubt, a matter for regret that we do not like everybody, but it is true of most of us that there are a good many people whom we dislike very heartily. The dislike appears, in some cases at least, to be to the credit rather than to the discredit of our taste.

When we speak of loving a person we simply state a determined purpose to help serve him. He may be likeable; he may be repulsive; love may be as truly extended in one case as in the other. No one can be expected to like a dirty tramp; every Christian is expected to love him. If we do a favor for one whom we like, we get pleasure in planning it and carrying it out; if we do it for one whom we love without liking, the pleasure is uncertain, and seldom comes until after the helpful act has been done.

Liking is seldom or never a duty; it is a primary duty to love everyone, our enemies included. It is easy to love the people whom we like; to love those whom we do not like is hard. But duties were not assigned because they were easy, but because the world and the individual would perish without them. Love, in the broad, true sense, is needed to make the world a tolerable place to live in. It is needed to cheer the discouraged, to help the unfortunate, to save the ruined and the lost. It is needed by every man, to dwell in his heart as a principle of action and work out from his heart, giving him strength and joy in its output.

The motive of love is not on the surface of life. It must lie deep in our gratitude to God for His love, in our conception of duty, in our purpose to make the most of ourselves, in the impulse of the Spirit in our hearts. The possession of love is the very bed rock of a good character, and in its final result it will lead us to a liking for all those toward whom it has been extended."

"Why should we not be a little more affectionate with one another? One does not have to live long in the world to find that love is the

best thing in it. There are enough of people outside the circle of our friends to treat us with indifference and coldness; such treatment of friend to friend, of brother to brother, is inexcusable. How bright the world seems when some one goes out of his way just to show his love for us! Shall we not ourselves see to it that such conduct becomes more common.

Memory Gems.

"The only way to have a friend is to be one."

"Let the honor of thy friend be as dear unto thee as thine own."

First Grade.

Opening exercises.
Memory gems or review of concert poems.
Singing.
Concert poem. Page 329.
Story, "The Naughty Bluejay:"

"I do wish I was pretty, like Cousin Eleanor," Dora Bell said wistfully, as she looked at her own plain little face in the mirror.

"My little girl must remember that 'Handsome is as handsome does,' though," Dora's mother answered, smilingly, as she carefully brushed the brick-red curls.

"Yes, but I'd like to be 'handsome is' and 'handsome does,' both," Dora said decidedly.

Mrs. Bell tenderly kissed the little face upturned to hers.

"But if you had to choose, dear," she asked, "would you rather be good or be pretty?"

Dora was silent. She was thinking very hard.

"Don't answer me now. Tell me tomorrow morning," her mother said.

She finished dressing the little girl for school, and then she told her a nice surprise.

"Grandpa's down stairs, and he's going to walk to school with you this morning."

"Oh, oh!" Dora cried delightedly.

A few minutes later her grandfather and she started merrily down the street.

It was nearly half a mile to the school house, and before they had gone a quarter of the distance something happened which Dora will never forget as long as she lives.

They were passing a high brick building when they suddenly saw a beautiful bird perched upon the branch of a maple tree ahead of them.

"Oh Dora! Look at the pretty blue-jay!" Grandpa said quietly.

It was a bird not quite so large as a dove, perhaps, but very handsome.

Dora, who dearly loved beauty in all its forms, feasted her eyes upon it. Its feathers were an exquisite shade of blue, just the shade Dora liked, and oh! what a dear little crest adorned its head! Suddenly the bird flew restlessly to another tree, and then to another and back again. All the while it uttered a loud, screeching sound that was most disagreeable.

"The noise is alarming those sparrows," Grandpa said softly, as he pointed upward. "Look! Look!"

Almost before the words were out of his mouth, the thing was happening. The bluejay had discovered the sparrows' nests on the window cornices of the high building. Quick as lightning it flew up to them and began tearing them down. The father and mother sparrows were crazy with grief and fear. They chattered and scolded and pleaded; but the bluejay was relentlessly cruel. It tore down nests, destroyed eggs, tumbled out unfeathered birdlings to the pavement, and killed right and left without mercy. When it had done all the harm it could there, it flew off in search of other mischief.

"The bluejay is one of the most cruel birds we have," Grandpa said, as he and Dora resumed their walk. "He has no friends among birds. He has only one useful trait. Like nearly all birds, he does destroy many injurious insects. This is the one thing in his favor. He is a great coward, fights only with weaker birds than himself, and runs, even from his equals. He spends nearly his whole time looking for the nests of smaller birds than himself. When he has found them he does just what you saw him doing this morning. Whenever you notice a bluejay make his appearance in a neighborhood, you will presently hear all the other birds cry and scream with fright."

"What a hateful thing!" Dora exclaimed indignantly.

"He's very beautiful," Grandpa said admiringly, as the bluejay flew in front of them again.

"I think I'd rather be good than beautiful, though," the little girl replied softly under her breath.—*Elizabeth C. Buckingham.*

Story adapted from lesson.

Memory gem on lesson.

Second Grade.

Review of previous lesson.

Introductory talk. Page 342.

Story: "The Friendship that Counted." Page 317.

Review the story of "Damon and Pythias," page 48, February number of *Children's Friend,* 1908.

The following Bible story, "David and Mephibosheth," is to be told by some member of the class:

King David you have all heard about, but who is the other with the long name?

David's very dear friend Jonathan had a little son whom he called

Mephibosheth. He was a cripple—lame in both legs, and it happened in this way. Once in a time of great danger while Mephibosheth was a very little boy, his nurse was carrying him away to a place of safety and let him fall, and the child was so badly hurt that he never grew strong and well.

In those days before Jesus came to show a better way, men hated and killed one another and seemed to care only for themselves. David, however, was better than that and for the sake of the love he bore the lad's father, was kind to Mephibosheth. Jonathan, you remember, was a son of King Saul, who became insane and was succeeded by David. Most of Saul's descendants died but this grandchild Mephibosheth still lived.

David was sorry for him, for he was a cripple and in trouble; he had lost friends and home and was afraid of the new king. His grandfather Saul had tried many times to take David's life, so could this lad expect any kindness from him? But David remembered only this: "The lame lad is the son of Jonathan whom I loved." So he sent for him and gave him a home in his palace where he ate at the king's table, and besides gave back to him the estates which had belonged to Saul.

Memory Gem.

"The only way to have a friend is to be one."

Third Grade.

Introductory talk. Page 347.

Topics for members of the class:

1. Have members of the class memorize and repeat the following:

Don't contradict people, even if you're sure you are right.

Don't be inquisitive about the affairs of even your most intimate friend.

Don't underrate anything because you don't possess it.

Don't believe that everybody else in the world is happier than you.

Don't conclude that you have never had any opportunities in life.

Don't believe all the evils you hear.

Don't be rude to your inferiors in social position.

Don't repeat gossip, even if it does interest a crowd.

Don't jeer at anybody's religious belief.

Learn to hide your aches and pains under a pleasant smile. Few care whether you have the earache, headache or rheumatism.

Learn to attend to your own business—a very important point.

Do not try to be anything else but a gentleman or a gentlewoman, and that means one who has consideration for the whole world and whose life is governed by the Golden Rule: "Do unto others as you would be done by."

2. Explain the following: "The ornament of a house is the friends who visit it."

3. Relate the story of "Damon and Pythias." Almost any school teacher will tell you where to find this beautiful story.

4. Explain John 15: 13.

5. Tell of the friendship between David and Jonathan. I Samuel 18th and 20th chapters.

6. Relate the story of the friendship between Ruth and Naomi. The Book of Ruth.

Story: "Friendship that Counted." Page 317.

SELFISH SHYNESS.

"It was the gentle rebuke of a wise friend that helped me to conquer my shyness," a woman said one day. "I had been a timid child, shrinking from strangers, and suffering all the agonies that only children know. As I grew up, the trouble became worse instead of better. I used to cry myself sick over it sometimes. All the other girls met strangers lightly and easily. Apparently a new face was no more a cause of concern to them than a new flower to me. I alone was smitten with that agonizing dumbness and terror, till it seemed to me I was physically unable to utter a syllable.

"One day a sympathetic word from a teacher to whom I was devoted, made me open my heart to her. I thought that she would pity me, I pitied myself so utterly. But instead she answered, as if she were agreeing to what I had said, 'Yes, selfishness is a lifelong enemy to all of us.'

"I was hurt at first, but I could not forget it; and gradually I began to see that she was right—that my suffering had all been because I was thinking about myself, and the impression that people would have of me; if I forgot myself, what would there be left for me to be shy about? From the moment that that realization came to me I determined that I would stop thinking about myself and think about other people instead. It was hard at first, but the very difficulty showed how great the need was and I would not give up. And now"—she stopped, laughingly, for the talk had been started by a remark about her, that she "got along so easily with people."

The word was a wise one spoken from the large love that dares to hurt, if pain is necessary to the cure. The suffering of the shy and sensitive is not imaginary; it is real and often intense; but there is one unfailing remedy for those who are brave enough to take it—Stop thinking about yourself.

80. CHRIST DRIVING OUT THOSE THAT SOLD IN THE TEMPLE. St. Matthew xxi. 12.

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"And Jesus went into the temple of God, and cast out all them that sold and bought in the temple."

The Children's Friend

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POLLY GREY.

It was a glorious June morning. Across the meadows wafted a breeze as delicate in fragrance as the coloring of the trees and grass over which it danced. But in spite of all this Summer sweetness, Polly Grey was not happy. It was the day of the first picnic of the year, which glowing event was to be celebrated in some nearby woods. Polly had planned to go, when her mother had been unexpectedly called to nurse a sick neighbor, and the little girl had been obliged to stay at home and care for her aged, helpless grandmother; besides, there were cakes to bake, and this isn't any fun on a Summer's day. The Greys were poor. It was only by her skill in cooking that Mrs. Grey managed to find a livelihood for the little family of three. Polly sighed woefully as she opened the oven door. The cakes were not near done. The day was not a bit as she had planned.

"Hello," called a voice suddenly from the outside.

"Hello," Polly answered, unlatching the kitchen door upon four girls gathered near the steps.

"Can't you go to the picnic, Poll?" asked one of the group.

"Nope."

"Why?"

"Mother's gone away. I've got to stay at home and take care of grandma. There are some horrid cakes to bake, too."

"For Nancy Hydes's wedding, I s'pose. My! I should think you'd feel grand havin' your ma bake cakes for that wedding. I'd love to go. The man Nancy is goin' to marry is awful rich. You could carry the cakes over, Poll, and maybe you could see something." But Polly was inconsolable.

"Well, I'd leave my grandma for a minute," tempted another voice. "She wouldn't mind if you ran down to the woods and right back."

But as Polly Grey would make no plans, the girls, anxious to join their friends, hurried away leaving a disappointed, teary-eyed girl to watch them until they had disappeared in the bend of the road.

"Polly," called Grandmother Grey presently from across the kitchen. "What are you doing? When is your mother coming back?" and the grandchild dutifully answered the old lady's questioning.

Later the cakes were put upon a high shelf out of the old cat, Tabby's reach. The work done, the morning dragged into early afternoon. Grandmother Grey had fallen asleep in her armchair, and the big kitchen was very still. Polly leaned disconsolately on the table and looked out of the window, frowning deeply.

"The cakes are all baked, and I wouldn't be but a minute," she whispered, trying to convince herself of the justness of her thoughts. She turned and tiptoed to her grandmother's side, and stood looking down upon the sleeping old lady. Polly was certain her grandmother had never neglected a duty; but then grandma had lived in a time, when according to stories, girls never wanted to be disobedient. Tabby rubbed against her little mistress's dress, but the girl paid no heed. She was thinking of her friends, the deep woods—and her mother's tired face. Two minutes dragged by.

She felt suddenly oppressed. With haste, she opened the door and, as she did so, the draft caused a volume of smoke to pour from every conceivable crevice of the kitchen stove. Tabby rushed out of doors. Polly, dazed, followed, stumbling down the steps. What met her eyes made her poor little heart fairly stop beating. For near the chimney, where the roof sagged, a brick had broken away and a flame was fiendishly lapping the rotten shingles.

"Oh, what will I do?" sobbed the frightened girl. She looked frantically down the road, but not a person was in sight. She ran back into the house, crying "Grandma!"

The room was already blue with smoke. The woman had awakened. "What is the matter?" she asked.

"Oh—I must get you away. The house is on fire. I'll drag your chair out. Sit awful still. Oh, please, grandma, I'm not afraid."

It was no easy task to pull the chair across the kitchen floor; but Polly gained her ground inch by inch. Then came the question of how she could get the chair and its precious freight down the steps. But not a minute must be lost; the flames had multiplied and were rising higher and higher.

"Hold tight, grandma," Polly choked. Down the steps she dragged the chair to a place out of danger, and then she rushed back into the kitchen and carried the cakes out.

"Oh, if someone would only come," she cried. "Grandma, what will I do?"

"Polly Grey," said the old lady in a voice the granddaughter had never remembered hearing her use, "You're a Grey. Get a ladder—there must be one in the woodhouse. Climb to the roof with a pail of water. Oh, if I were only young!"

And Polly obeyed. Pail after pail of water was emptied upon the roof; still the tongues of flames malignantly seethed and

crackled. Polly was now discouraged. Her limbs ached, and her head swam with the heat of the sun and flames. She grew dizzy, and, afraid of falling, felt for the ladder and slipped down to the ground. Then she heard the sound of carriage wheels in the road, and before she realized what had happened, a cheery voice called, "Hi, there!" The speaker was a young man. The stranger and Polly worked hard and fast against the flames. After a time their labor was rewarded, for the fire now smoldered feebly. Danger was passed.

"A close call," the young fellow exclaimed, slipping on his coat, which he had hastily discarded.

"Indeed it was, and thank you, sir," said Grandmother Grey. "My grandchild was about tuckered."

Polly was indeed tired. The excitement over, she had fallen to the ground, sobbing bitterly. The man crossed the space of the garden to her side.

"I say," he consoled, bending over her, "it is all over."

"My grandma—"

"She is all right," he said.

"But I nearly went away and left her," sobbed Polly.

"But you didn't," he answered, not knowing exactly what to say.

"Oh," sobbed Polly, who felt all of a sudden an overwhelming confidence in this kindly young man.

"I see," he replied, after the girl's entire confession of the afternoon's temptation. "Miss—"

"Polly Grey."

"Well, Miss Polly Grey, you wouldn't have gone to the picnic, and you know you wouldn't."

And then a very strange thing happened. For the young man was no other than the prospective bridegroom of the beautiful Nancy Hyde, for whom Mrs. Grey had baked the cakes which Polly rescued. And the little girl was invited to the wedding that was the interest of the countryside for miles around.

She was a very thankful and a much wiser little Polly Grey.—Nan Todd.

Do not loiter or shirk,
Do not falter or shrink;
But just think out your work,
And then work out your think.
—*Nixon Waterman.*

LOREN BLAIR'S CERTIFICATE.

"Young Loren had reached the age when boys usually know more than their fathers; at least they think they do. His father had been an invalid for a number of years, and was unable to keep the family expenses up, the farm was mortgaged. Loren was shiftless and took little pride in keeping the farm in good condition. His greatest ambition was to get money and spend it.

Judge Roswell lived not far from Blair's, and had a choice farm. He desired to get a capable young man to take charge of his farm. A liberal salary was offered. Loren Blair thought this a good opportunity for him. He hurried up to see the judge. He entered the office with a brisk step and a confident air, which, for some reason, seemed to anger the gruff old gentleman who sat at a big desk littered with papers.

"No, sir, no, sir! I've no bargain to make with you," he exclaimed, with a wave of his hand before Loren had time to say a word. "I've read your certificate, and it won't answer. You're not the man for me."

Loren gazed at the irate old judge, fairly dumbfounded. "Read my certificate!" he exclaimed. What could he mean? Had some one been playing an underhanded trick? Surprised and angry, he stood his ground in spite of the wave of dismissal.

"I—I don't understand," he said, trying hard to keep his voice steady. "I haven't any certificate. I didn't know it was necessary. If you've seen one, it's a forgery, and I can prove it if you'll give me the chance."

The judge looked up from the brief on which he was working, and something he saw in Loren's face made him decide to spend a little time upon his case. He leaned back in his chair, and rested his elbows on the arms, bringing the tips of his fingers together in a way the lawyers of his circuit had learned to dread.

"You have a certificate, young man," he answered, grimly, "and it's no forgery. You wrote it yourself, and I read it yesterday afternoon. It's written all over your father's farm, and it's no credit to you, sir. Now do you understand?"

"No," said Loren Blair, dully, "I don't." Just then the only fact that he understood clearly was that he had lost the Roswell farm and the judge's top-notch wages.

"I think," said Judge Roswell, consulting a large, gold watch, "that I can spare you just five minutes for further explanation. Yesterday afternoon I drove out your way in the rain and looked around. Your meadow was in bad shape. The mowing machine stood there uncovered. The sulky rake was in the barn-yard, its teeth red with rust. Your hoe was leaning against the fence in the potato field. 'Careless with tools' you had written with your own hand, sir.

"On your east fence there are a dozen boards missing. A hammer and a handful of nails would have made them fast when they first came loose. Two lengths of fence are down next the woods. You neglected to put them up when you hauled the wood last winter. Your gates all sag on the hinges because you drag them shut rather than lift them a little. That spell's 'slack,' sir, or I'm no judge of a farmer's handwriting.

"There are other items—worms' nests in the apple trees, yellowed trees in the peach orchard, and your windmill squealing for grease—but the word written largest in your certificate is "selfish." Your father has been sick for six months and needs you sadly; yet you plan to leave him right in the thick of his work because you've turned twenty-one, and feel that you can better yourself. Have you no idea of common justice, sir? Is the perpendicular pronoun the only word in the English language? My advice to you, young man, is to go home. Erase what you have written as soon as ever you can, and write a better certificate for yourself before you dare hope to get a better place." He glanced at his watch. "Five minutes, exactly. I hope I've made the matter plain?"

Loren Blair's face was pale. But from the wreck of his careless conceit a manlier spirit rose dauntlessly, and he answered with a steady voice:

"Quite plain, Judge Roswell. And I thank you for it."

"H'm," muttered the judge, as he turned to his work again. "H'm. He's got good grit, anyway. Shouldn't wonder if that five minutes was well spent."

"Careless—slack—selfish." Down the village street, and far along his homeward way the fatal words of his certificate ran in Loren Blair's ears; but he met them with a firm resolution that they should be speedily erased, as the judge had suggested. He would get the tools under cover, and mend the fence before he slept. Yes, and the windmill shouldn't "squeal for grease" another day. As for his father, he'd see the farm clear of the mortgage before he struck out for himself, come what might.

"Hello, Loren." It was Rod calling from the top of a big load of hay. "What luck?"

Loren hesitated for a moment. Across his mind there flashed two visions of the future—the future as it might have been but for the judge's warning, and the future as he now meant it to be.

"First rate," he called back cheerfully. "But I didn't get the place." Then, by way of giving the "largest word" of his certificate a vigorous wipe, he added, "You try for it, Rod. I've an idea your certificate will read better than mine. That's the last load from the south meadow, isn't it?"—Selected.

CORPORAL JIM.

Jim Donovan—for three years no one had dared to call him Jimmie—began work at his new place Tuesday morning. He had hoped to start earlier but it had taken time to find a boarding place. His father and mother, who lived across the bay, had waited to find a family they knew, and so it was not until Tuesday, April 17th, that he moved into Mrs. McGinnis's front attic bedroom, and Uno, his dog, moved into her back woodshed. That date everyone in California can remember, because on the next day came the earthquake, and then there began the great fire which, in three days, destroyed the beautiful city of San Francisco.

Jim was peacefully sleeping that morning in his new room, as he had a right to, for wasn't he earning his own living now, and helping support the family besides? He was wakened by a shaking of his bed and, opening his eyes, found the pictures clapping against the walls. He sat up. Everything was unsteady; he had to hold a chair in walking over to the window. There he saw that the chimney of the house across the street was down and he said, "Oh, yes, it's an earthquake." He had felt little ones before, and his grandmother had told him about the great one in 1868.

As soon as he had dressed, he ran downstairs. Mr. and Mrs. McGinnis and their two girls, Maggie and Mollie, were already in the yard, and there they had their breakfast. Mrs. McGinnis said it gave her a queer feeling to think of going inside again.

Several times during the next two hours there came new tremblings of the earth, and more chimneys fell, but Jim went to the store at seven o'clock and it was not until a customer told them that in San Francisco many of the largest buildings were destroyed, and a great fire was burning, that he began to worry about his father and mother. Then he spoke to Bert Haskins, the only other clerk, and asked him where Mr. Flynn was.

"He's gone to buy more groceries," said Bert. "People from across the bay will need them, and he said not to raise the prices; some stores might, but he wouldn't."

"My folks are in the city," explained Jim. "I ought to find out about them."

"Can't do it," declared Bert. "Flynn's Grocery is left for us to attend to, and you're a new man, too. Wait till your noon hour."

Jim waited, but as he drove about the streets and saw the damage that had been done, as he learned more of what was happening across the bay, worst of all, as the flames and smoke from the city began to fill the sky, his heart sank, and Uno, sitting beside him in the delivery wagon, was a great comfort. At noon he went down to the crowded pier. Throngs were there from across the bay, scores had come seeking friends, and though they spoke kindly, because all hearts were tender that day, no one could tell him any-

thing. Wondering what to do, he wandered down the shore, and there, on a little wharf, some distance from the ferry, he found Bruce Hatfield, in his cadet's uniform. He could have shouted with joy, for it was Bruce who had drilled their Boys' Brigade, who had named him Corporal Jim, who had helped him, too, in getting his place at Flynn's Grocery. Here was a friend. Almost instinctively he caught up a stick, shouldered it, marched out to where Bruce stood, and saluted.

"Dare you talk on guard?" he asked.

"Yes," answered Bruce, and smiled.

"I have to get over to the city," explained Jim. "My folks may need me."

"You can't do it," declared Bruce.

"Couldn't I tel"—

"You can't telephone, telegraph, or send a letter. You couldn't get into the city with a train, a horse, a boat, or an automobile; if you did, it wouldn't do any good. They would make you get out again or else set you to fighting the fire."

"But it worries me so," groaned Jim.

"Your folks lived in a low, wooden house. It isn't likely the earthquake hurt it, and the fire hasn't reached that part of the city. They probably are all right."

Corporal Jim stood silent, while an unsoldierly lump rose in his throat. "It's awful to know you can't help," he said.

Bruce Hatfield suddenly grew straighter. "You can help," he exclaimed. "So can I, only we can't all do the same things. We're part of a great army. Over there," and he pointed to the growing pall of smoke," there are the men on the firing line, fighting the flames and dynamiting buildings. I'm a reserve. I don't know why they put me here, but some one knows, and so I'll stay till I'm relieved. You are in the commissary department. Thousands of people are pouring in here and it's the business of the grocery stores to feed them. If you don't do it, men and women and little children are going to be hungry. You can't get over to help your father and mother, but you can help the people here, and you ought to. Get out all the orders you can. Work over time, and don't expect any extra pay; it's for the earthquake sufferers. Stick to your post, and do your own part well, even if"—

While they were talking, a man in uniform had stepped from an automobile at the end of the wharf; Bruce turned to salute him. They exchanged a few words and the next moment Jim saw his friend whirled away in a cloud of dust.

He sat down on a beam, rested his cheek upon his hand, his elbow on his knee, and gave five full minutes to hard thinking. Then he rose and walked back toward the ferry. On the outskirts of the crowd he stopped, and, quite as if he were talking to a person, he spoke to Uno. "Uno," he said, "I'd like to stay right here and watch for father and mother, because they'll try the first thing to

get over here to find me. But I must go back to my post, the way Mr. Hatfield says, and, if only I can make you understand, why, you can watch for them just as well as I could."

Uno gave the short, sharp bark which meant he was agreed.

"All right," exclaimed Jim, "come on, then."

There was a throng of people on the pier, some of them anxiously asking questions, some crying, some carrying little children or heavy bundles, but on a high box Jim at last found a place for Uno, and the man who tended the swinging gang plank of the ferry promised that he might stay there. Jim climbed up with him for a minute, patted his head and told him again just what he was to do. Then he tore a sheet out of the order book and wrote on it, in pencil:

"April 18. Noon.

"Dear Father and Mother:

"I can't watch out for you myself. I have to stay at my post and do my part, helping the earthquake sufferers. I hope you are all right. We are all right at the McGinnises.

"With love, JIM."

He fastened the note in Uno's collar, gave him a last pat and he left him. Another boat was just landing its throng of passengers and, looking back, he could see him, sitting erect and watchful.

It still lacked fifteen minutes of one o'clock, but Jim did not feel hungry. Instead of eating, he hurried back to the store, where he found Bert Haskins was having more than he could do. Throughout the afternoon the rush continued, and Jim was glad of it. It kept him from worrying, and there was much to worry about, for more earthquake shocks came, more stories, too, of loss and sorrow, and as he drove from house to house, he saw only anxious, troubled faces.

At six o'clock he took a half hour to run down to the pier. Uno still sat there on his high box, the note safe in his collar, looking intently at everyone who passed. Jim gave him a bone and then went back to work. Not until almost nine o'clock did they finally close up, and Bert Hastings was just locking the door, when Uno came tearing down the street, leaping and barking for joy. Jim stopped, as he came up, and caught him 'round the neck. The note he had left there was gone, and in its place was another, which read:

"My Dear Boy:

"We are safe. I am with Mrs. McGinnis. Father is fighting the fire. Lovingly,

"MOTHER."

Jim barely took time to read it, but, as he raced back after Uno, he was glad that he had stayed at his post.—Frederick Hall.

Officers' Department.

Officers' Paper.

THE PROVINCE OF THE HOME IN CHILD CULTURE.

Living on the brink of the Grand Canyon of Arizona, there was, a few years ago, an old man who was a luminous character. He lived all alone with himself and the canyon, and he found very good companionship in both. He never tired of watching the effect of the changing lights and shades—the sunrises and sunsets, and drifting cloud shadows—on the wonderful coloring of the rocks in the mighty old gorge. He earned his own living; and one day, when he was at work all alone, a company of tourists, at a little distance, heard him laughing very heartily. They hastened to him, asking: "What is the matter? What are you laughing at?" He replied: "O, nothing; I was just telling myself a funny story."

Happy is the man who can be a good companion to himself; who can tell himself entertaining things while he works. This is what we should aim at in teaching children. And, in order to attain it in our children, we must attain it in ourselves. We cannot live one kind of life, and train our offspring another. And in order to be thus happy in ourselves and our work, it is necessary to be intelligent and to think of oneself, to read between the lines, to look about and observe, and reflect on what you observe.

To be industrious is more than to work under compulsion, or when driven to it by the pressing need for food and shelter. That is to be a slave. To be industrious is to work with a certain joy in the doing; with the pleasure of seeing things grow under your hands; with some little fraction of that supreme satisfaction which must be the portion of the Creator of the universe. Did you ever think how he must enjoy his work? What happiness must be his in watching the planets shape themselves under the direction of His will!

To be self-reliant is to look to oneself for help in all the affairs of life; not to be forever leaning upon those about you. There is great satisfaction in feeling that you have the ability to do for yourself. All men respect power. Motor, motive, are the magic words in our language today. Did you ever notice how the farmers always look up and watch the train go by? Did you ever think why they do this? It is because within that locomotive there is a mighty force which compels their admiration. That engine is going somewhere, doing something. We admire that, either in a man or a machine. There is a stimulus in the feeling that you are adequate, if the task is yours, it is better to take it up and struggle manfully

forward to the best of your ability. Strength comes with every earnest effort.

To be honest is better than to refrain from stealing another man's purse; more than paying the extra number of dollars you owe; more than selling stocks without water; more than refusing to form trusts and hold all small competitors at one's mercy. Honesty means far more than refraining from defrauding other people financially. It means nothing less than refraining from defrauding oneself through his own prejudices and false judgments. It means dealing fairly and squarely with oneself; looking at oneself with the same eyes with which he dissects the conduct of his associates. To be true, one must never palliate his own misdeeds. He must look his own weaknesses straight in the face and be prepared to say to himself: "I am vain, selfish, and not quite just in my dealings with others."

Nothing less than this kind of self-arraignment is real honesty. This is the foundation of all self-culture and of the culture of others. You cannot help yourself, or another, unless you know your own as well as his own strength and limitations. The saddest of all mistakes is to deceive oneself about himself—unless, indeed, it be deceiving oneself about his child; for that harms both himself and his child. The requisite thing in all culture, whether of oneself or one's child, is an absolutely candid mind, which views all things without prejudice or partiality. The child must be trained to estimate his own virtues and vices with exactness; to think of his own deeds as he would think of the deeds of a third person. He must learn to deal himself his own scourgings.

Parents who tell their children various little fibs about who is coming or what they may see out of the window, in order to get them to stop crying, are knocking the very foundation of honesty from under the child's feet. And one of the commonest of self-deceptions in both adults and children is thinking that they are religious, solely because they attend all the services of their church, although they will permit themselves to indulge in petty little social and business meannesses. The very first step toward religion is to say to oneself: "I cannot afford to do that little unfair thing not so much because it will harm the other person, as because I must maintain my own self-respect. I must keep on better terms with myself than to do that. If I would live in at-one-ment with God, I must keep my soul swept and garnished so it will be a fit habitation for him."

"Why," a red Indian once said, "I stand humble before the sun. I stand humble under the sky. I stand humble beneath the moon and stars at night. These things are always looking at me. How, then, can I do other than speak the truth?" That was his way of recognizing the eternal verities. And it was not a bad way, for, to be true, we must keep close to nature, close to the realities, and away from the artificial in conduct and thought.

Parents should never permit idleness to become habitual with their children. The home is not doing its duty unless it inculcates the idea that usefulness is the highest type of manliness and womanliness.

By all means let the home and the child have resources for enjoyment within themselves. Even in their infantile play children should be kept thinking, inventing new games for themselves. They should learn that eternal companionship is not the highest happiness. It is wrong so to rear a girl that she is restless in her own society, and afraid to sit still for a moment and commune with her own soul.

The little ones should never be permitted to play that they are quarreling or punishing each other; or that they are sick. Such games lower the moral tone. There is no inspiration in imaginary misery. Let them play games which enhance their self-respect. For the end and aim of all culture, whether of the home or the school, is to enable one to think aright, to work intelligently and with a joy in the doing, to find good companionship within himself, and to give him the right to find in his own character something of worth.

The most princely inheritance which the home can bequeath to the child is the certainty that, however aged and world-blinded he may have become, whenever he comes back into the home and into the presence of his mother, the scales will fall from his eyes, and he will clearly discern the true from the false; and that which is worth being and striving for will stand forth in all its alluring beauty and dignity.—Selected.

SUCCESSFUL PRIMARIES.

Where every family in the ward has been visited in the interest of the association.

Where a careful record is kept of all the children of primary age.

Where there are plenty of workers and each one of them supplied with The Children's Friend.

Where for every regular session there is a preparation meeting.

Where all the workers attend regularly the Stake Officers' meetings.

SUBSCRIPTIONS TO THE CHILDREN'S FRIEND.

Every worker and all members of the Third Grade should have and use the Primary magazine. Subscriptions may begin at any time. Back numbers for this year may be obtained if desired.

"WHEN THE DARK COMES DOWN."

A song composed by Sister Annie Malin and which was sung at the June convention by Sister Aretta Woolley. Copies, words and music, may be obtained at this office for 25 cents.

Lesson Department.

Subject for the month of October: Honor.

Divisions: Lesson 29—Honor for Parents. Lesson 30—Honor for Work. Leson 31—Honor for Sabbath. Lesson 32—Honor for Duty.

Lesson 29.

Subject: Honor for Parents:

Introductory Talk.

"Honor thy father and thy mother; that thy days may be long upon the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee."

This is the commandment given by the Lord to the Children of Israel, and is a commandment for us today. It must be a very important one, for it contains a promise. What is the promise? Have you ever thought of what is meant by "Honor thy father and thy mother?" Some of us think that if we do as they tell us, we are honoring our parents, but is that enough? "The word honor means more than simple obedience. Most parents take care that their children shall obey them, no matter how unwillingly, but boys who obey and grumble and girls who obey and sulk are breaking the fifth commandment just as though they had flatly refused to do what they were told."

One wise man has said: "The words 'Honor thy father and mother,' mean four things—always do what they bid you; always tell them the truth; always treat them lovingly, and take care of them when they are sick and grown old. I never yet knew a boy who trampled on the wishes of his parents who turned out well. God never blesses a wilfully disobedient son."

A little boy was sailing a boat with a playmate a good deal larger than he was.

The boat had sailed a good way out on the pond, and the big boy said: "Go in, Jim, and get her. It isn't over your ankles, and I've been in every time."

"I don't dare," said Jim. "I'll carry her all the way home for you, but I can't go in there; she told me I musn't dare to."

"Who's she?"

"My mother," replied Jim, rather softly.

"Your mother! Why, I thought she was dead," said the big boy.

"That was before she died. Eddie and I used to come here and sail our boats and she never let us come unless we had strings enough to haul in with. I ain't afraid; you know I'm not; only she did not want me to, and I can't do it."

Wasn't that a beautiful spirit that made little Jim obedient to his mother even after she was dead?—Selected.

"He is your superior in age if in nothing else," said a mother to a pert boy who, on being told that he must not speak disrespectfully of his superiors, was for contending that the man he had just spoken of as "an old granny" was not his superior. Young people should never lose sight of the fact that they owe respect to their elders, more especially to those two elders who have had the care of them from the time when they first opened their eyes in this wicked world. Children who, when at home, fail to treat their parents with proper respect, cannot be expected to treat any of their elders with the deference which is their due. Their fathers and mothers may not talk and act altogether like the wise and learned grownups they sometimes read about in Sunday school books; they may have had temper and sometimes scold unjustly; they may even show by their manner that they like one of the children better than they do the others, but the commandment does not say "Honor just and wise parents who never make mistakes." It says: "Honor thy father and thy mother.—Selected.

A rich merchant who had risen from the position of a poor errand boy to a place of wealth and renown, was asked by a friend what was the secret of his success.

His answer was simple, yet it meant so much. "The prompt and steady obedience to my parents," said he. "When I was a boy I had many bad companions among the youths of my own age. But before allowing them to lead me into evil ways I always thought 'Would this please father?' or 'Would mother want me to do this?' It generally took only a moment to settle the matter."—Selected.

The happiest boys and girls are those who can think when the day is ended, "I have done nothing today to make my parents feel sorry, but have tried to make them happy." They will have no heartaches nor regrets, no bitter tears to shed when mother and father have gone for any little acts of unkindness.

By being kind and considerate, true, honest and obedient, and growing to be good men and women, just as our parents would have us, we are obeying the commandment, "Honor thy father and thy mother."

Memory Gems.

"If you've been told to do a thing,
And mean to do it really;
Never let it be by halves;
Do it fully, freely.

"Never make a poor excuse,
Waiting, weak, unsteady.
All obedience worth the name
Must be prompt and ready."

"Honor thy father and thy mother; that thy days may be long upon the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee."

First Grade.

Read suggestions for First Grade teachers in the January number for this year. Page 26.

Opening exercises.

Memory gems or review of concert poems.

Singing.

Concert poem—"Two and One."

"Two little eyes to look to God,
Two little ears to hear his Word,
Two little hands his work to do,
Two little feet his way to pursue,
One little tongue to speak his truth,
One little heart for him in my youth,
Take them, dear Jesus, and let them be
Always obedient and true to thee."

Story, "How They Lost Each Other:"

"I can't find Chappie anywhere, mother! I've hunted and hunted!" Laddie's face was full of anxiety, and there were two red spots on his cheeks.

"How did you happer to lose him?"

Laddie dropped his e es, a·id the red spots on his cheeks deepened. Something serious usually happened whenever his mother's voice sounded like that.

Suddenly Laddie's face brightened. "He lost himself, mother. Chappie and I were running,—and—and—Chappie let go my hand and—and—he just lost himself."

Laddie's tone would have been convincing to anyone but his mother.

"Why did you not go after Chappie?" she asked.

"Why, I was running, and when I stopped Chappie w—wasn't anywhere!" insisted Laddie, his lip beginning to quiver.

"Come with me, Laddie, and show me where you last saw Chappie." His mother's voice was still very serious.

Laddie slipped his hand in hers and led her out into the yard. "I lost Chappie right here, mother," he said, stopping under the widespread branches of a large elm tree.

"He certainly couldn't have gone far; Chappie's little feet couldn't have carried him far beyond this tree," said Laddie's mother, looking around her. "He couldn't climb the tree, and he couldn't climb the fence." Then she hesitated. "But he might have crawled into this barrel."

She stooped down, and so did Laddie. He even crawled into the barrel, so eager was he to find his little brother. When he had gone in as far as he could, his mother heard a smothered voice exclaiming: "Here he is, mother! He has gone to sleep way inside of this barrel!"

Laddie's voice woke Chappie, and he began to cry; for it was dark, and he could not tell where he was. But Laddie took his little hand and led him out into the light; and when he saw his mother's face he began to laugh; for you see Chappie was only a little three-year-old baby. He didn't even know that he had been lost.

Laddie assured his mother that he never should lose Chappie again when there were any barrels around into which he could crawl, for he would know where to look for him.

"I thought you told me Chappie lost himself," his mother reminded him with a smile.

Laddie pondered a minute, then looking up brightly, he said, "I guess Chappie and I must have lost each other, mother."

"I think the better way would have been for strong Laddie to have held his little brother's hand so tightly that neither could lose the other," his mother suggested.

Laddie smiled as he squeezed Chappie's hand firmly in his own, and said that was what he would do next time.—Helen M. Richardson.

Story adapted from lesson.

Memory gem on lesson.

Second Grade.

Read "Notes to Second Grade Teachers," pages 27 and 332.

Review of previous lesson.

Introductory Talk. Page 364.

Story, "Polly Grey." Page 353.

ONLY ONE MOTHER.

"Hundreds of stars in the pretty sky;
Hundreds of shells on the shore together;
Hundreds of birds that go singing by;
Hundreds of bees in the sunny weather;
Hundreds of dew-drops to greet the dawn;
Hundreds of lambs in the purple clover;
Hundreds of butterflies on the lawn—
But only one mother the wide world over."

Tell the story of Jesus and the Wise Men. Luke 2, 40-52.

Let some member tell the following incident:

Story, "The Kind of Boy that Wins:"

"He was an odd-looking little figure as he came merrily whistling down the street the morning after the big snow. His nose was red,

his hands were bare, his feet were in shoes several times too large and his hat was held in place by a roll of paper under the sweat-band; but he piped away like a steam whistle and carried the big snow shovel much as a marching soldier carries his rifle.

"How much?" came from an imposing looking man, who was asked if he wanted his walks cleaned.

"Ten cents."

"A nickle's enough."

"It would be if I couldn't do no better; but I've got to do the best I can and business is rushing. Good morning." And the merry whistle filled the air as the boy started away.

"Go ahead and clean 'em!" shouted the man, whose admiration and better nature had been aroused.

"Just see the little rascal make the snow fly!" he laughed to his wife, who stood at the window with him. "Why, he's a regular snow-plow, and he does it well, too."

"What a little mite and how comical! I wonder if he's hungry?"

She called him in as soon as he had finished, but he would not take time for more than a cup of milk.

"Too busy," he said.

"What are you going to do with the money?" asked the man as he insisted on settling for twenty-five cents.

"I'm going to get mother a shawl. She's wearing one you can see through, and it ain't right."

On he went with glowing cheeks and his cheery whistle."

Third Grade.

Introductory Talk. Page 364.

Topics for members of the class.

1. Recite the commandment which refers to honoring parents. Exodus 20:12.

2. Relate how Jesus honored his mother in his youth. Luke 2:46-50.

3. Relate how Jesus honored his mother just before His death. John 19:26-27.

4. Read and explain the verse. Proverbs 1:9.

5. Relate an incident from the life of George Washington which shows that he honored his mother.

6. Relate an incident from the life of Joseph which showed how he honored his father. See story of Joseph in old testament.

7. Have one of the boys relate the folowing, "Fighting-Knight-Ways:"

The Samurai have always been the soldier class of Japan. So every Japanese boy, if he wants to be soldierly, brave, and honorable, learns the code of honor of the Samurai—the Bushido, or

"fighting-knight-ways." This code of rules, though, is not about fighting, in the sense of military service—no, indeed. It teaches the young scholar how to behave like a knight, how to fight evil and overcome self, and follow loyally the best he knows. Bushido is based on manliness and self-control and chivalry, and has for one of its principles that to be truly brave a man must first be upright.

The first thing a boy who is learning "fighting-knight ways" must study is how to master himself wholly. He must strive to control himself when anger, or anxiety, or envy, or any other feeling, tries to sweep away his self-mastery. He must not exult over a conquered foe, or be proud in the hour of triumph. The perfect Japanese knight is called "a man without a me" in the teachings of this code. This might be a very good course of study for some American boys.

So might a second rule of Bushido—reverence for father and mother. Obedience, duty, and service are knightly qualities in Japan. A boy in Japan who follows the code of the Samurai honors and obeys his parents as part of chivalry and manhood. Then he must love and obey the mikado, serve Japan, and be always ready to die for his country if called upon.

Another point is the protection of the weak. "Manliness does not by any means exclude the tenderer side" is the Japanese way of saying

> The bravest are the tenderest,
> The loving are the daring.

"Rectitude" and "benevolence" are the keynotes of Bushido. A boy who studies it with all his heart makes a chivalrous soldier, fighting the evil in himself first, helping the weak, and serving his country, whether he ever sees a battlefield or not.

It is a queer fact that the Japanese put the trader at the other end of the moral scale from the soldier. "Yes," a Samurai will say, "they are dishonest. But what of that? They are only traders." When there is no war, however, the Samurai will turn to any honest occupation, and always thrive because of their known integrity. A recent traveler tells of having a bellboy, at a Japanese hotel, who was so different from any he had ever known, in his intelligence and integrity, that he asked about him, and found the lad was one of the Samurai class, very poor, aud earning his living in this way. The traveler immediately took him as a guide, and helped him ahead.

That boy had indeed learned "fighting-knight-ways" and carried them into the humblest daily work. Is there not a hint here for boys the world over?"—William Rittenhouse.

Story—"Polly Grey." Page 353.

Lesson 30.

Subect: Honor for Work.

Introductory Talk.

Note to Teachers: Be sure to read the chapter on Work in "Character," by Smiles.

"If a boy can sweep a floor well the chances are he will succeed in anything he feels capable of attempting. The process of sweeping out the office, if done well, is a test of thoroughness and thoroughness is a qualification the possession of which is a sure guarantee of attaining the desired end. He who can get into the nooks and corners with his broom is bound to keep clean the nooks and corners of his business. He will attend strictly to the most minute detail, and extend his efforts to the remotest domains of his enterprise.

They tell a story of a young man who came into the office of a Philadelphia newspaper and asked for a job.

"What can you do?" demanded the person in charge.

"Oh, I can either edit your paper or sweep out your office," replied the boy, with inoffending pleasantry.

"Then go ahead and sweep out the office," returned the other.

That was ten years ago, and today that young man, who was both willing to sweep and able to sweep well, is editor of the newspaper.

Booker T. Washington, when he applied for admission to a certain school in the South, was told by the teacher that he would have to sweep out the classroom. This was the first school that young Booker had ever been inside of, and he was determined to do well in order that he might gain access to the advantages of the institution. He swept that floor so thoroughly, and dusted the benches, window-sills and walls so carefully, that when the teacher came in and rubbed her handkerchief on the woodwork there was not a particle of dust to be found."

"Broken steel never rings clear. When you go to the store to buy a hoe or other tool you test it by holding it up and striking it a sharp blow, listening to the ring the blade gives out. If the sound is dull and dead, you have your doubts. Only when the ring comes back sharp and distinct do you feel sure that you have found a tool that will stand the test of hard work. The ring is what tells the story.

Go into any office or shop or other business place in this world and ask the owner what one thing he seeks first of all in the men and women who work for him and he will tell you: "We want men that will do the right thing, not only while they are here under our eyes but always and everywhere."

Go to the pastor of the church and put the same question, "Who are the men that are doing the work of this society?" The answer will come back to you quickly: "They are the ones that live as they talk, always and everywhere." The ring, you see—always the ring.

Men with low ideals—men who are one thing while they are on exhibition, as the hoe or other tool is at the store, but who are something quite different when the sharp test of truth is applied to them—these are not the ones that ring true.

We may cover the crack in the steel with the brightest paint; we may hide the flaw in the beautiful vase under the glow of gold or bright colors, but the break is there, and it will show when we least expect it to.

When does the anchor prove its real worth? Not when it hangs on deck; not when the sky is fair and the water is clear. It is when the storm is out on the deep and the ship may be drifting on the rocks. If it holds, we are safe; if there is a flaw in its flukes, danger, and perhaps death, lie straight ahead.

Look out for the ring of your steel. Keep true. Let no blow of sin strike the break into your character. Be ready and willing to be tried in the furnace of God's love, so that you may come out without spot or blemish or any such thing."

I will tell you a story of an honorable workman.

"When I was a boy, a merry old cobbler in the little town in which I lived used to sit at his bench and sing this song:

"If I were a cobbler, it would be my pride
The best of all cobblers to be;
If I were a tinker, no tinker beside
Should mend an old kettle like me."

Old Andy sang the doggerel lines from his heart, for he took pride in his work. Once I took him a pair of my shoes so worn that it seemed as if they could not be mended at all. Old Andy looked the shoes over and said:

"Well, they are pretty fer gone, but if they can be mended at all I kin do it, and I'll do it well or not at all."

When I went for the shoes I was surprised to see them looking so nearly like new. Old Andy held them up to my view and said with honest pride:

"Ain't that a mighty good job? I tell you, my boy, it took time and patience for that job. I set up till nearly midnight last night workin' on them shoes, but I ain't sorry now, seein' that they look so well."

He rubbed one of his grimy fingers up and down the shining edges of the new sole critically and said: "Wait a minute. I think I kin make that sole look a little better."

"Oh, it will do," I said.

"Not if it can be made better," was old Andy's reply. "No work 'll leave this shop that ain't as good as it kin be made," and

he worked fully half an hour on the shoe before he would let me take it away."

The old cobbler's shop was a favorite resort for the village boys. One rainy day, several of my companions and I were sitting in the shop watching Andy at his work. He had at this time an apprentice, a boy about nineteen, named Jerry Hinton. Jerry was at work on a shoe. Finally he laid it down and said:

"There, I guess that will do. The patch on the side of the shoe might be made to look a little mite better, but old Dan Peters will never know the difference, blind as he is."

Andy picked up the shoe and tossed it back to Jerry, saying sharply: "That will never do, Jerry. If the patch can be made to look better it must look better, even if the shoes do belong to a blind man. No work that will simply 'do' can leave this shop."

I think that old Andy striving for perfection in his humble work had a good effect on the village boys. To this day, when I am inclined to slight my work, and let it go when it will merely do, I think of Andy and try to improve it.

The habit of seeking perfection is a good habit for the young to cultivate. It will be greatly to their advantage when they go into the world to take up the battle of life for themselves. They will find that those who employ them will demand thoroughness in their work, and that they will never make much advancement in life if they allow themselves to fall into slovenly ways of working.

"I'll do my best, sir," said a boy who had applied for a position in a large mercantile establishment.

"If you do that, my boy, you can not fail to please me," said his employer. "I would rather have a boy of limited ability do his best than have a more competent boy do his work in a slipshot manner. The boy who does his best cannot fail to improve in his work."

Memory Gems.

"Genius begins great work; labor alone finishes them."

"There are many ways of being frivolous, only one way of being intellectually great—that is honest labor."

"The reward of a thing well done is to have done it."

First Grade.

Opening exercises.

Memory gems or review of concert poems.

Singing.

Concert poem. Page 366.

Story, "A Strong, Good Horse:"

Carl sat by the window, reading his new story book that Uncle John had sent him. It was very interesting.

"Say! Come out and play!" called Roger Powell, a boy who lived up on the next corner.

"I can't this morning," Carl called back. "I want to read; my book is splendid!"

"Oh, bother the book!" returned Roger. "Come on! Alice and Robin will be here in a minute. They want to play horse—come!"

But Carl only smiled and said, "No; I'd rather read."

To think of leaving such a book to play horse! Besides, it was hot out on the street, and when it is hot it isn't the pleasantest work to draw 'round an express wagon with two people in it. He settled himself in the easy chair and began the next chapter. Pretty soon a voice outside made itself heard.

"Carl! Carl!" Robin came under the window. "Carl! Carl!" he called. "Come out and play! Come and play horse! Please come and play horse!" The little voice grew very pleading.

Carl looked down and smiled. He and little Robin were real friends.

"I can't"—he was beginning; but Robin broke in:—

"Oh, please come, Carl. You're such a good horse. Come, please."

The boy hesitated. It was so cool and comfortable inside, and the story was growing exciting; he couldn't leave it.

"Pretty soon, Robin," he answered. "Not now," and he turned resolutely to his reading.

He did not look at the drooping little figure that walked slowly away from the window, and the murmur of voices across the lawn only just reached his ears. The story was so interesting! Of course he couldn't go. But somehow the boy hero did not seem quite so attractive as before, and Robin's entreaties mixed themselves up with the words he was reading. He fluttered the leaves. Anyhow he must go on to the end of that chapter. Then he glanced from the window.

Roger was drawing the express wagon with Alice and Robin in it; but the load looked heavy for the small boy, and none of the three appeared happy.

"I guess Carl will come pretty soon," piped Robin. "He is such a strong, good horse."

Carl waited for no more, but tossing his book on the couch he ran outside.

He was greeted by a big shout. In a minute there was "a strong, good horse" to help the smaller one, and Robin, in the end of the wagon, was gleefully content; while down in Carl's heart was a joy such as the book had not given him. But when the play was over and Carl returned to his story he found it even more interesting than at first.—Carolyn Wheaton.

Story adapted from lesson.

Memory gem on lesson.

Review of previous lesson.

Second Grade.

Introductory Talk. Page 370.
Story: "Lorin Blair's Certificate." Page 356.
Let some member of the class tell the following incident:

OTHER EYES ARE ON YOU.

"There! I guess that will do," said John, as he took a shovelful of ashes out of the stove. "The pan isn't empty, but it's near enough; nobody will see it. If I can get the store swept in about five minutes, I can finish that story I'm at before anyone comes."

The store was swept very much as the stove had been cleaned. The open spaces presented a good appearance, but out-of-the-way corners and the places underneath boxes and barrels told a different story. However, John said it was "good enough." The story was finished and the paper hidden out of sight before the clerks arrived. Then Mr. Willis, the proprietor, came in, bade them all "good morning," glanced around the store, and went into his private office. Presently he called John. "Take these letters to the office as soon as you can. They will be just in time for the nine o'clock mail. Come right back."

John hurried to the office as he had been bidden, but, having deposited the letters safely, saw no reason for haste. Indeed, he even indulged in a game of marbles before returning to his work. When he entered the store again, Mr. Willis made no comment on his tardiness, but remarked, "Well, John, I've almost learned my lesson."

John stared. "What lesson, sir?"

"Why, the one you've been teaching me."

John was more puzzled than ever, and all day long he wondered what lesson he could possibly teach Mr. Willis. The next morning John's work was done as speedily and no better than the day before. Mr. Willis came before the clerks, and sent John out on an errand. While he was gone, the gentleman, with a quiet smile, began to investigate the corners that John thought "nobody would see." When he returned, Mr. Willis said:

"John, I told you yesterday I had almost learned my lesson. Today I know it thoroughly. Would you like to hear it?"

"Yes, sir."

"You have been teaching me how well I can get along without you. I thought the stove needed cleaning and store sweeping every morning, but it seems they don't. So I shall not need you any longer than this week."—Exchange.

Lead the children to tell how there is honor in their work at school and not only in their work but in their play. Let them see that cheating at their games is not honorable nor fair.

Teach memory gem.

Third Grade.

Introductory Talk. Page 370.
Topics for members of the class.
1. Recitation:

WHATSOEVER.

"Whatsoe'er you find to do,
Do it, boys, with all your might.
Never be a little true,
Or a little in the right.
Trifles even lead to heaven;
Trifles make the life of man;
So in all things, great and small things,
Be as thorough as you can.

"Let no speck their surface dim—
Spotless truth and honor bright;
I'd not give a fig for him
Who says that any lie is white!
He who falters, twists, or alters
Little atoms when we speak,
May deceive me, but, believe me,
To himself he is a sneak.

"Help the weak if you are strong;
Love the old if you are young;
Own a fault if you are wrong;
If you're angry, hold your tongue.
In each duty there's a beauty,
If your eyes you do not shut,
Just as surely and securely
As a kernel in a nut.

"If you think a word will please,
Say it, if it is but true;
Words may give delight with ease
When no act is asked from you.
Words may often soothe and soften,
Gild a joy and heal a pain;
They are treasures yielding pleasures
It is wicked to retain."

2. Explain this text. Proverbs 22-29.
3. Read Proverbs 31-10:31. Explain how the industry of a good woman is honored.
4. Write a short paper on the following:
"Is the man who works simply for his wages or the man who works for conscience the one to be trusted?"
5. Discuss this question with the class:
"Is it the trade or occupation that dignifies the man or the character of the man that is worthy of respect?"
6. A member of the class may memorize the following. Relate it to the class and let it be discussed by all from the point of "Honor in work, "Nobody will be the worse."

I have read of a large manufacturer who was entrusted with a government contract for the supply of swords. It was for English soldiers that these swords were to be made. The maker was to be paid so much per sword. "Now," said he to himself, "there is no war just now in which these swords will have to be used. If I make them of a little commoner steel than I have agreed to do, no one will be the worse, and I shall be all the better. I shall pocket a few extra hundred pounds."

This money-lover made the swords, used commoner steel, delivered them to the soldiers, received his pay and pocketed his larger profit. For some years it was as the sword-maker had said—nobody was any the worse, and he was all the better.

But there came a time of war. The trumpet sounded to conflict, and the regiment using this money-lover's swords was, among others, ordered to the battlefield. On the field they received orders to enter into an engagement with a body of French cuirassiers. Every man drew his sword, and stood prepared to dash at the foe. The word was given, and away they went.

They met their antagonists, and closed in hand-to-hand fight. But at the first stroke their swords bent and twisted, and became utterly useless. They were amazed and confounded. More gallant men never took the field, but what could gallantry do with swords like these?

The French regiment bore fiercely down upon them. They would rather die than run, and die they must. The helpless men fell fast. Soon the field was one heap of dead. And why did they die?

Were they the victims of braver soldiers, or of forged worthless metal? They were slain by their own swords—massacred, indeed, by their sword-maker's villainous love of gold.

Did the man say "No one will be the worse, and I shall be all the better?" That was not true, and of such deeds it never can be true. For a time it seemed that the sword-maker's words were true, but there came a later time in which they were utterly and awfully false. "By it no man will be the worse, and I shall be all the better," can never be true of a deed which is itself wrong. Wrong must bear fruit after its kind. Sooner or later it must end in suffering and shame.—Dr. Guthrie.

Story: "Lorin Blair's Certificate. Page 356.

Lesson 31.

Subject: Honor the Sabbath day.

Introductory Talk:

Our lesson today is about what Jesus did on Sunday. What do you notice about it? The first thing I noticed, in thinking what we might learn from this lesson, was the four little words, "as his

custom was." These words tell us more about Jesus's life than something else that would, probably, fill many pages.

The synagogue took the place of our church. It was Jesus's custom to go to church. He went every Sunday. He was not like the boy who looked out of the window on the first Sunday of the month and said: "I suppose one ought to go to church. If it were a bright, sunny day, I would go. But it is storming and I might get my feet wet. I think I will stay home just for today!"

The next Sunday the sun shone bright, but it was cold. "If it were warm I would go to church," said the boy. "But it is so cold. I think I will stay away just for today."

The next Sunday it was bright and warm, too, a beautiful day. But the boy said, "I am too tired to go to church this morning. I stayed up so late last night that I feel as if I must make up some sleep. I think I will stay home just for today."

Do you think that boy went to Sunday School on the fourth and last Sunday of the month? Well, maybe he did, but I doubt it. If it were not too hot or too cold, or too rainy, or too dry, he would be sure to have a headache or a side-ache or a little finger-ache. Jesus does not want our boys and girls to be like that boy. He wants them to make a custom of going to church every Sunday, as he did. Jesus went, too, because he loved to go. He wants us to take delight in going to God's house, and not to go simply because we feel that we ought to go.

Another thing I notice in this lesson. Jesus did not say when they asked him to read, "Oh, I can't. I am so afraid to read aloud before folks." What do you think Jesus would do if he were a boy in our meetings? Do you think that when a question was given to him he would shake his head and say, "Oh, I can't answer questions. Give it to somebody else." Do you think that when the leader said, "We will sing," he would stand up carelessly and never open his mouth to sing?

We are sure that he would not do these things. He would do everything to help the meeting along, just as he did in the synagogue meeting at Nazareth. And we are sure, too, that he wants us to help along the meetings the very best we can. Nothing helps a meeting more than having everyone join in the singing and do just what he is asked to do, quickly.

One thing more we notice, and that is that he was familiar with the Bible. He was used to reading it and to finding the places in it. He did not have to look a long time to find the verses called for. He had studied the Bible until he knew it, and he wants us to study it that way, too. That is one of the best kinds of Sunday occupation for us.

Sunday is the Lord's day. He gives us the other six, but the seventh he calls his own.

God did not set the seventh day apart for his own sake, but for ours. The world needs rest, both in mind and in body. God

knew what was best when he planned for a quiet pause in the rush of life.

The true Sabbath rest is in drawing near to God, not in the bicycle or in the park.

Every boy or girl who loves God should find in his Sunday worship something to make him stronger and happier in his work in the coming week.

Much of the time we are thrown with those who care nothing for the things we count so precious, and it should help us one day in the week to meet with our Father's children in His house.

We must be rested enough in mind and body to be able to apprehend his messages. Sabbath means rest. The harness of life may be put off, and refreshment comes with change of thought.

Then God must draw us away, too, from our usual occupations which are necessarily engrossing—even from our usual pleasures—to get us to listen to him, as a child must be called from his play to learn to read. The child has no appreciation of the joys to which reading will introduce him nor of its importance in his future; but the parent has, and, though wishing to make it a pleasure, insists that he must learn. We are often not much wiser about our future interests.

Strange as it may seem, we may rob ourselves. If we defraud the body of its rest at night, we lose our buoyancy, then see things through blue spectacles, and finally fall ill. And God, besides giving us the nightly renewal of our vitality, has made both body and soul dependent upon a weekly rest and refreshment. We require to be wound up once a week like an eight-day clock. During the French Revolution they tried observing only every tenth day as a day of rest, but the beasts of burden died and the experiment was a failure.

The law in the fourth commandment was never repealed, but, authorized by the disciples and their immediate followers, the first day of the week replaced the seventh-day Sabbath, and has been observed by nineteen centuries of Christians as the one seventh of their time set aside in memory of the joyful event of our Lord's resurrection.

Daisy is a little girl. When she comes down to breakfast on Sunday morning it is with a more winsome smile than usual on her rosy face; and her voice is always more soft and sweet, it seems, than on other days.

"I wonder how it is mamma," said papa one morning, "that our Daisy is always so much happier on Sundays than on week days?"

Then Daisy spoke out bravely:

"You see, papa, Sunday is God's day, and I want to make it as nice for him as I can."

"Bless you, dear," said the father, "it is right for you to do so, and everybody else likewise."

One of the noblest of the many noble stories told of Queen Victoria is the account of her refusal, in the face of the entreaties of an important government official, to examine certain state papers on the Lord's Day.

One of the finest stories told of General Grant is his refusal when the President of France sent him a special invitation to witness certain Sunday races. Said the greatest soldier of his times: "It is not in accordance with the custom of my country or with the spirit of my religion to spend Sunday in that way."

One of the most instructive events in the grand life of John Quincy Adams was his refusal, when Minister to Holland, to attend the meetings of a certain learned society when they were transferred to the Sabbath. "You met on the Lord's Day," he exclaimed, "and that is a day devoted to religious uses by me."

Queen, soldier, statesman—they are only a few among the myriads of great men and women who have sacredly set apart

> One day with its searching light,
> One day for the clearer sight,
> One day for God and the Right.

Mr. Moody strenuously advised workingmen to follow these examples, and refuse to work on Sunday even if big corporations required it. "The Devil," he said, "will tell you that you will starve. Well, starve. It would be a grand thing to be a martyr in this age." As a matter of fact, however, the Sabbath-breaker is the one that starves; he starves his soul of spiritual food and his body of sorely needed rest.

Beecher compared our week days to a great valley of cares and sorrows into which we go down—down; but our Sabbaths should be made hills, "hills of light and joy in God's presence." From those summits we catch glimpses of the glory of Heaven.

In spite of the differing circumstances, Christ's way of keeping the Sabbath is a precise model for us. He found rest in religious work, in helping men. That is always better than loafing in easy chairs. Those that are "too tired to go to church" are "too tired" for the most elevating and strengthening relaxation.

Christ's Sabbath was securely attached to organized religion, to the synagogue. He did not set up a "forest church" of His own. He went where men were that needed Him and other men that would aid Him to help the needy.

He taught the ignorant, He drove out unclean spirits, He visited the sick. We also may find some one that knows less than we about God, and teach him; some one harboring some devil of doubt, impatience, worry, wilful sin, and exercise it; some one sad, worn, and weary, and cheer him up.

Christ was at it all day, far into the evening. Let us also make full days of Sunday, not stinting the measure of our service. Some one compares Sunday to two hours' additional leisure each day given

to his workmen by a generous employer, that they may study arts that will enable them to take higher positions in his business. Shall they spend those hours in idleness or mischief?

So are our Sabbaths given us, a sacred trust from a loving God. Are we proving ourselves trustworthy?

Memory Gems:

"He who ordained the Sabbath loves the poor."

"A world without a Sabbath would be like a man without a smile, like a summer without flowers, and like a homestead without a garden. It is the joyous day of the whole week."

"He who would prepare for heaven must honor the Sabbath upon earth."

Story: This lesson is a very important one. Each teacher should endeavor to impress the children with a sincere feeling of honor for the Sabbath, so it is considered wise to omit a moral story and to make the lesson very strong from the points given in the talk.

First Grade.

Opening exercises.

Memory gems or review of concert poems.

Singing.

Concert poem. Page 366.

Story, "Moran's Choice:"

There was once a little boy who lived with his grandfather in a beautiful house. The little boy's name was Moran. His grandfather was a very rich man, and Moran had all sorts of beautiful and costly things to play with, and a little carriage of his own, with two ponies to draw it. He was always dressed in fine clothes, and had a gold watch and chain, and a great many other things that little boys like him do not often have. People used to say that he had everything in the world to make him happy. But Moran was sometimes very lonesome and sad. His father and mother were dead, and he had no playmates at all. He did not go to school, because his grandfather did not like to have him with other children; so he had a teacher who lived in the same house with him, and who did not know how to play.

Moran never went to church or to Sunday School, because his grandfather did not care for such things. Moran was not even taught to pray, and he did not know anything about the Lord Jesus.

When he was eight years old he went to spend the summer with an uncle who lived across the ocean. His uncle was not a rich man, but he was a happy man, and he had a happy family. They lived in a cheerful little house, and were busy and pleasant

from morning until night. They did not keep any servants, and each boy and girl had his own work to do, before and after school. Moran learned how to take care of the chickens, and weed in the garden, and water the big family horse. At first he had no clothes that he could work in, but his aunt bought him a plain suit like those his cousins wore. On Sundays they all went to church and to Sunday School; and there Moran learned for the first time about that wonderful Friend, the Lord Jesus Christ.

One day, after Sunday School was over, Moran sat in his uncle's study for some time, keeping very still. Looking 'round, he found that his cousins had gone out, and that he and his uncle were alone.

"Uncle John," he said, "I have made up my mind to something, and I am never going to change it."

"Is that so?" said his uncle. "Then I hope it is a good mind." "Yes," said Moran, "it is. I am going to choose the Lord Jesus for my best Friend, and I am always going to do as he tells me."

"Good!" said his uncle. "You couldn't have a better mind than that."

Two months afterwards, Moran's grandfather came for him. Then a strange thing happened. He had to choose whether he would give up his beautiful home and all the money that his grandfather had for him and stay always with Uncle John, or give up Jesus Christ and never pray to him again.

Moran looked very sober, indeed, for he loved his grandfather. But it did not take him long to choose.

"Grandfather," he said, "I chose Jesus Christ and promised to do just as he said, always; so of course I can't give him up. He has taken me for his own little boy, forever."—Pansy.

Story adapted from lesson.

Memory gem on lesson.

Second Grade.

Review of previous lesson.

Introductory Talk. Page 377.

Story: "Edgar's Decision." Page 234, Vol. 6.

Tell the story of the Children of Israel fed by Manna, page 253, Vol. 6, Children's Friend. Review the commandment given by the Lord to Moses with reference to the observance of the Sabbath Day. Tell how the Puritans observed the Sabbath.

The New England people were very strict regarding the Sabbath. As soon as the sun went down on Saturday evening, then their Sabbath began. From that time until sunset on Sunday night no noise, no play, no singing, not even laughing among the children

was permitted. I am afraid the little ones had rather dull times on the Sabbath, for you remember there were no beautiful books and magazines in those days, and if there had been, they would not have been allowed to read anything but the little New England Primer.

Sunday morning the people were up bright and early—long Sunday morning naps were not the fashion then—the little work that it was necessary to do was done and quietly and quickly as possible, and the family made ready for meeting.

In the quiet Sabbath hush of these half forest homes, the drum beat rang out upon the air clear and full; and the people, already dressed and waiting, had only to take their Bibles and their muskets (these last lest Indians should steal in upon them) and go to the meeting house. There was no hurry, no rush, no crowding, no talking together. The men and women took their places, the children were put all together on one side of the church and the services began.

First, the good Elder arose and gave out a hymn. A few people had hymn books, but since there were only a few of them, the Elder read one line of the hymn, the people sang it to some old well-known tune, then the Elder read another line. This, too, the people sang, and in this way the whole hymn was learned and sung. Then followed a long, long prayer, then another hymn, then the sermon. And the sermons! Three and four hours were none too long for them.

When at last the long sermon was over, the people, stiff and cold and tired, gathered up their foot-stoves—for there were no fires in the meeting houses—and very solemnly made their way homeward, to spend the remainder of the day in prayer and the quiet reading of such books as had to do with religious subjects. At sunset, however, the restraint was off; and the little children were free to enjoy themselves in their own natural, innocent way again.—Selected.

Teach the memory gem.

Third Grade.

Introductory Talk. Page 377.

Topics for members of the class:

1. Relate that part of the creation that shows that God intends and desires that all shall honor the Sabbath. Gen. 2-2.

2. Read and explain that part of the revelation that tells how to observe the Sabbath Day. Doctrine and Covenants, Sec. 59.

3. Recite the commandment that refers to the keeping of the Sabbath Day. Exodus 20.

4. Relate the incident: "How the Israelites were fed in the wilderness," and explain how the Lord through this miracle im-

pressed upon his people that they should honor the Sabbath. Exodus 16.

5. Relate the incident of "The Stick Gatherer," Numbers 15-32-41.

6. Tell how Nehemiah labored with the Israelites to help them to honor the Sabbath. Nehemiah 13-15-21.

7. Tell how the Lord promises to bless those who observe the Sabbath Day. Isaiah 58:13-14.

8. Tell how the Lord promises to punish those who fail to keep this commandment. Jeremiah 17:21-27.

9. Read and discuss with the class the following, "Why We Go to Church, (Luke 4: 16-29; Psalm 84):

We go to church to worship God, and we go to get new impressions in regard to our duty to God and to our fellowmen. If not, our church-going is of no use; it is a sham that will do us harm instead of good. Do not many of us often deceive both ourselves and others into being content with a hypocritical pretense of worship when our minds and hearts are fully occupied with other things?

If we really go to worship God, we soon begin to see faults in ourselves that we had not suspected. We are by nature inclined to be rather proud of ourselves, or at least, fairly well satisfied with ourselves. To think of ourselves more highly than we ought to think is for most of us a sin that besets us very easily and hangs on very hard. This sin is usually developed by comparing oneself with others to his own advantage. (See 2 Cor. 10:12.)

To worship God truly is the one sure way to discover our pride and to prepare us to "pour contempt" upon it. For immediately we begin to praise God from the heart for His goodness, and for all His wonderful works "to the children of men" we begin to feel our own unworthiness and to see ourselves, by contrast to be very small and weak and worthless.

We should decidedly go to church to find out all our weakness as a first step to mending it. But do we go to church with any such idea, or do we go to see each other and to be entertained with good music and good preaching or to be cheered with comfortable messages? Do we really wish to know the truth about ourselves, the naked and complete truth?

When Jesus spoke to the people of Nazareth, as recorded in the bible, He tried to show them one of their great failings, one of the things that had been chiefly instrumental, indeed, in placing their nation in the humiliating position it then occupied. But these people were not humble enough to listen to Him, and take His message to heart. He showed them how in past times God had not always shown honor to those to whom it would most naturally have come. Unbelief and self-indulgence and waywardness had led God's people into idolatry and caused them to reject Elijah's message, so the blessing which Elijah's presence brought went to an alien in

another country. The same unbelief had prevented the lepers of Israel from making use of their great prophet Elisha. But Naaman went to him and was cured.

There is a great danger to which we are always subject—the danger of not appreciating the opportunities that lie right around us or the greatness of the events that are taking place about us. And even the preacher whom we know well is apt to lose in prestige by the fact of our knowing him. But we should be on the lookout for the Word of God. We should be open to receive messages from God by whatever means they may come. And if we are, God will send us the messages that our own hearts specially need. And if we do listen for such messages and are willing to be humbled by them we shall not find a stumbling block in the personality of the messenger.

It was a good excuse for the people of Nazareth rejecting Jesus that they knew His family so well. They ought to be on the watch for something wrong in themselves that they could mend. If they had been, they would have seen the truth of the parallel that Jesus drew and would have taken its teaching to heart. They would have felt the truth of Christ's teaching.

Worship God and learn humility.

Lesson 32.

Subject: Honor to Duty.
Introductory Talk:

"Just where you stand in the conflict,
That is your place!
Just where you think you are useless,
Hide not your face;
God placed you there for a purpose,
Whate'er it may be;
Think He has chosen you for it,
Work loyally."

We each have some place to fill, some duties to perform, and our work is to see that we do the best we possibly can, wherever we are placed.

A physician, whose life was full of faith and noble deeds, gives this experience:

He was a poor boy, and a cripple. One day he was watching some other boys on the ball-field. They were active, strong and wealthy. As he looked on, his heart grew bitter with envy. A young man who stood beside him noted the discontent on his face, and said to him: "You wish you were in those boys' place, don't you?" "Yes, I do," was the answer.

"I reckon God gave them money, education and health," continued the young man, "to help them to be of some account in the world. Did it ever strike you that He gave you your lame leg for the same reason, to make a man of you?"

The boy gave no answer, and turned away; but he did not forget the words. They stayed in his heart until they kindled hope and courage there, helping him to rise above his deformity. He soon learned that what was true of his lame leg was also true of all the difficulties, hindrances and hard conditions of his life; they were all God's gifts to him to help him to be of some account in the world—to make a man of him.—Selected.

There is no duty given us that is so poor as not to require our best effort. We are so often told that "What is worth doing is worth doing well." This applies to our home duties as well as others. At school we find the same thing is true.

Once, when I was a little schoolgirl, a visitor said something in a speech he made to us which I shall never forget.

"Suppose," said he, "you were building a house, and, instead of putting the shingles and weatherboards on with nails, you fastened them in place with tacks. It would be a foolish way to work, would it not? For the first high wind would send them flying off in all directions. None of you would do so silly a thing as that, I am sure. But how are you doing your school work day by day? Are you just tacking the lesson on, so they will stay long enough for the recitation and then drop off your memory, or are you nailing them fast, so that they will stay on for life and become a good, sound part of your education?"—King's Own.

By staying at his post and doing his best, even under difficulties, many a boy has made a hero of himself.

There was a lean, freckled boy who a year or two ago ran the elevator up and down in an old shackly office building in Philadelphia. I often went up in it, but certainly I never suspected "Billy" of any noble quality which raised him above other boys, high as was Saul among his brethren.

But one day the old house began to shudder and groan to its foundations, and then one outer wall after another fell amid shouts of dismay from the crowds in the streets. And Billy, as these walls came crashing down, ran his old lift up to the topmost story and back again, crowded with terrified men and women. He did this nine times. Only one side of the building was now standing. The shaft of the elevator was left bare, and swayed to and fro. The police tried to drag the boy out of it, and the mass of spectators yelled with horror as he pulled the chain and began to rise again above their heads.

"There's two women up there yet," said Billy stolidly, and went on up to the top facing a horrible death each minute and knowing that he faced it. Presently through the cloud of dust the lift was seen coming jerkily down with three figures on it. As it touched

the ground the whole building fell with a crash. The women and boy came out on the street unhurt and a roar of triumph rose from the mob.

But it was six o'clock and Billy slipped quietly away in the dusk and went home to his supper. For your real hero does not care for the shouts and clapping of hands.—Rebecca Harding Davis, in The Interior.

Mrs. Paxton's children, George, Bert and Amy, were going out to Longwood farm for their Fourth; it was two miles from Brownsburg village, but they would get an early breakfast and walk those two miles before it got hot.

They called on the way for Mrs. Pole's Mat. Mrs. Pole was a lady boarding in Brownsburg that summer, a widow with this one little boy, Matthew Woodson Pole.

It seems as if all American children, as soon as they get into high, leafy woods, think about playing "wild Indian." These boys went about scalping the weeds, and slinging reeds for arrows, and even little Amy helped to build the wigwam of branches.

At some stage in the play, Mat was to come swinging down from the branches of a tree, I don't know for what bloodthirsty purpose. But hardly had he hid himself in the leafy branches when the other Indians heard him say:

"Well, if this ain't too bad! Now I've got to walk all the way back!"

This was a most un-Indian-like speech, and leaving their shaky wigwam the children gathered under the tree. Mat was coming down.

"What's up, Mat?" they asked.

"It's down with me now," answered Mat, sliding along the trunk of the tree at the greatest risk to his blouse and trousers.

"I forgot to mail mother's letter," he explained, stopping in the lowest crotch of the tree.

"Oh, never mind, you can mail it on your way back this evening," said Bert.

Mat stuck his knee tight in the tree crotch, and holding on with both hands, considered the matter. It was nice and cool out here and lots of fun; the walk back certainly would be hot; if he went back to the village he would have to stay; mother wouldn't let him take that walk in the midday sun again. But then the letter? What about it? He had undertaken to mail it in time for the one o'clock mail.

Mat slipped on down, listened to no advisers, but set out for the postoffice. Warm and dusty and tired and a little cross, he reached his mother's door; but the letter was in time for the one o'clock mail.

His mother was pleased. "That's right," she said; "that's the way George Washington saved his country."

"How?" asked Mat.

"By doing his duty, of course."

Only a day or two later came news of a big bank failure.

"Oh, mother!" cried Mat Pole, "that's where you kept your money!"

"No," she said, "your Uncle Charley transferred it for me, two days ago. By the way, Mat, if that letter had not caught the one o'clock train, it would probably have been too late; so, George Washington, you've saved your country this time, by doing your duty!"—E. P. A.

"Do the duty that lies nearest," even if it is small, and greater ones will come by and by; but if you neglect the little ones, even those may slip from you and your chances of success will have gone.

It was only by chance that I overheard a young man saying the other day, with a good deal of disgust in his tone: "I'll tell you right now that I'm going to have a better job than that. I never was made to work for three dollars a week."

He was lounging idly on a couch at the time, seemingly very careless about doing anything at any wage.

I happened to know a little about that young man's personal history. His father had been in business in a thriving town, and at one time had a fairly good trade. He had given his son a situation in the store, where he might have made his mark and finally have reached a place as partner in the concern.

But I noticed that this young man did not treat those who came in to make purchases with the courtesy they were entitled to. He was not prompt; he was not kind; he was not pleasant in his manner.

Soon customers began to drop off, and a few months later there was a failure. The father closed out his stock and went out of business. How much the son's lack of kindly treatment had to do with the failure I cannot positively say, but I do know very well that people will not long continue to bestow their patronage upon those who are uniformly discourteous.

Then this young man began to look about him for another position. At length an opening came from the proprietor of a great factory. To be sure, the place was not especially remunerative, but it was an opening, and would lead to better things, but the youth thought it far beneath him and accepted it only under protest, and I am expecting that he will prove a failure unless he should promptly turn over a new leaf and enter heart and soul into the work of his position.

While listening to this proud young man my mind turned to another boy I used to know. His father was dead. There were a number of younger brothers and sisters. All were obliged to do what they could to make ends meet. This young man had an ambition to be a newspaper worker.

At length he secured a place where he could learn to set type. All the pay he received at first was his board and a little room to sleep in, but he worked and whistled. If there was humble work to

do, he did it. The proprietor watched him when he did not know it. One day something happened on the street, and the editor said, "Here, my boy, go out and find all you can to write about this."

That was the end of the days at the case. The world opened. Always prompt and cheerful, ready to do errands for those higher up, he soon won the respect of everybody. I afterward saw that young man sitting in the editorial chair of the very office where he began to serve in such a humble capacity.

The acceptance of the first duty which comes to hand in a brave and manly spirit lays the cornerstone for greater responsibilities by and by.—Selected.

Memory Gems.

"Honor and shame from no condition rise,—
Act well thy part, there all the honor lies."

"Do thou thy duty, that is best;
Leave unto thy God the rest."

"Duty is the grandest of ideas, because it implies the idea of God."

"Do right, and God's recompense to you will be the power of doing more right."

"God has so ordered that men being in need of each other, should learn to love each other, and bear each other's burdens."

First Grade.

Opening exercises.
Memory gems or review of concert poems.
Singing:
Concert poem. Page 366.
Story, "An Indian Story:"

In a little book about Omaha there is this story which is told by Bright Eyes, the daughter of an Indian chief:

"We were out on a buffalo hunt. I was a little bit of a thing when it happened. Father could neither speak English nor read and write. It was evening. The tents had been pitched for the night, the campfire made and mother and the other women were cooking supper over it. I was playing near my father when an Indian boy, a playmate, came up and gave me a little bird which he had found. I was very much pleased. I tried to feed it and make it drink. After I had played with it a long time, my father said to me, 'My daughter, bring your bird to me.' When I took it to him he held it in his hand a moment, smoothed its feathers gently and

then said, 'Daughter, I will tell you what you might do with your bird. Take it carefully in your hand out yonder where there are no tents, where the high grass is. Put it softly down on the ground and say as you put it down, "God, I give you back your little bird. Have pity on me as I have on your bird."

"I said: 'Does it belong to God?'

"He said: 'Yes, and He will be pleased if you do not hurt it, but give it back to Him to care for.'

"I was very much impressed and carefully followed out his directions, saying the little prayer he had told me to say."

Story adapted from lesson.

Memory gem on lesson.

Second Grade.

Review of previous lesson.

Introductory Talk. Page 384.

Story: "Corporal Jim." Page 358.

Teach memory gem.

Tell the story "John Gray, a Hero."

Abigail and Susie were giving the schoolroom its evening cleaning, sweeping and dusting with great vigor, when John Gray came toward them, looking very much excited, for him.

"I have something to tell you," he said in his mild voice. "I have enlisted and I'm going to war tomorrow."

Going to war! Abigail dropped her broom with a clatter. To think of John Gray as a soldier!

"If it had been any other boy in school, I should not have been so much surprised," she said to Susie afterwards. "But John Gray! Such a good boy, and such a meek boy! Why, he never even gets into a fight with the other boys on the school ground! Why do you suppose he is going?"

"For his country, I suppose," answered Susie with eyes that were suspiciously red. Susie and John Gray always had liked each other. The slow, mild-mannered boy always had been gentle to the little girls. "He has no father and mother to stay here for, and I suppose he thinks his country needs him."

The next day John Gray went away, and the dusty old schoolroom where he had toiled so faithfully saw him no more. They did not miss him much. John Gray had been so quiet that his fellow-pupils hardly had remembered that he was there. Susie did not like it that so little account was made of him. "You needn't tell me that faithful work always counts," she said. "See how hard John Gray worked in school and now nobody in the room ever thinks of him. It is just as if he never had been there."

Meantime, John Gray plodded on almost as quietly as he had done in school. He obeyed orders, and went through drills; he drank black coffee, and ate beans and hard-tack and salt pork without complaint; and he never failed to report for duty. If the bent shoulders were straightening, and the drooping figure growing erect and alert, nothing was said of it. He was only one young soldier amongst thousands of others. But by and by stories of his quiet pluck began to be told in the company, and drifted back to his old schoolmates in letters which sons, and brothers, and other girls' brothers, wrote to mothers, and sisters, and sweethearts. One was a funny account of how, when he was serving coffee to his comrades, a bullet had gone through the coffee pot, and the brown liquid had come pouring out at two sides. John Gray had said not a word, but hastily collecting cups, he had saved as much of the pouring streams as he could, and then had gone quickly back and set a new supply to boil in a camp kettle.

Another was a tale of how he had been badly wounded in the hand at the beginning of a battle, but had continued to press on with his company 'till the end.

"Why didn't you go to the rear when you were wounded?" the surgeon had demanded.

John Gray had answered, "Why, how could I go back when the colonel said, 'Forward?'"

Again with his hand in a sling, and therefore disabled from fighting, he had gone into battle and spent the whole time of the engagement in passing from one fallen soldier to another bringing the precious water which wounded men crave in agony, when there is no one to bring it.

He had thought nothing of it. What if the bullets were falling all 'round him! Of course, the wounded must be cared for, and if he could not fight, he must do something else. But his colonel did not count his action nothing, and John Gray was promoted for bravery in an action in which he could not bear arms. The people of the little town began to be proud of him.

Promotions, once begun, went on fast. A young soldier who never failed in duty was just the kind of man for whom superior officers were looking. He took his promotions as he took everything else, mildly and quietly. But his comrades had come to think more of him now. They said that he was as sure as he was deliberate. If he received an order it was obeyed, and if he issued an order it must be obeyed. He was as faithful in his work in camp and field as he had been in the little dusty schoolroom.

One day orders came to his regiment to charge in a battle when they must go down one hill and up another in the teeth of a whole opposing battery. The column started, but the fire was deadly. On all sides they fell. The advancing line was swept back like withered leaves before a gust of wind. But John Gray did not go back. Halfway up the second hill he stood alone. He took off

his cap and swung it above his head. "Come on, boys," he shouted. The shattered mass at the foot of the hill looked up at him and began to rally. "Come on," he called again. Then he dropped. A dozen rifles had been centered on the conspicuous mark. But his men went up after him like a whirlwind. They swarmed over the embankment. The battery was taken.

John Gray did not die, and his little village is best remembered because he lived there.—Selected.

Third Grade.

Introductory Talk. Page 384.

Topics for members of the class. ,

1. When Solomon was appointed king of the Israelites he desired to be faithful and true to his duty. Read 1 Kings 1-15 and explain how Solomon sought to perform his duties with honor to himself, his people and God.

2. Recitation: "A Psalm of Life." This poem may be found in almost any fifth or sixth grade school reader.

3. Have the following article given by a member in his or her own words: "Honorable Reticence."

There are few things more dangerous to the average business house, says a contemporary, than the thoughtless tattling of employees. Every establishment has secrets—that is, matters of a private character which are as much the exclusive property of the house as is the stock on the shelves. Clerks come into a knowledge of these secrets, and the more important the secret is the more likely are they to tell it. Every employee ought to understand that the affairs of his employer are things he has no more right to give away than he would have the right to give away his merchandise. Young men who proceed on this principle are pretty certain to win esteem, as did the young man who was the hero of the following incident:

Not long ago a merchant employed a clerk who had been discharged from another house in the same line. A few days afterwards one of the heads of the office was anxious to know what terms the other house made to a certain customer. He went to the young clerk for the information.

The clerk hesitated, looked distressed and finally asked to be excused from replying. "I know the facts, of course," he said, "but I don't think I ought to tell."

The department head became angry and reminded him pretty sharply that, having been discharged from the other house he didn't owe it anything in the way of keeping its secrets. Nevertheless the young man stood firm, and the matter was reported to the head of the house, who at once complimented him on his sense of honor and raised his salary."

4. Relate the following incident and state why the shepherd would be entitled to be called "honorable":

"Gerhardt was a German shepherd boy, and a noble fellow he was, too, although he was very poor.

"One day while he was watching his flock, which was feeding in a valley on the borders of a forest, a hunter came out of the woods, and asked, 'How far is it to the next village?'

"'Six miles, sir,' replied the boy, 'but the road is only a sheep track, and is very easily missed.'

"The hunter glanced at the crooked track and said: 'My lad, I am hungry, tired and thirsty. I have lost my companions and missed my way. Leave your sheep, and show me the road. I will pay you well.'

"'I cannot leave my sheep, sir,' rejoined Gerhardt. 'They would stray into the forest, and be eaten by the wolves, or stolen by robbers.'

"'Well, what of that?' queried the hunter. 'They are not your sheep. The loss of one or more wouldn't be much to your master, and I'll give you more money than you have earned in a whole year.'

"'I cannot go, sir,' rejoined Gerhardt, firmly. 'My master pays me for my time, and he trusts me with his sheep. If I were to sell my time, which does not belong to me, and the sheep should get lost, it would be the same as if I stole them.'

"'Well,' said the hunter, 'will you trust your sheep with me, while you go to the village and get some food and drink and a guide? I will take good care of them for you.'

"The boy shook his head. 'The sheep do not know your voice,' said he, 'and—and——' Gerhardt stopped speaking.

"'And what? Can't you trust me? Do I look like a dishonest man?' asked the hunter, angrily.

"'Sir,' said the boy, 'you tried to make me false to my trust, and wanted me to break my word to my master. How do I know you would keep your word with me?'

"The hunter laughed, for he felt that the boy had fairly cornered him. He said: 'I see, my boy, that you are a good, faithful boy. I will not forget you. Show me the road, and I will try to make it out myself.'"

5. The teacher may use the following as a basis for discussion on honor in work well done:

"Principle always commands respect. He who has enough of it will command a high position, whatever may be his calling. 'If there were no honesty it would be invented as a means of getting wealth,' said Mirabeau. A greater than him declares, 'He that walketh uprightly walketh surely; but he that perverteth his ways shall be known.'"

Many people think that their lowly occupations hinder their progress upwards; but it is a false idea. True principles will exhalt

any necessary employment, however humble it is. A man may live so far below the standard that he ought to attain that his neighbors will see only his occupation. "He is a porter for Smith & Co.," or of another, "He is a drummer for a Boston house," they will say, as if they were not much account. On the other hand, he may live so nobly, putting the highest moral principle into his life, that observers will not see his occupation. A street "scavenger" may live nobly enough to win a high position in social life. His humble occupation may even become a stepping-stone to great influence, and renown.

Look at facts. People say, why, President Garfield was a mule-driver on the canal at sixteen; that Lincoln was a rail-splitter at twenty-one; General Grant, a tanner-boy; Roger Sherman, a shoemaker; Hugh Miller, a stonemason; Stephenson, an engine driver; Newton, a farmer boy; Franklin, a painter boy; Burritt, a blacksmith; and thus on to the end. No one ever thinks of sneering at the memory of these men because of their humble employments in early life. Indeed, their occupations are lost sight of in the high respect of their careers. It is even counted an honor, as it really is, that they rose from such lowly conditions to posts of honor and world-wide distinction.

The late Daniel Drew, of New York City, was the son of a farmer in straitened circumstances. He worked on the farm until he was fifteen years of age, when his father died, leaving him penniless, but with three sterling virtues wrought into his very being, frugality, industry, and Christian principles. "There is not a lazy bone in his body," said a neighbor, "and he knows the worth of a dollar."

"Better than that," responded the neighbor's wife, "he has principle; he would die before he would do wrong."

For five years after his father died he drove cattle to New York City; and he dignified the business. He won the confidence of all who knew him; and, for that reason, no one stopped to think or say that he was a cattle-driver." At the end of five years he was a respected cattle dealer, and more than one man wanted him for a partner. In five years more he became interested in steamboats with Vanderbilt and George Law, and was accounted one of the most efficient and trustworthy business men of the metropolis. He became a great banker, and railroad magnate, also; rich, honest, and public spirited. His word was as good as his note. Twice in two years, he was called upon to indorse acceptances of the Erie railroad to the amount of one and a half million dollars, and his indorsement alone gave them currency.

Why? Not alone because he was wealthy, but more because he was a man of principle, was his name so honored. His principle had been tested in the vicissitudes of business, and the public knew that he was worthy of high position. A notable and grand figure in a great ,haughty city!

Behold him standing up as a tower of strength in a great financial crisis, when God appears to shake the foundations of traffic as he did the walls of Jericho, with hosts of panic-stricken merchants flocking around him, as if he were some commissioned deliverer just dropping from the sky? Hear him pledge his sacred honor, or write his name, for the satisfaction and blessing of those whose fortunes are in peril; and at once the distracted community becomes calm! It is the grandeur of principle, nurtured to its climax of strength and glory.

Henry Clay said: "I would rather be right than be President." The highest office is a poor exchange for principle. When Sidney, the immortal English patriot, was told that he could have his life by denying his own handwriting, he replied, "When God has brought me into a dilema, in which I must assert a lie or lose my life, He gives me a clear indication of duty, which is, to prefer death to falsehood."

When Constantine became emperor, there were some Christians in office. Desiring to learn who of them would be true, he issued an edict requiring them to renounce their religion. As he expected, the unreliable ones basely denied their Master, and he at once dismissed them, saying: "Those of you who will desert or deny your Divine Master will desert me, and are not worthy of my confidence." With Constantine, principle and position were identical"

Story, "Corporal Jim." Page 358.

THE HOUSE AND THE HOME.

"Lucy has a mother," said a little girl, explaining why she thought her young companion's home so much happier than her own.

"But," observed an older friend who did not consider the mother in question a model in housekeeping or management, "but, my dear, your house is much nicer than hers; things are never tossed about as they are at Lucy's. Mrs. A. always keeps you prettily dressed and everything in nice order, and she takes such good care of you when you are sick."

"Yes, I know," assented the hungry little heart. "Our rooms and our clothes look nicer, and we have better dinners. Mrs. A. always takes care about my not geeting my feet wet, and having a flannel round my throat when it's sore. She never speaks quickly as Lucy's mother does sometimes, and she's always trying to do just what's right. But Lucy's mother loves her—she loves her!"

And that made all the difference between a real home, whatever its defects, and only a well-kept house. No mere effort to do one's duty can fill the measure of love, and nothing else in human relationship can take its place.

HONOR.

Some high-school pupils were talking one day of their principal. They admitted his ability in the class room, but criticized his government of the school. He treated them all as if they were little children, they said. He was "always watching at doors and windows, listening and spying to learn what his pupils were about instead of trusting to their honor." The criticism was so unanimous that it was probably just. Being a teacher does not make one perfect, and the methods of which they complained certainly were unwise.

With so much granted there arises another question, How many of those boys and girls had a sense of honor that could be trusted? The principal's plan was wrong in any case, but a far more important point than his surveillance was one for each pupil to settle personally—whether he, or she, needed to be watched. Are you a good guardian of your own honor? Are you making it something that can safely be relied upon? A judge in a court for juvenile offenders in a western state has been very sucessful in helping those who are brought before him. They are chiefly children of the street, often with no homes, or homes scarcely worthy of the name. They are brought before him for truancy, for stealing, for a variety of petty offenses, but the judge is very slow to send them to any place that will mark them as criminals. He wants to save them, to get them interested in trying to make something of themselves, and leave their bad lives behind them, and he believes that the best way to do this is to have them feel that somebody cares for them and is trusting them; to awaken their sense of honor.

If he is right—and the many boys whom he has helped and saved seem to prove that he is—then surely honor is something to be carefully cherished and cultivated by the boys and girls of happier circumstances also. Did you ever look in the dictionary to see what that little word really means? You will find such definitions as these: "Upright," "faithful," "trustworthy." So honor means that its possessor will not stoop to any low or unworthy act, that he will do faithfully whatever duty belongs to him, and that he is one whom others may safely trust. We often hear it said of some business man that "his word is as good as his bond"—that he holds his simple promise as sacred as if he were bound to it by oath or legal document.

How much are you making your word worth? Of course, when you make a promise you intend to keep it, but does you intention go so deep that you are really to be depended upon? When you undertake some errand or commission do you consider that "I was busy and forgot it" absolves you from all blame of neglect? When you consent to take part in some meeting or help in any enterprise, do you hold yourself bound by your agreement even at the cost of inconvenience?

These may seem like trivial things, but they build up or lessen your regard for the honor of your own word; they make all the difference between reliability and unreliability.

THE SHEEP THAT WAS LOST.

On the Aleutsch Glacier I saw a strange and beautiful sight—the parable of the "ninety and nine," repeated to the letter. One day we were making our way with ice ax and alpenstock down the glacier, when we observed a flock of sheep following their shepherd over the intricate windings between the crevasses, and so passing from the pastures on one side of the glacier to the pastures on the other. The flock had numbered two hundred all told.

But on the way one sheep got lost. One of the shepherds, in his German patois, appealed to us if we had seen it. Fortunately, one of the party had a field glass. With its aid we discovered the sheep up amid a tangle of brushwood on the rocky mountain side.

It was beautiful to see how the shepherd without a word, left his hundred and ninety-nine sheep out in the glacier waste, knowing they would stand there perfectly still and safe, and went clambering back after the lost sheep until he found it; and he actually put it on his shoulders and returned "rejoicing."

Here was the Lord's parable enacted before our eyes, though the shepherd was all unconscious of it. And it brought our Lord's teaching home to us with a vividness which none can realize but those who saw the incident.—*Leaves of Light.*

WELCOME TO OUR BABY.

Unbar and open wide the gates,
For just outside a stranger waits,
Whose coming every heart elates—
It is our looked-for baby.

With joy-lit torches light the way;
Bring in the guest without delay;
Love warms the rays of coming day,
For welcome is our baby.

Deep in our hearts we recognize
That purity which underlies
The powers that teach the truly wise—
And so we crown the baby.

'Tis not by force, nor by request
That we enthrone this royal guest;
With joy untold do we invest
The future of our baby.

Then bring the heavenly cherub here—
This monarch true, who knows no fear;
Bid all the curious eyes draw near,
And take a look at baby.

First count the fingers and the toes;
Scan well the eyes, the mouth, the nose;
Guess who 'twill look like as it grows—
This human mite, our baby.

A care, say you—indeed, and yet
All other cares we quite forget.
So we're the ones the most in debt—
We owe it all to baby.

—*Universal Truth.*

44. THE PALSIED MAN LET DOWN THROUGH THE ROOF. St. Mark ii. 4.

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"They uncovered the roof where he was: and when they had broken it up they let down the bed wherein the sick of the palsy lay."

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ALL DEPENDS ON THE VIEWPOINT.

"There!" said Margaret Preston, as she watched her father and mother drive out of the yard and down the road, "I *am* relieved. I've been so afraid that something would happen to keep them home after all, but I guess it is a sure thing now. And be it known to all and sundry there will be no Thanksgiving kept in this house this year!"

"Dear me, if here isn't Miss Martha. The dear soul, she thinks I'm lonesome, and she's run over to comfort me. I mustn't let her suspect how gleeful I feel. Come in——"

"Thank you, dear, but I won't sit down; for I mustn't stop. I just hurried over when I saw your folks go, to tell you we want you to eat Thanksgiving dinner with us. I was afraid you might be making some preparation, and you needn't do a thing, for Solomon can come over and be company for William."

Margaret looked up at her visitor with the funniest combination of expressions on her face. "You—dear, blessed—wretched thing!" she said, half laughing, half crying. "I hate Thanksgiving for I don't feel one single bit thankful, and I've been rejoicing because Uncle Joseph, if he must needs be sick and feel that he must see father and mother, just took this time for it."

"You poor thing, don't look so horrified, I'm not so dreadfully wicked, am I. It don't seem to me, Miss Martha, that I've ever had so very much to be thankful for. We have always been poor, you know. I don't mean that we have ever really suffered from hunger or cold, but that dreadful mortgage has been hanging over us ever since I was born. We have scrimped and saved and been without things all my life. I remember I asked mother once, when I was a little girl, if the poor-house was mortgaged; if it wasn't I wished that we could go there to live. I don't think I pity the abject poor as much as I do the folks who are neither one thing nor the other. I have just ached all my life long for the 'Can get along withouts,' as I call them; because whenever I ask mother for anything she looks at me so wistfully and says: 'Can't you possibly get along without it, Margaret?'

"I know once I wanted a light blue ribbon for my hair to wear

to some little entertainment. 'I've simply got to have it,' I said; 'for my heart aches so for it that I know it will break if you say no.' Well, I had it, but I found out afterwards that mother went without some warm Winter gloves she needed, and just the sight of a bit of blue ribbon makes me feel meaner than pusley to this day.

"I saw a little quotation in the 'Thoughts for the Thoughtful' columns once: 'They only who go without know truly what it is to have.' I think it is so, Miss Martha; these folks who have all their heart's desires almost never seem to have any realizing sense of their blessings. I do want to go to college so much, and I want books and pictures about me. Why was I born with such a hunger for them if I cannot have them. I do try to be good, Miss Martha, but I do so hate this bare, pinched, struggling life!"

"I know, my dear, it's hard," said Miss Martha, laying her hand lovingly on the young girl's head. "And you are such a comfort and help to your father and mother. I don't know what they would do without you, I'm sure."

"I'm not clever as you are, and I can't quote those 'Thoughtful' things you do, but somehow it reminds me of my Cousin Rebecca's visit. She got here in the evening, and the next morning she came out in the kitchen while I was getting breakfast, and stood in the further back door. You can't see much but the barn from there, you know, and she looked about as disgusted as anyone possibly could. 'Dear me, Martha,' she said, 'I *don't* see how you live here out of the reach of everything beautiful and uplifting!'

"It touched me to the quick to have her speak so contemptuously. A well kept barn is as uplifting as brick walls for aught I know, and they are all she can see. But I didn't argue the question with her, I just took hold of her arm and led her round to the east door, and let her look on old Sugar Loaf, all ablaze with color. It is a beautiful view any time, but it was simply gorgeous then; it almost took her breath away. 'Oh!' she exclaimed, 'isn't that beautiful!'

"Aren't you looking out of the wrong door, Margaret, the same as she was? It is better to take the beautiful view when you can—seems to me, and I believe we've got a bit of it in our lives, if we look in the right direction.

"Well, well, I've made quite a lengthy call, after all, and I must hurry home now. Mother will be having the town crier out after me for aught I know. If you feel like coming at the last minute, just come right along, won't you, dear?"

Miss Martha was up betimes Thanksgiving morning, there was so much to do before time to go to church. But early as she was she had only just started her fire when some one rapped on the door, and there was Margaret.

"I'm like the son in the Bible who said he wouldn't go, and then he did," she said. "I've met with a change of heart, I guess, anyway

I've discovered that I've no end of blessings. I want to eat Thanksgiving dinner with you, after all, only I'm so brimful of thankfulness I don't know as I can be able to eat a mouthful. Let me help you get breakfast, and I'll tell you about it.

"I drove in with the butter and eggs yesterday, and going through Ferry street I saw the scrawniest, wretchedest mite of a girl sitting on the curb-stone shivering and sobbing as if her heart would break. There were two or three women standing beside her, talking excitedly, and one or two were crying. I held up and asked one of them what the trouble was.

"She said that the child's mother died last week, and now her father, a miserable, drunken wretch, had deserted her. They had both neglected her, and treated her cruelly as near as I could find out, but they were all she had, so I suppose she did feel bad to lose them. The landlord had just been there, and turned her out of their room, taking the few bits of furniture for rent. The poor little thing didn't know what to do or which way to turn. She looked so frightened, and it was heart-breaking to hear her sob.

"One of the women was just telling her she might stay with her for a few days until they could see what was to be done—perhaps she could get work somewhere.

"Think of a poor little mite like that having to take care of herself!

"And to think of my complaining as I have all these years and saying that I didn't have anything, so to speak. I haven't words to tell you the dreadful things I saw in that house.

"It wasn't the poverty that impressed me most, though that was pitiful enough, but it was the degradation, the misery, and sin! There was a man in one room lying on a pile of rags, drunk. He looked so repulsive that it was hard to think of him as a human being, created in God's image.

"My father is poor, I know, in this world's goods, but he is one of the salt of the earth. Everybody honors and trusts him. They say, you know, that his word is as good as his bond. I'm proud as I can be to be his daughter.

"Then I saw one woman beating her little toddling daughter, and swearing at her!

"I thought of my sweet-faced, gentle little mother, so lovingly tender to me always. What if we haven't any luxuries, and I have had to work, we've had the best things, after all.

"I told Solomon coming home that I was ashamed of myself for having complained about my lot in life. He said in that dry sort of way of his that he had often thought if these folks who made such a fuss because their bread wasn't angel cake, and buttered on both sides at that, had to step into their poorer neighbors' shoes for a while, they would appreciate their mercies a little better.

"Well, I don't believe you will ever hear my grumbling again.

I've been singing the Doxology most of the time since I got home, and as I said, if I may, I'll accept your invitation for dinner, though it would be the thankfulest Thanksgiving dinner I've ever eaten if I didn't have anything but mush and milk.

"Oh, I forgot to say I went to Mrs. Capron's. She is on some charitable board, you know. She said she had a nice place out in the country for my little waif, and she came out with me after her. So she is to have a different view as well as myself.

"Oh, Miss Martha, I'm so ashamed and sorry—and thankful!"—*Kate S. Gates.*

WACHITA.

One bad season had followed another, and now there was destitution all through the Narragansett country. The few traders who were fortunate enough to have any goods left doubled and quadrupled their prices, and even then would take nothing but good standard coin in exchange. They refused even to look at the depreciated Rhode Island currency.

A few of the wealthy land owners sent to Plymouth and Boston, and even to far away New Amsterdam and Philadelphia for supplies. But the poor settlers and the new arrivals from the northern colonies could not do this. They had to depend on the chase, and on such scanty harvest as they were able to glean from their rocky fields. As the winter came on some of them became discouraged and drifted back to Plymouth and Boston.

But for the most part they were strong, hopeful men, having faith in the new country, and willing to endure privation and hardship until they could fight their way to competence.

Jacob Holdness had built his cabin in a small clearing overlooking the Saugatucket River. He was a watchmaker by profession, and had brought the tools of his craft with him. But finding them useless in this new country, he had put them away and tried to accustom his hands to the gun and plow instead.

During the summer and fall the family had not lacked for food. There were fruit and game in the woods and fish in the streams, and by going to the Pettequamscott River, a few miles away, they could obtain crabs and other shellfish. And before cold weather set in Jacob Holdness had foreseen to catch and salt down a half barrel of mackerel.

His harvest had not been very successful this first year. A few bushels of corn and a basket or two of vegetables, and that was all. But the great misfortune came when he was caught under one of his own falling trees and crushed to the earth. He was unconscious when they found him and weak from the loss of blood. A few days showed that

although his injuries were severe they were not necessarily fatal. Still, it would be many months before he could do any more labor.

There was only fourteen-year old John now to look after the outside work and provide for the family needs. Mrs. Holdness was almost an invalid, and the twins, Peggy and Joan, were not yet eight. The nearest neighbor was three miles away, and in nearly as bad a plight as themselves. There was no store or trading post in the vicinity, and even the occasional barter with the Indians was cut off, for the red men were still smarting under the sense of injury which they fancied the whites had put upon them, and several of the tribes had already sent their ominious messages of arrows and snake skins. John Holdness was a big, strong boy, and did not shrink from the prospect before him. He had grown accustomed to hardships and difficulties and rather gloried in overcoming them. Every day now, except when the storms were unusually severe, he was in the woods, felling trees or hunting.

A small deer and several wild turkeys were added to the stock of provisions, and then the ammunition gave out.

Jacob Holdness had intended to make a late trip to one of the northern trading posts after powder and shot and salt, but now John would have to undertake the journey. Carefully hoarded in the bottom of the strong box was a single gold coin, all that was left of the hundred pounds which had accompanied him across the sea. It would not go far in provisions, but it would buy a little powder and shot, and perhaps some salt. The powder and shot were absolute necessities, and the salt they regarded as scarcely less.

John was given the coin, with many admonitions regarding its safety and careful expenditure. It would take three days for him to go and return, but he had been over the route with his father and had little fear of being lost. After leaving the valley he would strike the old Pequot Trail, and that would lead him almost to his destination.

It was a clear, crisp November day when he set out. Icicles glistened on the trees and the snow was packed firm and solid. But on the third day a fierce snow storm set in from the northeast. In the afternoon it grew bitterly cold, and Mrs. Holdness began to make frequent trips to the door. Night came early, but the storm seemed to increase with the darkness. The wind shrieked through the trees and around the cabin; and fine, soft fingers of snow drifted through the closed shutters and oiled paper windows. Mrs. Holdness piled more wood on the fire, and the light flared up and danced into every part of the little room. It revealed a few shelves in one of the opposite corners, and the family dishes of pewter and silver; it made weird shadows of the spinning wheel and caused them to waver up and down the rough background of the cabin walls. Some of it even flashed through the open door of the little inner room, and rested on the bed where Jacob Holdness lay anxiously listening for the sound of his boy's footsteps.

But only the wind came shrieking and moaning about the cabin, and at last the invalid grew weary and fell asleep. The twins played

before the fire until their eyes grew heavy, and then they climbed up the short ladder to their bed in the loft.

But Mrs. Holdness could not sleep. Her boy was somewhere out in the storm, and he was cold and hungry. She piled more wood on the fire, and put water in the big iron kettle to heat. Then she refilled the little soup kettle and hung it on the crane of the fire. There was plenty of corn-bread left from supper, but John preferred it warm; so she mixed more dough and placed it on the bread board, and set it before the fire to bake.

Dearily the hours passed, and the noise of the storm was broken only by the lonesome howls of some wandering wolf. At last she drew out her spinning wheel and began to spin.

It was near midnight when she heard the door shake as though something had fallen against it. Opening it quickly she found John upon his knees, reaching for the latch; and in his arms, half held and half dragged, was the form of a young Indian girl.

By a strong effort he staggered to his feet and drew the girl into the middle of the room. Then he sank exhausted upon the floor.

"I'll—be all right in a minute, mother," he gasped. "I'm tired out, that's all. It was awful," shuddering. "I—never expected to see home—again."

His mother brought him a dish of warm soup and began to remove his shoes and stockings.

"Look after the girl, first," he expostulated; "she needs it more-n me. I found her on the Pequot Trail. She was lost, and had fallen in the snow. She became unconscious while I was bringing her. I couldn't go more'n a rod or two without stopping to rest. I've been sence dark comin' from Tower Hill."

"Why didn't you leave her?" piped a shrill voice from overhead. John looked up quickly. Peggy's eyes were staring at him through the trap door.

"Oh, I couldn't do that, Peggy," he said, rebukingly. "I never even thought of such a thing."

"I'd 'a' left her," declared the child stoutly. "Injuns killed Uncle Tom an' stole our doggie. I wouldn't have nothin' to do with 'em."

Mrs. Holdness had been chafing the Indian girl's hands. She now rose and went after more of the warm soup.

"She's comin' to," in answer to John's inquiring look. "I'll give her something warm to drink, an' then put her to bed. I think she'll be all right in a few days."

It was late the next morning before John awoke. When he went down the ladder he found the Indian girl sitting by the fire. She turned quickly at his approach.

"Me waiting see you," she said, gravely. "Want t'ank you for last night. Not many do like you—only great warriors. But you not know me?"

A strange look came into her face as she rose slowly to her feet. John shook his head.

"Me Wachita, from Big River country. Panther Leap my fader."

Mrs. Holdness started and drew the twins closer to her. The girl saw the motion and her eyes gleamed.

"Panther Leap kill, burn, destroy," she said, coldly. "Hate paleface. Me Wachita, only daughter. What you do, now? Better left in snow," to John.

Mrs. Holdness's hesitation was but momentary. Placing her hand kindly upon the girl's shoulder she gently forced her back to her seat.

"You are sick and tired," she said, soothingly. "You mustn't think of leaving here today. You aren't to blame for what your father does."

The gleaming eyes did not leave her face.

"An' what you do when me get well?"

"Why, send you home, of course," indignantly. "You don't s'pose we'll have you account for somebody else, do you?"

A softer look came into the girl's eyes.

"Me not know," she said, simply; "me not know much paleface."

In the afternoon she was on the floor playing with the twins.

The next day it was pleasant, and after breakfast Wachita made her simple preparation for departure.

"Panther Leap not know," she said, in answer to Mrs. Holdness' advice for her to remain another day. "He have many scouts huntin' for me."

But before she left she took some pigments from her girdle and painted a rude picture on the door of the cabin.

"Not take him off," she admonished, earnestly; "mebbe he do much good. Indian read him an' know paleface Wachita's friend."

John had brought with him a small quantity of powder and shot. He had not been able to obtain any salt. That was almost as scarce as gold in the colonies just now.

But as the weeks went by he found little use for the ammunition. Snow fell almost continuously and the runs and trails became nearly impassable for both game and hunter. He could not go as far as usual, and was only able to bring in a bird or rabbit at rare intervals. Gradually the small stock of provisions disappeared and before winter was half over actual starvation stared them in the face. Every morning John struggled through the snow to Pettequamscott River, or back toward the Wolf Rocks, or the Great Pond, and every night, as a rule, he struggled home weary and hungry and empty handed. And day by day the color faded from the cheeks of Peggy and Joan, and the languid steps of Mrs. Holdness grew more slow and feeble. Jacob Holdness saw it all from his bed in the little inner room, but he could do nothing, and he turned his face to the wall and groaned.

One day, while John was away on his dreary search after food there came a sudden knock on the door. Mrs. Holdness opened it, and

started back in dismay. Two Indian warriors stood before her. But almost at the same moment a little figure pushed between them and the well known voice of Wachita asked:

"How all? Boy chief home?"

"No," answered Mrs. Holdness, "he's out huntin'. It's been a hard, hard winter!"

"Yes, we know. Hard winter all round. Me come sooner, but been far 'way, 'long big river. Dis my fader—Panther Leap," touching the larger of the two Indians, who gravely took Mrs. Holdness' trembling hand and raised it to his forehead. "Dis udder one my brudder," and the ceremony was calmly repeated. "Now go bring." The two Indians turned and disappeared round the cabin. Wachita followed Mrs. Holdness into the room.

Peggy and Joan were sitting listlessly before the fire. Jacob Holdness was moving slowly across the floor on a pair of crutches. Wachita looked at them, keenly.

"Look berry bad," she said, "need meat, broth, many t'ing to eat."

"Yes, I know," acquiesced Mrs. Holdness, sadly, "but there is no way to get them. Game seems to have left the woods."

Heavy feet crunched the snow outside, and Panther Leap stalked in and dropped the carcass of a small deer upon the floor. Then he stood aside while his son followed him and lowered a heavy basket of corn from his shoulder. Three times did they go out and return, then they took a position near the door and waited.

Wachita took Mrs. Holdness' hand and rubbed it softly against her face.

"Now eat, eat—berry much an' get strong," she admonished. "Tell boy chief Wachita no forget."

Tears were thickening in Mrs. Holdness' eyes,and she could scarcely see the girl as she joined her father and brother. But presently she heard their footsteps moving swiftly away toward the forest.—*Selected.*

"DO YOU SUPPOSE."

"Do you suppose," said Johnny, as his little cousin laid away her largest, rosiest apple for a sick little girl, "that God cares about such little things as we do? He is too busy taking care of the big folks to notice us much."

Winnie shook her head and pointed to mamma, who had just lifted the baby from the crib. "Do you think," said Winnie, "that mamma is so busy with the big folks that she forgets the baby? She thinks of the baby first, 'cause he's the littlest. Surely God knows how to love as well as mother."—*Selected.*

LITTLE PLACIDIA'S SOLO.

Miss Beatrice Snow sat alone in the music room of the Westdale Boarding School, waiting for Placidia Gray to come for her vocal lesson. The pupil who came just before Placidia had been excused early, in order that she might go to the train with her mother, who had been making a short visit at the school. In the interval that elapsed between the two lessons, Miss Snow seated herself at the piano, and began to sing softly the pathetic little song which formed Placidia's lesson for that day. Almost unconsciously, she sang louder and louder as she went on; and the magnificent voice, floating out through the open door of the music room, soon attracted admiring listeners. The girls, on their way to and from classes, gathered in groups in the corridor, to enjoy this rare pleasure. As she ended, a rapturous sigh caused the singer, who until then had been absorbed in her song, to realize the presence of her audience. A look of annoyance clouded her face. She quickly crossed the room and closed the door, thereby changing the little murmur of satisfaction to one of disappointment; then she returned to the piano, but she sang no more. The action was both instinctive and characteristic.

Beatrice Snow's early life had been a hard battle with an unsympathetic world. She loved her music with an ardor which no disappointment could dampen, on failure impair. With poverty persistently standing in the way of her ambition, among people who misunderstood her, and who cared nothing for the life which she had chosen, she struggled bravely through weary years; and at last she reached her goal. She was recognized far and wide as a singer and teacher of extraordinary ability; her earnings were sufficient to enable her to live in the greatest comfort, and to enjoy such pleasures as appealed to her cultured taste.

But she had not come out of the fierce struggle unscathed, for as she steadily fought her way onward a determination had been formed within her mind—never definitely expressed, but none the less a determination—to live only for herself and her music. There had been no one to help or encourage her, she had struggled and suffered alone; and when success came, she felt that it was due entirely to her own efforts; she owed the world nothing. So she grew more reserved, cold, and self-centered, and her better, truer, nature was obscured.

Among all her pupils in the school at Westdale, whither she came once a week from the city, there was only one with whom Miss Snow lost to a considerable degree her reserved manner, and that one was Placidia Gray. This was not a matter of wonder, to all who knew the gentle girl. Her pretty face, with its delicate beauty of feature and sweetness of expression, her graceful manners, and above all, her kind, obliging disposition, had won and kept for Placidia hosts of friends. Indeed, it was but just that everyone should love Placidia, for Placidia's

heart was full of love for all. If anyone had questioned Miss Snow about her evident interest in Placidia—a thing which no one would have dared to do—she would probably have said that it was on account of the girl's sweet, clear voice, which she hoped by careful training to bring to a high degree of perfection. But the real reason lay deeper than that; far down beneath the stratum of indifference and selfishness, there was something in Beatrice Snow's nature that responded to little Placidia's gentle, generous soul.

The brightness of her greeting as she entered the music room that morning put Miss Snow in a better humor. The lesson began. Placidia had a remarkably sympathetic voice, and she sang unusually well, throwing her whole heart into the pathos of her song; and when she had ended, her blue eyes were misty with tears.

The lesson over, Placidia said, "Will you please help me select something to sing at the concert next week?"

"What concert?" asked Miss Snow, sharply.

"It is for the Children's Hospital," answered Placidia, "and I have been asked to sing."

"Now, Placidia," and Miss Snow's tone became aggressive, "I hope you are not going to begin in that way. People seem to think that a musician's talent is public property. They will make all sorts of ridiculous demands, and if you begin by yielding you will go on yielding. You will be expected to give your services to every so-called 'charitable entertainment,' without a thought of remuneration; I know all about it. Be independent, and refuse at first, and people will soon stop asking you. Placidia, your voice is your own, to be cultivated for your own benefit, and to be used for others only in consideration of an adequate return."

Never, probably, had Beatrice Snow stated more clearly her philosophy of life, but little Placidia had her own, higher and nobler.

"I don't feel that way about it," she said, gently, but with quiet determination in her tone. "It seems to me that the possession of any talent carries with it the obligation to use it for others, not simply for one's self. If my singing will please the people who come to the concert and if I can help the poor little sick children, I shall be so glad. My voice is a gift from God, and I am sure He wants me to use it to make others happy. And now, please, Miss Beatrice, what shall I sing?"

A selection was soon made, Miss Snow offering no more objections. She knew the decision of character that underlay Placidia's gracious sweetness, and was well aware that further attempts at persuasion would be useless.

There had been no intentional rebuke of her teacher in Placidia's speech; she loved and admired her too much to think of such a thing. She had simply expressed her ideas in regard to her own case. But Miss Snow found that her mind was dwelling persistently on what the girl had said about the obligation of talent. She thought of it as she went back to the city that afternoon; she thought of it when she was in her room that evening, preparing for a grand musicale, when she was

to sing for "an adequate return." Placidia's words seemed to have taken a strange hold on her, particularly the sentence, "My voice is a gift from God, and I am sure He wants me to use it to make others happy." The matter annoyed her; she tried to forget it; but soon her mind returned to it again, and she thought of it all that week. The following Sunday, at the close of service in the city church where the celebrated vocalist commanded a high salary, a number of people made the following comment: "I never heard Miss Snow put so much soul into her singing as she did today."

Monday was the day for the vocal lessons at the boarding school; it was also the day of the hospital concert. Beatrice had decided to go to the concert, although it necessitated some inconvenient changes in her own engagements. She could not bear to miss her favorite's triumph, for such she felt sure it would be. She awaited eagerly the time for Placidia's lesson, anxious to know if her voice was in good condition. But when Emily Brinton, whose time immediately preceded Placidia's, had finished her lesson she did not go. Instead, she stood looking down at the floor, and nervously pulling at the end of her long braid.

"Is there something you want to ask me, Miss Brinton?" Beatrice Snow did not call her pupils by their given names. Emily Brinton lifted her eyes to her teacher's face. "Did you know that Placidia is ill?" she said.

"What!" exclaimed Miss Snow, "Placidia ill?"

"Yes," went on Emily, "and she wants to see you. Will you come up to her room?"

As Beatrice followed the girl upstairs, she was more distressed than she would have believed herself capable of being for anyone. Placidia was ill, perhaps very ill; Emily had seemed really frightened. It was quite a relief to her when the invalid herself opened the door to admit her visitor. She wore a dainty kimona, and looked even prettier than usual.

"It is very kind of you to come, Miss Beatrice," she said. But for a moment Miss Beatrice made no reply. She had put her arms around her little friend, and kissed her tenderly. Emily Brinton quickly stole away, wonder written in her round eyes.

"My dear little girl," said Beatrice, in a tone that was very gentle, "you are not very ill, are you?"

"It is only a bad cold," answered Placidia; "but I am not able to sing at the concert; and I am so sorry, for I did want so much to help. I suppose the people who asked me will be disappointed." There was no vanity in her tone. "If only someone could take my place, someone who would do it so much better than I—oh, dear Miss Beatrice, would you?"

At the concert that evening, when the audience learned that Placidia Gray was ill and unable to be present, the disappointment was universal and sincere, but it was changed at once to delight by the an-

nouncement that her teacher, Miss Beatrice Snow, had kindly consented to fill the vacancy. Amazement was written upon every face; the audience appreciated the honor done them, for they knew that the act was unprecedented, and they greeted the noted singer with tremendous applause. But they did not know that this was the signal of a complete change in Beatrice Snow's attitude toward the world; that it marked the beginning of a new life, which should not be lived for self alone, but in which the happiness and well-being of others should receive due consideration. Nor could they know that this new life had been awakened by the gentle influence of one loving little girl.—*E. W. A.*

A THANKSGIVING SURPRISE PARTY.

"Mother wants me to come home next week to spend two or three days, but I don't suppose you'll be able to spare me on Thanksgiving," said Sarah, timidly. Sarah had only been working for Miss Loomis since August, and though she liked the place very much, stood in awe of her mistress. "My brother is coming home then, and we want to have a little dinner for him."

"Not the brother you told me about, that has been in the penitentiary?" inquired Miss Loomis sharply.

"Yes, ma'am. He's the only brother I've got," said Sarah. "He intends to do better, and we want to encourage him."

"Of all foolish things!" exclaimed Miss Loomis. "You said he had caused the family all sorts of trouble, and now you're going to celebrate his freedom to disgrace you once more. There is nothing to hinder your going, Sarah. I never have anything extra on holidays, least of all Thanksgiving. I don't see what I have to be thankful for."

"Why, Miss Loomis!" cried Sarah, shocked out of her timidity. "You have this elegant farm and everything!"

"I worked hard enough for everything I've got, and even if I felt thankful, there is no one to invite to dinner. All the neighbors have family gatherings of their own and don't want to be with strangers on that day."

"Haven't you got a single relation in the whole world?" asked Sarah, with wide open eyes. "I never heard of such a thing."

"Oh, yes, I have one brother, but I haven't written to him for years. He is much younger than I am, and I worked and saved to educate him till he went through college. Then he borrowed money from me to set himself up in business and has never paid it back. I wouldn't have thought so much of that, though I had to mortgage the farm to do it, but he married a stylish city girl and I want nothing to do with them."

"Doesn't he ever come home?"

"Certainly not. I am not as foolish as some people, Sarah. He

wrote to me last week and said he would spend his Thanksgiving with me, but I'll have something to say to that. He and his family are going East to visit her folks and they have planned to stop here whether I want them or not. I'm glad you want to be at home that day, for I intend to lock this house and keep it locked all day. James says he has a special reason for wanting to spend the day in his old home, and I know what that means; he thinks he can persuade me to give him more money, but I've learned better. When you are as old as I am, Sarah, you won't be so eager to welcome the prodigal home."

"I don't know," said Sarah, thoughtfully, "but I'm glad mother feels as she does about John. Shutting the door on him would only make him worse."

"Well, I don't want to influence anyone, but I think it is time and money wasted to throw it away on people who don't help themselves. You may go home the day before Thanksgiving and stay two days, if you want to, and I am going to Chester to do some trading. The stores are open till ten, and then I'll go to church. Not that I'll be in the mood for church going, but to give James a chance to take the train back to the city. He said they would be here on the seven o'clock express, and I guess they'll be tired of waiting for me to come home long before services are over."

True to her word, Miss Loomis rose before daybreak on Thanksgiving morning and hastily did the necessary work. "Nice looking pantry for Thanksgiving!" she said aloud as she looked at the clean shelves that held nothing but bread, butter, and some cold potatoes. "If James could see this place, he wouldn't think a very warm welcome waited him."

A rush of thoughts made her hastily close the pantry door and work with renewed zeal. She remembered when rows and rows of pies, loaves of cake, fruits, chickens and sauces loaded down the same old shelves, and when friends and kindred made the big house ring with noise and laughter. One by one they had moved away or been carried to the churchyard, and she was left alone with only the memories of the past.

She avoided the vicinity of the station when she reached the town, for fear the train might be late, and did innumerable errands in the stores, for she liked to have a good supply of stores laid in for Winter. She had driven to town by a roundabout route to avoid meeting her brother, and when the clock in the steeple struck ten she felt she might safely go to the church where union services were in progress.

The minister had begun his sermon, when she sat down in an obscure corner, but that did not disturb Miss Loomis. She was there to kill time, not to listen. Presently a sentence attracted her attention and she collected her scattered thoughts to listen to what the minister intended to bring out. It was the custom of the place to invite the latest-comer to preach the sermon and this year the new minister had only been a resident of the place a few weeks.

"I am very homesick for my old home today," he said, simply. "Some of you may know what it is to have your familiar home surroundings pass into the hands of strangers and find it impossible ever to go back as in the past, but I trust all who have had this sad experience are sure of a home where parting never comes. After Christmas, it seems to me, Thanksgiving does more to keep home ties closely banded together than any other holiday we Americans have. Often there are misunderstandings and real wrongs among brethren, but when these dear old festivals come round, all hatred and malice and uncharitableness are laid aside for the joy and peace that seem to drop from Heaven itself. And, my dear friends, if any of you are cherishing evil thoughts against each other by all means remember that it never pays to lose a single moment of the happiness God means us to enjoy on earth. The time will come all too soon when forgiveness is too late, and years of remorse will not atone for the evil our stubborn wills have done."

Miss Loomis heard no more. She slipped from her place, and with blinding tears in her eyes hurried to the rack where old Charley was peacefully waiting for his mistress. She unblanketed him and climbed into the buggy only to find in her haste that she had forgotten to untie the strap. Every wasted moment seemed an hour to the poor woman, but soon the horse was speeding down the road in a way that astonished him and the few people at home cooking Thanksgiving dinners.

"If I only get home before they leave—if only that train was late," said the distracted woman over and over as she urged the horse along, regardless of the women rushing to doors with hands shielding their eyes from the sunshine to see if old Charley were running off with Miss Loomis. "I know it won't. I know they've gone away on the train to pay me for my wickedness."

Smoke was curling out of the kitchen chimney, but Miss Loomis did not see it. She jumped out of the buggy, leaving the panting Charley to recover his breath, and ran to the door with the key in her hand.

"Here's Aunt Emily! Here's Aunt Emily!" screamed four childish voices at once, as the door was flung open and four sturdy little people took possession of Miss Loomis. "Papa! Mamma! Come here!"

Before Miss Loomis had time for a word, her brother came flying in from the kitchen with a big apron tied around his neck and a basting spoon in his hand. He was followed by a rosy young woman, well sprinkled with flour, who carried a rolling pin in one hand and a pie pan in the other. Mr. Loomis laid his spoon on the lounge, and rescued his sister from her admirers only to hug and kiss her himself till she lost her breath. "This is my wife, Emily," he thought to say, after Miss Loomis had shed some happy tears on his neck. "Betty, this is Emily, and Emily, this is Betty. I really must look after my turkey, girls, so please excuse me."

"Auntie! Auntie! Papa killed the biggest turkey in your yard,

and it's in the oven now," cried little Emily, unable to keep still a minute longer.

"And Mamma is making pumpkin pies in your kitchen," added Jimmie.

"I picked all these flowers for the table," went on another tot. "I guess you'll think we've been awful bad."

"No, I won't," said Miss Loomis, hugging them all around once more. "We must see what we can have for dinner besides the turkey and pies." She led the way to the kitchen, and soon vegetables and fruit sauces were bubbling on the stove. The table was set with the best old-fashioned china, and with the flowers and a heap of rosy apples made a brave display, though it failed to satisfy the mistress.

"I do wish I had let Sarah bake cake, anyway," said Miss Loomis, coming into the kitchen. "We always used to have three kinds on Thanksgiving, besides crullers and ginger snaps."

"Betty made a splendid cake this morning," announced her brother. "It's on the back porch cooling off. You see, Emily, we got here at seven or a little later, and when we found you hadn't got our letter, we went right to work. Everything was locked up tight, and really it looked as if we would have to camp on the porch until you got back, but I remembered the shed window and climbed up over the roof. Many's the time I did that when a boy, but today it made me dizzy."

"Oh, Jamie," sobbed Miss Loomis, "I did get your letter, and went away this morning to avoid meeting you. I don't suppose you can ever forgive me."

"It's you who must do the forgiving, Emily. I explained in my letter years ago why I couldn't pay back the money I borrowed of you, and you sent it back without opening it. That made me angry, and I resolved never to come home till I could pay every cent. We have seen hard times, but I am thankful to tell you that I have the money for you with interest. I see now that it was as much my fault, or more, than yours, for I should have come anyway. We have missed too many Thanksgivings, sister."

"But I'm thankful we are both alive and that we didn't wait till it was too late. That was what the minister said this morning. I only waited to hear a little bit of his sermon, I was so anxious to get home before you left."

"The dinner will surely get cold," said Betty, who had been dishing up. "I don't believe I can keep the children quiet much longer. They are so hungry."

"We never had turkey before," explained little Emily, "and Papa says it's just splendid. Didn't you, Papa?"

"Never had turkey!" and Miss Loomis cried once more. "Here I have been living in plenty when my only brother's children have lacked necessaries."

"Emily, you must not tell the family secrets, dear. You know poultry is very expensive in the cities, sister, and we seldom bought it, except

now and then a small chicken. Come, now, or the dear youngsters will begin without us."

Such a delicious, homey dinner as it was, and how the children did enjoy the big brown turkey! Mr. Loomis declared he would have to race three times around the yard before he could indulge in pumpkin pie, just as he did when a boy, and forthwith all the children had to try it. They came back flushed and breathless to ask for more turkey, leaving their father to follow at his leisure. The cake was forgotten on the back porch until dinner was over, but all declared it would not have been touched anyway.

"You must give up your place in the city and live out here with me," said Miss Loomis, as they sat in the radiant twilight. "I supposed you were in business all these years, and never dreamed you were working on a small salary. The city is no place to raise children, anyway. Betty and the little ones will stay right here while you go to the city to pack your goods. I shall not feel forgiven till you promise. Betty, you'll forgive me and stay, won't you? I'm sorry I ever called you a stuck-up city girl even to myself."

"We'll all stay," said Betty, softly, seeing that her husband could not speak for tears. "You must forgive me, too, for I have often felt bitter toward you during our hard times."

"Oh, Miss Loomis," cried Sarah, bursting into the room at that moment. "John didn't take that money. Jim Lane confessed, and John isn't going with that kind of fellows any more. I couldn't wait till tomorrow to tell you. Have you been alone all day? I've thought of you so often, and I wish you'd go along home to stay all night. I don't like to leave you by yourself."

"No, dear, I'm not alone," answered her mistress, happily. "You can't see coming in out of the light to this dark room or you wouldn't ask that. Wait till I get a lamp and show you my brother and his family. I am very glad you are all so happy over your brother, and I'm sure he intends to lead a new life. I'm sure you see now why I can't go home with you," she added, as the bewildered young girl stared at the children and their parents, "but you may stay with your mother as long as you like, and I hope you will have a splendid time."

"What a wonderful Thanksgiving this has been," said Sarah when she could understand the meaning of the scene before her. "God has been very good to all of us, hasn't He?"

" 'He hath not dealt with us according to our sins nor rewarded us according to our iniquities,' " quoted Miss Loomis softly. "This is the best Thanksgiving Day I ever had."

"Even if it was an impromptu affair," said her brother. "Yes, Emily, I quite agree with you, and I hope we may enjoy many more as happy as this."

"Amen," responded three voices, fervently.—*Hilda Richmond.*

Officers' Department.

Officers' Paper.

A SHEAF OF HARVEST.

He was walking homewards rather sadly, for it was a dreary day in Winter, and he felt to the full his age, his limitations, and dull commonplaces of his life, and his surroundings. His hair was gray and his figure a little bent, but his face, though too pale, had good lines about it, and a good deal of sweetness and patience in its expression. He was rather more than middle-aged, and his life, instead of growing brighter, seemed to be clouding over, for he was a solitary man, who had never had an income large enough to marry on, and during the last few years he had ceased to hope for a home and a family circle of his own. Indeed, as the years crept on, and the lines deepened on his face and brow, the struggle for a mere existence began to absorb his attention to a painful degree, and he saw approaching nearer and yet nearer the inevitable day when he would be thrown aside for a younger and smarter man, he shuddered, and the clear flame of faith that had burned so many years with so little apparent help, flickered and trembled as though it would go out. Who can measure the anguish of a man or a woman in his position? Yet his life had been pure, sober, and helpful to others.

On this wintry evening he was feeling these things very keenly, for a dull day finds the joints in our harness. He imagined, too, (and whether he had reason or not does not matter) that today he had seen signs of the near approach of his hour of doom. Little wonder, then, that his step was slow and his heart heavy as he dragged himself listlessly towards the lodgings which were the nearest approach to a home that he possessed.

He was nearly there when he was startled to find himself seized unceremoniously by a young man who almost ran across the street to intercept him.

"It is Mr. Gardner, isn't it?" the young fellow cried, careless of the passers-by. He was a finely built, pleasant looking man, of perhaps four or five and twenty. "I felt sure it was you, sir. I am so glad to see you. How are you? You haven't changed much in the last ten years."

A faint color crept in the gray cheeks of the old man.

"You really have the advantage of me," said he. "I'm sorry, but I can't just call you to mind."

"You haven't forgotten Charlie Riggott, surely? One of the biggest scamps that ever entered your Sunday School class! Anyhow I haven't forgotten you, sir, and I never shall."

"Is it really Charlie Riggott?" asked Gardner, slowly. "No, of course I haven't forgotten you, but it's no wonder I didn't know you again. Why, what a fine fellow you've grown. I am glad to see you again—very glad."

"Not as glad as I am, sir," Charlie insisted. "I've been in New York for nearly ten years, and I've always been intending to come and look you up, but never could find time."

"I've often wondered what had become of you, Charlie, as I wonder about a lot of my lads. They mostly grow up, or leave, and pass out of my sight, and I never see or hear of them again. How have you got on then, my boy?"

"First-rate, sir. I've been with one firm over eight years, and I've got on so wonderfully that I am junior partner now, and I've come over to take charge of our London branch. I can never be sufficiently thankful to you, sir, for it was you that started me in the right direction. I've thanked you many a thousand times in my thoughts, and I've longed for an opportunity to tell you so. I was going to try to hunt you up as soon as possible, but I've only been here a week. What a happy chance that we should meet! You know I lost my parents when I was a youngster, sir, and there's no one in the whole world I respect like my old teacher."

The elder man was moved, and his tired eyes were rather dim now.

"I don't remember that I ever did much for you, Charlie," he said. "I tried, God knows I tried and longed to help my boys, but generally I seemed to make very little impression on them."

"You can't tell, sir," replied Riggott, earnestly. "Don't you remember keeping me behind after the others went one day, and talking to me very kindly? I've never forgotten what you said to me that day, sir."

"Yes, I remember that, Charlie; but you disappeared very soon afterwards, didn't you? And I thought it was all in vain."

"It was far from that, Mr. Gardner. I must have thought very little of it at the time, for I ran away just after that, and worked my way over to America. But once I was away, sir, what you said all came back to me, and the kind way you said it, and—well, by God's blessing it made a man of me! If it hadn't been for your teaching and your kindness, very likely all my sharpness—I suppose I'm a good business man—would only have landed me in jail. But I determined to try and go your way, sir, and it's been the greatest blessing to me."

"I'm very glad to hear you say so," said Gardner, his face alight, and almost youthful in its beauty. "Very glad and very thankful. Where are you staying?"

"At Claridges, just at present. Is your home near here, sir?"

"Yes, close by here," replied the gray-haired man, and he paused and hesitated painfully, overcome by mingled feelings of pride and shame. In a moment a nobler sentiment had triumphed, and he saw that he must offer his best. He could do no more.

"Come home to my lodgings and have a cup of tea with me," he said. "It's not particularly comfortable, but you won't mind that."

"Anywhere that is good enough for you, sir, is good enough for me," said the young man, simply. "I'll come with you for an hour with pleasure."

Then he wondered, and hesitated in his turn, and it was not until tea was nearly over that he summed up courage to ask his host some questions.

"You have no family, Mr. Gardner?" he began.

"No. No one, Charlie. I am about alone in the world, I think. I have no near relations that I know of."

"Just like me. And you haven't—you must excuse me, but I'm afraid you haven't met with the good fortunes you deserve."

"I don't know about that," said Gardner, rather sadly. "I used to think we all got the success we deserved in the long run, if we were only painstaking, trustworthy, and so on. But I don't know. If so, I must be very undeserving, for I'm afraid my prospects don't get any brighter—but we won't talk about that. I'm happy and thankful, to-day, at all events, to see you again and hear what you have told me. That's very sweet to me, my boy, and it will be, after you are gone."

"But, Mr. Gardner, we must talk about it. I'm rich for a young man, and I'm likely to be richer yet. You must allow me——'

The elder man's cheeks flushed, and he interposed with a quiet dignity that became him well.

"No, Charlie, thank you," he said, "you mustn't think of such a thing. I couldn't take your money. It's very good of you, but that's impossible. If you know anyone who has work for a man that's getting old, and you would say a word for me, I should be glad, for I'm afraid I shall soon be out, and then my little savings would soon be gone. I thank you, my dear boy, but I couldn't take your money."

But young Riggott had risen, and going round to his old teacher's chair, he took his hand and pressed it in both of his own.

"Listen to me, if you please," he said, imperiously and yet tenderly; "years ago, when I was a graceless lad of fourteen or fifteen, all but on the streets, you did your best for me, and money could never pay the value of what you gave me then. I don't offer to give you any money. You have no near relations, no one belonging to you. No more have I. Let me be your son. No, don't refuse. I won't take a refusal. I think I must have loved you without knowing it before I left you, for all my life since then I have revered you above everyone else on earth. Teacher, your boy has come back to you, and he's almost glad you're poor and alone, because there's no one to come between you and him. I've always thought of you as growing towards a prosperous and honored old age, but now I've found you, let me be your son. I vow I'll never leave you, for I'm like you, I've no one else. Dont' say no! You can't say no!" and the tall fellow knelt on the shabby hearthrug and bowed his head over the worn hand he held.

The man who had endured and hoped for so many years could resist no longer.

"My lad; my dear lad," he murmured, brokenly, and the unwonted tears fell as he bowed his gray head over the shapely black one at his knee, and gave thanks where thanks were due.—*Selected.*

Lesson Department.

Subject for the month of October: Gratitude.

Divisions: Lesson 33, Gratitude for Home; Lesson 34, Gratitude for Kindness; Lesson 35, Gratitude for Talents; Lesson 36, Thanksgiving.

Lesson 33.

Subject: Gratitude in the Home.

Introductory talk:

Some poet has written, "Be it ever so humble, there is no place like home." Each member of the household has a part to perform to make the home perfect, even to the youngest child. What do you do for your home?

Home is a place to go when school is over; a place in which to study, eat, and sleep; a place to run into for repairs of torn garments and wounded feelings, where one can be sure of sympathy, appreciation, and comfort generally; a place to invite friends to talk over one's plans or spend the night. It is the most desirable place on earth when one is sick, tired, or discouraged. Somebody's love and work brings in money to provide all its comforts and conveniences. Somebody else's work and loving thought expends, arranges, foresees, and keeps, all the countless wheels moving.

All this, and a hundred times more, your home is to you, and has been for years. What are you doing in return? You turn to it for rest and cheer, but are you doing your part toward making it restful and cheerful for others? Do you bring your portion of brightness to the table and the hearth? Have you learned to leave your moods and your selfishness with your umbrella and your overshoes in the hall? Are you ready to give others the quick sympathy and encouraging word that mean so much to you? Think about it.—*Selected.*

"Two beautiful stories of Jesus' life John tells us—how Jesus helped His friends in their great trouble: Lazarus, whom his sisters loved, was dead, and Jesus came to them and raised him to life again, and gave them back their brother; and in the other story we hear how at the wedding feast the wine gave out and Jesus helped by changing the water into wine, so that there was enough for all the guests. Jesus loved His heavenly Father very much, and wanted more than anything else to please Him. Now, if you love your fathers and mothers very much, and want to show them how thankful you are for all their love and care, what will you do? Just telling them so will not seem enough,

and you cannot give them gifts, for all you have is theirs; remember Jesus' way and do it—He lived His thanks by doing something kind and helpful."

"I do so wish we had a better home."

"Why, my dear girl, it lies right in your own hands to make your home a great deal better."

"How so, auntie? I don't understand," was the eager reply. "You know it is impossible for me to earn anything while I am in school and have to help about the house too."

"I'm not talking about anything that money can buy, dearie. The most beautiful portraits in any home are cheery faces, the sweetest music is made by love-tuned voices, the most faithful, acceptable service is love-inspired, the finest furniture is that which is used in love's doing. Just as fast as you can grow more cheerful and loving and really helpful in looking for true home interests, your home will be growing better, a richer possession for every one of your family. 'Better is a dinner of herbs, where love is, than a stalled ox and hatred therewith,' you know."

"I suppose many of these things look shabby and perfectly worthless to others, but to me they are indescribably dear and sacred; they were used by hands of loved ones as instruments in love's service. I don't remember ever wishing that they were better, they were so a part of our dear old home," said the eldest daughter of a family as she "broke up" her father's home and disposed of articles that had been a part of it since her earliest remembrance, many of them truly shabby and next to worthless.

"Home, sweet home" is not only the sentiment of a beautiful song, but it is the expression of every heart that knows the value of the shelter, of the right training, of the heart-to-heart life with dear ones that the true home affords.

The home comfortable, artistic, "costly as thy purse can buy," is a true ideal, one worthy of making earnest effort to realize, but whether or not one can do anything to improve its material appointments, it is worth remembering that everyone in the home, from the greatest to the least, can be ever making the home "better" in the highest sense of the word by trying to make it the place "where love is" for every one under its roof.—*Selected.*

Of course, you boys and girls are not the kind who forget to say, "Thank you" when anyone does you a favor. When you were very small, before you could so much as talk plainly, father and mother taught you these two little words, and ever since you have been careful about using them at the right time.

There are a good many people who are careful to say "Thank you" when somebody passes them the bread at dinner, or lends them a book to read, but who receive other and greater kindnesses without saying a word.

"Where are my gloves?" cries Jack, as he is about to start for school some cold morning. "Oh, dear! I wish folks would let my gloves alone!"

"Here they are, Jack," mamma says quickly, as the sound of the impatient voice comes to her ear; "I put them away for you when you left them lying about."

And perhaps Jack says, "Oh!" and perhaps he says nothing at all. It is not likely that he says "Thank you." We fear his mother is used to it, however. Most mothers are.

How many boys and girls think of saying, "Thank you," for the hours mother spends mending their torn clothes, or for her care of them when they are sick, or for any of the litle sacrifices she is making all the time? If they want any help on their lessons, mother gives it as a matter of course, and they usually forget that it is anything for which to thank her. They take it for granted that whatever they want, mother will give them, if she possibly can. And so she will, but her willingness and her love and her selfishness are no excuse for their being ungrateful and discourteous.

Start this very day to say "Thank you," whenever mother does you a kindness. Perhaps you will be surprised to learn how many chances there are in a day to use those little words. And you will be even more surprised to see how much it means to mother that you do not forget them.—*Selected.*

"A party of youth were pressing forward with eager feet along the road that led out of the mountains into the great world below. They were traveling toward gold and sunshine and fame, spurred on by that mysterious impulse which through the ages has ever drawn men and nations westward. And as they journeyed they met an old man, shod with iron, tottering along in the opposite direction. The old man bade them pause for a moment, questioning them as to whither they were going, and the youths answered in one voice, "To the City of Happiness." The aged pilgrim looked upon them gravely. "I have sought," he replied feebly, "over the most part of the world for the city of which you speak. Three such pairs as you see upon my feet I have worn out upon this pilgrimage. But all this while I have not found the city. Yestertide I fainted from exhaustion by the roadway, and as I lay there I seemed to hear an angel saying, 'Behold, the City of Happiness lies at every man's threshold, and there be no need for him to journey far in its search."

Memory Gems.

"No matter what you try to do,
At home or at your school,
Always do your very best,
There is no better rule."

"A happy home is like a heaven."

"Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home."

First Grade.

Read suggestions for First Grade Teachers in the January number for this year. Page 26.

Opening exercises.

Memory gems or review of concert poems.

Singing.

Concert poem, "The Duty of the Strong."

You who are the oldest,
  You who are the tallest,
Don't you think you ought to help
  The youngest and the smallest?

You who are the strongest,
  You who are the quickest,
Don't you think you ought to help
  The weakest and the sickest?

Never mind the trouble,
  Help them all you can;
Be a little woman!
  Be a little man! —*Selected.*

The "Thank you" day again is here;
Upon this day in every year,
The thankful people, large and small,
Praise God, the Father, all in all. *J. W.*

Story, "The Violets:"

Sunday morning little Mary went out into the garden. It was a warm, bright day. She wore her new dress; but she was almost afraid the dew would spoil it.

A great noisy bee, out making honey on Sunday—or, perhaps, it was only a blue-bottle fly—came buzzing round her head, and frightened her. Still she picked a bunch of violets for her friend, the oldish lady who sits behind her in church.

She had given the lady, Mrs. Lane, a few geranium leaves once before, and she thanked her and looked pleased. Now she would give her some violets: they were sweeter and fresher than geranium leaves.

Little Mary lives, with her papa and mamma, where the grass is green, and the flowers are sweet, and the trees full of birds. She is a happy little girl, and life is all before her.

But the oldish lady lives alone. Her hair is gray and faded, and the bright dreams of her youth are faded too. As she has not much money, she lives in one room of an old-fashioned house.

She does not so much mind being alone; but she remembers the dear friends who made life seem so bright, and she wonders now that she never used to think she might lose them. She knew we must all die; but that her friends could really leave her, and that she could live without them, she never believed, till they were gone.

And now she lives alone; but the sun shines into her room, and she has there a picture of a lovely lady, with soft eyes. That is her mother. She is in heaven.

As she walked to church that bright Sunday morning, she looked up at the sky, and it was clear and blue. The sun shone warm. The soft wind brought the perfume of flowers from the hills, and the sound of bells from the distance.

And the little church was dressed with flowers, and the kind bishop was there, with cheerful, helpful words for his people.

The lady's heart was full of thankfulness, though still she thought of the dear friends whose absence had changed the world for her.

Then the little girl came in with a bunch of violets. She leaned over the back of the pew, and gave them to the oldish lady, with a smile.

This kind act, or the perfume of the violets, or something else, made the tears come into the lady's eyes, so that she had to wipe first one, and then the other, behind her song book. Her voice trembled, too, so that she could hardly sing.

After services, she took the little bunch of violets home. It brightened her lonely home, and warmed her heart, like the presence of an angel.—*Selected.*

Story adapted from lesson.

Memory gem on lesson.

Second Grade.

Read "Notes to Teachers, pages 27 and 332.

Review previous lesson.

Introductory talk. Page 416.

Story, "All Depends on the Viewpoint." Page 397.

A member of the class may tell the following incident—"Thorns or Roses:"

A very discontented girl was Bessie Taylor. She was never pleased with anything, always looking out for what was disagreeable, and not for what was pleasant.

One day Bessie was going away from home, and her grandmother asked her if she would have a rose to stick in the bosom of her dress. So, being fond of flowers, she told her that she would like one. Away went her grandmother, with her cane in hand, into the little garden, and gathered the finest one there. There were two buds growing on the same stem with the rose, and the leaves were as fresh and green as the leaves of a rosebud could be. You may suppose that Bessie was not a little surprised when her grandmother snipped off the rose, the

two buds, and the green leaves with her scissors, and offered Bessie Taylor the stem alone, all covered with thorns.

"Oh, grandmother, this is not a rose! Do you think that I will stick that ugly stem in my dress, without a single flower or leaf upon it? No; that I never will; You do not deserve to have roses growing in your garden if you spoil them in this way."

"Perhaps not," mildly replied her grandmother, "but there are other people in the world besides me who spoil their roses."

"Then," said Bessie, "they must be very silly people."

"I think so, too," replied her grandmother. "And now I will tell you the name of one of them. It is Bessie Taylor." Bessie reddened to her very ears, while her grandmother said: "It has pleased God, Bessie, to mark your life with many blessings, mingled with a few cares, and you are continually neglecting your blessings and remembering your cares. If, then, you thus wilfully despise your comforts and repine over your troubles, what is this but throwing away the flowers and green leaves of your life and sticking the thorns in your bosom?" Which one of the readers of this story is like Bessie Taylor? —*Selected.*

Poem, "Which Loved Best?"

"I love you, mother," said little John.
Then forgetting his work, his cap went on,
And he was off to the garden swing,
Leaving his mother the wood to bring.

"I love you, mother," said little Nell,
"I love you better than tongue can tell."
Then she teased and pouted half the day,
Till mother rejoiced when she went to play.

"I love you, mother," said little Fan.
"Today I'll help you all I can."
To the cradle then she did softly creep,
And rocked the baby till it fell asleep.

Then stepping softly, she took the broom,
And swept the floor and dusted the room;
Busy and happy all day was she,
Helpful and cheerful as child could be.

"I love you, mother," again they said—
Three little children going to bed.
How do you think that mother guessed
Which of them really loved her best?—*Joy Allison.*

Teach memory gem.

Third Grade.

Introductory talk. Page 416.

Topics for members of the class:

1. Have a boy write a short paper on the following subject: "How to show gratitude for a good home."

2. Have one of the girls write a short paper on the old song, "Home, sweet home."

3. Discuss with the class the reasons for our belief that the "Home is the foundation of the nation."

4. Explain the old saying: "Charity begins at home."

5. Explain the following, "The sweetest type of heaven is home."

Story, "All Depends on the Viewpoint." Page 397.

Lesson 34.

Subject: Gratitude for Kindness.

Introductory Talk.

"Gratitude is the memory of the heart." This is a good definition of the virtue, and suggests at once the sweetness and value of it. Where there is no memory of the heart, there is an absence of grateful feelings. Thankfulness is the expression of a grateful feeling, while gratitude is the feeling itself. There can be no thankfulness where there is no gratitude; and a thankless person is out of his place in a world like this. Character is essentially defective without this element of gratitude.

The highest success is not attainable without gratitude. It is indispensable to the growth and symmetry of the other virtues. Character is stronger and more attractive because of it. To be the recipient of kindness and assistance without grateful emotions is weakness, if not meanness. To respond promptly to personal favors with an overflowing heart is strength and nobleness."

"It is not always easy for us to express gratitude in words, and so we should be on the look out for a chance to do something kind in return for a kindness received.

I will tell you of a little boy who proved his gratitude:

"Two boys were struggling for a minute on the edge of the gutter, and then the little fellow went down, and the big fellow ran off with something he had snatched. No wonder the busy men and women, hurrying by, with the wind fiercely tugging at their umbrellas, gave the tussling boys but a glance, and passed along. "It's only a street-boy fight," said one man to another. "I don't wonder they're in a fighting mood on such a day as this!"

But it was not a fight, and there was one person who knew it well enough, and that was "Dad," one of the older newsboys. He had seen the whole thing from a distance, but, though he had run as fast as he could, he had not been able to reach the spot in time. All he could do now was to throw his arm round the shoulders of the little fellow, who had risen, and was crying bitterly, and say: "I saw him do it, little one! I saw him steal your papers and run off with them. If I'd only been here a minute sooner, I'd have whipped him! Say, but it was a mean trick! Why'd he do it?"

"He said I was trespassing on his beat," sobbed the small boy. "He said I had no right to do it, and he'd kill me the next time."

"The thief!" cried Dad fiercely. "There ain't no beats on this square. It's open to all of us. I know that fellow!—the greatest cheat and bully on the East Side. Just let me get hold of him, some day! He knows I want to do it. I've got more'n one score to settle with him. Say, little one, what are you going to do now?"

"I dunno," faltered the little boy. "I ain't got a cent left, nor no place to go to, nor nothing. Mother's dead, and father's run off and deserted me, and for the past week I've slept anywheres. My last quarter went into those papers, and now I haven't a cent."

"Say!" exclaimed the larger boy, taking hold of the little fellow's hand, "you jest come and live with me! We'll be partners. I'm kind of lonesome myself, and I want a partner. I've got a good place to sleep in a warehouse down on Long Wharf. It's warm and dry, with plenty of room for two. Will you do it?"

"Course I will!" cried the little fellow. "You're awful good to ask me! I'll be a good friend to you, and pay you some day, if I can."

"Never you mind about paying me," said the senior member of the new firm, loftily. "That ain't the sort of chap I am! And I'm doin' myself a favor as well as you, too. I'm lonesome, as I said, and I want a partner. We'll live together, and pull together, and share together. My name's 'Dad.' Guess you've heard of me. That's the only name I've got—never had another, as I know of. What's your name?"

"Peter Coggins."

"Well, Pete, you and I'll hitch up together now, and see what we can do. Hungry any? Had your supper?"

"Ain't had nothing since breakfast—and mighty little then," confessed Peter.

"Say, that ain't right! You jest come along. I sold out all my papers tonight, and made forty cents. We'll go and get a couple of stews. I know where you can get a good thick stew for five cents. Come on!"

"Dad" led his new friend and partner to a basement eating house, where the kindly proprietor served each of them a big bowl, overflowing with hot beef scraps and potato for a nickel. Peter hadn't tasted anything so good and satisfying for weeks. His heart went out in gratitude to his generous benefactor. "Oh, I hope the time will come when I can do something for you, Dad!" he exclaimed, as the boys went out into the street again.

"Mebbe it will—no telling," replied Dad. "But we won't be looking for it till it comes.'

It was indeed a fine sleeping place for a homeless waif that Dad had discovered in the warehouse on Long Wharf; and he had not only pre-empted that snug corner, but made friends with the night watch-

man by bringing him a paper every night, so he was never questioned or molested.

Now that Dad had taken a partner, he felt that it would be wise to introduce him to the night watchman; and as he did so he added diplomatically: "He's going to bring you the Journal, every night, same as I bring you the Star. The Journal is great on baseball news!"

"All right, youngsters," laughed the watchman. "I'll save them both, so you can have them to use for your beds."

That first night's sleep in the snug warehouse, on a newspaper bed, and with a coverlid of newspapers over him, was luxury indeed to poor homeless Peter.. "This is living!" he exclaimed to his partner, in the morning.

"Yes, this is palatial," admitted Dad; "and I'm glad you feel the homelike atmosphere. Now, today, we'll sell papers on the same beat. I'll furnish the papers, and two'll sell them off faster than one. If any fellow tries to fool with you, I'll fix him!"

At about eleven o'clock that morning a fire broke out on Decker Street, where the parners were selling papers. It gained headway fast, and fire apparatus from all parts of the city was rushed to the spot. In the crowding and excitement, Dad and Peter managed to duck under the rope and get in amongst the firemen, who were too busy to pay any attention to them, until a strange accident happened. The iron cover of a large sewer-trap was somehow dragged off, and Dad stumbled into the opening and disappeared. One of the firemen saw him go down, and flung him a rope; but Dad had been stunned by the fall, and the rank sewer gas was fast poisoning him. His little partner saw that Dad was doomed unless something was done at once. "I'm going down into the hole," he said to the fireman. "Hold on to the rope for me."

The next instant the plucky boy was descending into the foul-smelling trap, hand over hand. As he reached the bottom the fumes of sewer gas almost overcame him, but he groped for the unconscious form of Dad, tied the rope under his arms, and jerking it sharply as a signal for the fireman to pull up.

When the rope came back to him, after Dad had been drawn out of the trap, he grasped it convulsively, and was pulled up. For a minute his senses swam. Then the fresh air revived him, and with a policeman's help, he carried the still unconscious Dad through the crowd and laid him on some steps. A passing doctor gave the boy a stimulant, and he roused. "What's happened?" he asked. "Did I get into trouble with anybody, partner?"

"No, Dad. You fell into a sewer hole, and the gas 'most smothered you."

"Sure!" cried Dad. "I remember now. An' I'll bet you came down on a rope and helped me out—didn't you?"

"Ain't I your partner, Dad?" cried little Pete. "Of course I did!" —*Selected.*

Memory Gems.

"He enjoys much who is thankful for little."
"A grateful mind is both a great and happy mind."
"He who receives a benefit should never forget it; he who bestows should never remember it."

First Grade.

Opening exercises.
Memory gems or review of concert poems.
Singing.
Concert poem. Page 419.
Story, "A Good Time:"

"I wonder if I can borrow two or three children for a day or two!" called a familiar voice at the door.

"Oh! oh! it's Uncle Gerald," cried three eager voices, and three pairs of feet hurried into the hall. Then Uncle Gerald was hugged and kissed, until he cried for mercy.

"Do somebody help, or I shall be strangled! Call the police."

"Ask your mamma if you may go home with me and stay till tomorrow afternoon," he said. "Pine Hill is smooth and hard. It's fine coasting, and the 'double ripper' hasn't had a slide this year."

"I'm almost afraid to have them go," said the mother, doubtfully, in answer to the children's eager entreaties. "They might get hurt coasting, or take cold."

"There isn't the slightest danger," cried this funny uncle. "Haven't they a grandmother and two or three aunts, ready to rub them in sweet oil, roll them in cotton batting, and bake them in the oven, if they even dare to sneeze?"

"Well, then, if you will promise to bring them home 'safe and sound,' they may go, but—"

The excited children did not wait to hear the last of the sentence, but hurried away to find clean aprons, coat, cloaks, and hats, and very soon after they were seated beside their uncle in the sleigh, behind the big gray horses.

The snow was smooth, and there was enough crispness in the air to make their cheeks rosy; but the sun shone bright and warm, and Uncle Gerald told funny stories, and it seemed but a very short time before the city was left in the distance, and they drove up to the farmhouse door; and there were Grandpa and Grandma Avery, and Aunt Grace, and Aunt Jessie, and their four little cousins from across the way, to welcome them.

"We are going to have such fun tomorrow," cried Leon and Roy. "Mamma says we must all go to bed early; so we must go home just as soon as we have played a little while."

"We will," said Phil. "Dolly always gets sleepy by seven, and we would all better go then, so we may have all the more time in the morning. O, grandma, how good your muffins do smell!"

After this hint grandma asked them all to taste her muffins, and after supper the children played a few games, and then went to bed to rise with the sun.

The next morning, well muffled in warm clothing, the seven merry cousins started, with the long sled, for "Pine Hill." But grandpa came out from the stable with "Old Dan" harnessed.

"See here, children," said he, "you will get pretty tired walking up that long hill, and if you will be very careful, and let him take his own time, you may hitch on Old Dan to draw you up."

Was there ever such fun before? The gentle old horse easily drew them to the top of the hill; then he was unhitched, and trotted down again, while the children went swiftly down on the "double-ripper," for almost half a mile.

How they laughed and sang, and shouted! They never thought of being cold; and the morning was so short! But they were quite ready for grandma's delicious dinner.

After dinner Uncle Gerald brought the sleigh and horses to the door, and Phil, and Clare, and little Dolly were wrapped up warmly and kissed and tucked in.

"We thank you all very much for the good times we've had," said Phil. "I never had so good a time before in all my life, but we always do have nice times when we come here—the very nicest times."

"We ought to thank Old Dan, too," said Clare. "Oh! wasn't it such fun?"

"You must come and see us just as often as you can," said grandma, tucking a bag of walnuts under the sleigh seat.

Grandpa brought out a basket of red apples, and Aunt Grace a bag of pop-corn, and then Uncle Gerald started the horses and said, laughing, that if he stopped any longer there would not be a thing left in the house.—*Selected.*

Story adapted from lesson.

Memory gem on lesson.

Second Grade.

Review of previous lesson.

Introductory talk. Page 422.

Story: "Wachita." Page 400.

Let the following incident be told by some members of the class—

Out in the cold, chilly night air, down one of New York's side streets, hastened two little figures (a girl and a boy of perhaps five and

seven years respectively), thinly clad, each carrying a bag of wood, doubtless picked up near some new building. A couple passed by them, walking briskly, as if they really enjoyed life.

"That's a pretty sight to see, when we're just going to have a real nice time," said the girl.

"Isn't it too bad," said her companion, "that there should be so much misery." And as a thought occurred to him, "Let's go back and hunt them up."

And back they went. Either the bags were too heavy and the children were resting, or else one or both had become refractory, for the children had stopped, the boy fussing with the bags and the girl watching him. They looked up in some little surprise as the two stopped beside them, but said nothing until the young man gave each some change.

"Oh!" said the little girl, half-breathlessly, "he gave me a whole quarter!" And her thin, delicate face lighted up with thankfulness, though unexpressed by words.

"Hold it tight," said the young man. "Don't you let anyone have it."

"I'll give mine to my mother," said the boy, sturdily; she buys our clothes." And they both gazed gratefully up at him.

Teach memory gem.

Third Grade.

Introductory talk. Page 422.

Topics for members of the class.

1. Write a short paper on: "How may we show gratitude to God for his kindness to us?"

2. Answer this question: "How may we show gratitude to companions for kindness to us?"

3. Write a list of kindnesses received in one day. By this is meant the things which give us comfort and pleasure without any effort on our part.

4. Read the following to the class:

We are too apt to remember our misfortunes and forget our blessings. Dick's idea is a good one. Try it.

"I feel so vexed and out of temper with Ben," cried Dick, "that I really must—"

"Do something in revenge?" inquired his Cousin Cecilia.

"No; just look over my Book of Thanks."

"What's that?" said Cecilia, as she saw him turning over the leaves of a copybook nearly full of writing in a round text hand.

"Here it is," said Dick; then read aloud:

" 'March 8. Ben lent me his hat.' Here again, 'January 4. When I lost my quarter, Ben made it up to me kindly.' Well," observed the boy, "Ben is a good boy, after all."

"What do you note down in that book?" asked Cecilia, looking over his shoulder.

"All the kindnesses that are ever shown me. You would wonder how many they are. I find a great deal of good from marking them down. I do not forget them, as I might do if I only trusted to my memory, so I hope that I am not often ungrateful; and when I am cross and out of temper I almost always feel good-humored again if I only look over my Book of Thanks."—*Exchange.*

5. Have each member of the class relate an incident which illustrates how animals remember and are grateful for kindness shown to them. The following may be told by the teacher:

"The wagon was heavily laden with great bags of metal, too heavy for a single horse to draw, one would have thought.

It turned into a side street and half way down the block again turned into an alley at the rear of a livery stable. It required considerable tugging on the part of the horse to pull the load up the incline of the alley driveway, but he did it, and the driver looked pleased when the back wheels had made the rise and settled down to level ground. At the barn door it was necessary to turn the wagon around completely and back in. Surely one horse could not do that. The turn was made easily enough, but there remained.

"Back him up, Jim!" said the man, pulling lightly at the reins.

The horse braced his fore feet and shoved.

The wagon didn't move.

The man got down from the seat and went around to the back of the truck and pulled. "Back!" he commanded. The horse put every muscle to the strain. "Back!" The wagon moved, this time at least a foot. Two more and the back wheels would be over the threshold of the barn door.

"Back!" The command moved the horse to exert his greatest effort. There was a crunch of splintering wood and the wagon rolled back.

Not a blow had been struck the animal. Only gentle words had been spoken, and the horse had done the rest.

And when it was all over the man did not go on unloading the wagon without a further thought of the great, obedient animal standing still between the shafts. He went to him and took his nose in his hands and patted him between the eyes and said: "Good, old Jim! You did do it, didn't you? I knew you would."

And the horse rubbed his nose against the man's cheek.

Story, "Wachita." Page 400.

Lesson 35.

Subject: Gratitude for Talents.

Introductory talk:

Is there a boy or girl who does not like stories? The people who lived when Jesus was on the earth must have liked them also, for He often taught them in a roundabout way, by telling some beautiful story which His hearers would be sure to remember. This is one of the stories He told them:

There was once a man who took a journey into a far country. But before he went, he called his servants and gave them his money, that they might take care of it and earn more with it for him, while he was gone. To one servant he gave five talents, (as they called some of their money in those days), to another two, and to the other one. He gave to each servant just as much as he thought that servant would know how to use. When he had done this, he went away on his journey. Then the servant who had the five talents took them and traded, with them, until he earned for his master five talents more. And the one who had the two talents did the same,until he had earned two talents more. But the servant who had the one talent did not care to work for his master. He dug in the ground and hid the money to keep it until his master should come.

After a long time the master returned, and called his servants to give an account of what they had done. So he who had the five talents came to him, saying:

"Master, thou gavest me five talents; see, I have earned beside them five talents more."

His master said, "Well done, thou good and faithful servant; thou hast been industrious and careful with the few things that I gave thee, I will now give thee many things; and thou shalt come and live in my house and be happy with me there."

He, also, who had the two talents came and said:

"Master, thou gavest me two talents. I have earned two other talents beside them."

And his master said: "Well done, thou good and faithful servant; thou hast been industrious and careful with the few things that I gave thee. I will now give thee many things; thou, also, shalt come and live in my house and be happy there."

Then he who had the one talent came, and said,

"Master, I knew that thou wast an unjust man, taking what was not thine own and using what did not belong to thee; and I was afraid that I might lose thy money and be punished for it. So I went and hid it in the earth where no one could steal it from me. Now I have brought it to thee again; take it, for it is thine."

The master answered, "Thou disobedient and slothful servant even if I were an unjust man, it is no reason why thou shouldst neglect

thy duty, and be idle while I was gone. Thou art only making an excuse for thine own wickedness."

Then he said to his other servants, "Take the one talent from him and give it to him who earned five talents. For to every one who as earned something, I will give more; but from him who has earned nothing, I will take away even the little that he has."

Jesus is the Master who has gone to heaven to stay for a time; we do not know how long; but is coming back again. The servants are all of us whom He has left to work for Him in this world. The talents are whatever He has given us to work with. Some of us have many talents, and some of us have a few, but each has as many as he knows how to use. When Jesus comes again, He will reward those who have used their talents in working for Him, but He will punish those who have not used them, or who have used them only in working for themselves.—*Selected.*

There is not a boy or a girl who has not the ability to do something, and do it well. Some can do more than others. The best way to show our gratitude for these talents is to put them to the best use we can.

A few years ago there lived in England, a country across the ocean, a noble woman, whose name was Florence Nightingale. Her parents were educated and wealthy. She had a pleasant home, surrounded by everything beautiful in nature and rich in art. She grew to be a beautiful woman, beloved by all who knew her.

She did not think it was right for her, because she was rich, to do nothing but ride in a carriage, wear fine clothes, and visit people who lived in castles. She wanted to do more than this. "What should it be?" she asked.

When a child she showed that she would make a good nurse, for she always did whatever the doctor told her to do whenever any one in the house was ill.

She moved about so quietly and did so many little things to make the sick comfortable, that every one liked to have her near, even if suffering with a severe headache. She took care of all the cuts and bruises within her reach.

When she became a woman she wanted to do all she could for the sick and the needy.

The news came to her father's house of the great suffering of the sick and the wounded English soldiers far away in the Crimea. Florence decided at once to go to help take care of them. She went into the hospitals and did everything that she could to make the soldiers comfortable.

What a blessing she was to the wounded and dying! Those who recovered wanted to make her a present of a large sum of money. She told them she could not use the money for herself. It would not make her happy. She asked them to give the money to the city of London for a training school for nurses. She wanted men and women trained

to care for the sick and the wounded. Was not this a noble wish of hers? How much every one praised her for the good work she did!

The soldiers, to show how much they thought of her, wanted to have a statue of her raised in London. They decided to give a penny apiece for this purpose, thinking she would never refuse so small a gift. But she would not have the money used in that way. She told them it would please her more to have this money given to the hospitals.

With love and thanks for her goodness to the English soldiers, the queen sent her a beautiful jewel, on which were inscribed the words, "Blessed are the merciful."

She spent her whole life doing all the good she could. One of the brightest, noblest names in the list of brave, heroic women is that of Florence Nightingale.—*Selected.*

In 1839, Dr. Moon became totally blind. By no means was he disposed to regard the dark side of this trial, but set to work to improve the limited opportunity that was left to him, in the behalf of those who, like him, were shut off from the world by misfortune. After a lifetime of effort he was able to say, "It has been for me a long night, but a bright day. God has been pleased to give me the talent of blindness and I have tried to do my best not to bury my talent in the napkin of despair and hopelessness." His system of letters has been of inestimable value to the blind of all races, and his service to his generation was greater perhaps than if God had spared him his sight and left him his liberty.

"I remember," said Grannie, "when I was a little girl of seven years old my father kept a butler—a very solemn but very kind old man.

"Every night when, exactly as the clock struck eight, my aunt sent me out of the dining room to go upstairs to bed by myself—for little girls were brought up very strictly in those days—old Thomas was waiting in the hall to hand me my little brass candlestick to light me up the five long flights of stairs which I had to climb to the little room in the attic where I slept. I always said, 'Good-night, Thomas,' and he would reply in a very slow, solemn way, 'Good-night, Miss Nannie; don't forget to take account of your servants!"

"What he meant was this: My Uncle William, who had come home from India when I was about six years old, had been very kind to me while he stayed with my father, because he saw that I was a very lonely child in a very big, empty house; for I had neither mother, brother nor sister. So he would often take me on his knee and tell me Bible stories.

"One day, when we were sitting together in an old summer house in the very small back garden which town houses generally have, he told me the parable of the 'Talents.'

" 'Nannie,' he said, 'I am going away very soon, and I want you to promise me that every night before you get into bed you will 'take account of your servants.'

" 'There are many 'talents' God has given other children and not

to you, for your are a lonely little girl—no mother to love you, no brothers or sisters to play with you. But there are many 'talents' you have which some other children have not.

" 'See here,' he said, taking my little hands in his, 'here are ten little fingers and down there inside your shoes are ten little toes, and inside that mouth is a little tongue, and at each side of this neat brown head is an ear, and looking straight up at me are two brown eyes. Now, these are all your servants, or "talents," given to you by God to use—while many little children are lame or dumb or deaf or blind—and you are His little servant, and I want you ever night to "take account of your servants," and find out if they have been pleasing God or only pleasing yourself all through the day.

" 'For all those servants of yours are "talents," or gifts from God, and He is watching every day now what you give them to do, and one day He will make you give an account of their doings."

"And then after I had promised to do as he told me, he kissed me and set me down, and away I ran, to my old friend Thomas to tell him in my own way all about what Uncle William had said.

"And from that time until my aunt took me away to live in the country, old Thomas never forgot every night to say, "Don't forget to take account of your servants, Miss Nannie.' "—*Great Thoughts.*

Memory Gem.

"Talent is power to do things."

First Grade.

Opening exercises.

Memory gems or review of concert poems.

Singing.

Concert poem. Page 419.

Story, "Thanksgiving Seeds:"

The gardener at the big white house on the hill was planting the garden. Reggie Rogers, who lived in the small white house, half way down the hill, was watching him.

"What kind of seeds are those, Mr. Gardener?" asked Reggie.

"Squash seeds," said the gardener.

"What kind of seeds are those, Mr. Gardener?" asked Reggie

"Pumpkin seeds," said the gardener.

"What are those little round things, Mr. Gardener?" asked Reggie.

"Seed onions," said the gardener.

"What are those little chopped up things, Mr. Gardener?" asked Reggie.

"Potato eyes," said the gardener.

"You will raise a fine Thanksgiving dinner," said Reggie.

"Would you like to raise a Thanksgiving dinner?" said the gardener.

When Reggie went home from the big white house on the hill, he

carried two squash seeds, two pumpkin seeds, two seed onions, and two potato eyes.

Mother thought the idea a fine one, and promised that if the Thanksgiving garden grew she would buy Reggie a young turkey to raise with it. So when one squash seed, one pumpkin seed, two seed onions, and two potato eyes sent up straight, green shoots and showed that they were going to do their part toward a Thanksgiving dinner, Reggie's mother went up to the big white house on the hill and bought Reggie a turkey.

Turkey was large enough to scratch and peck for himself and get along without missing his mother at all. When Reggie went to school that morning he shut the gate very carefully, so that Turkey should not get out.

When Reggie came home from school that noon, Turkey was strutting about the yard as if he had always lived there. He had scratched and pecked all the morning, and he had scratched and pecked up one little squash vine, one little pumpkin vine, two little potato vines, and two little onion shoots! The Thanksgiving turkey had eaten the Thanksgiving dinner!—*Mary Alden Hopkins.*

Story adapted from the lesson.

Second Grade.

Review of Previous Lesson.

Introductory talk. Page 429.

Story, "Little Placidia's Solo." Page 405.

The following is a supplementary story, to be told by the teacher or a member of the class—"He Used His Talents:"

"More than two hundred years ago a little dark-eyed Moorish boy rapped at the door of a stately house in Seville, Spain, and asked if the master were within.

The attendant ushered him into a large room where a grave, sad-looking man was talking to a group of young artists. They were all listening attentively, for the man was the greatest painter of his time—Bartolome Esteban Murillo.

"Well, my boy, what can I do for you?" inquired Murillo.

"I heard you wanted a boy to sweep your rooms, grind paints, and wait upon you. I have come for the position."

"Well, you can have it, you little monkey. And you can go right to work."

In this way little Sebastian Gomez was introduced into the studio of the great Murillo. He remained there until he was fifteen years old, doing all the odd jobs for the painter and his pupils, and taken very little notice of by any of them.

There were a dozen or more of these young painters studying under Murillo—gay, showy fellows, and disposed to be somewhat careless in their work. Often the great Murillo was obliged to lecture them sharply for their shortcomings.

One morning, when they had been worse than usual, he scolded them unmercifully. "You can never expect to become painters," he said, "if you do not put more care and labor into your work. Why, Sabastian yonder, who knows nothing of colors, might do better work than some of you.

Murillo intended it for a sharp rebuke, and the young painters so accepted it. Their faces flushed with wounded pride, and they promised to do more efficient work. No one paid any heed to the poor Moorish lad who had heard the words and who was blushing as furiously as some of Murillo's pupils.

The next morning, when the pupils assembled, several of them noticed that their pictures were not as they had left them the previous night.

"Hello! who has been here?" cried curly-headed Vincenzo, one of the brightest of Murillo's pupils. Someone has put a child's head on my canvas that is none of my work."

"And here is a Virgin's face on mine," said Jose Pareda, the laziest of the school. "Who could have done it?"

Others were exclaiming meanwhile, for every canvas had received a touch of some kind, and it was all admirable.

While they were discussing the matter the door opened and Murillo entered.

"Let me congratulate you; you are improving," said the master. "Why, Pareda, that is very good for you."

"But it is not my work, master," said Jose, falteringly.

"Not yours; whose is it, then?"

"That's the puzzle," answered Vincenzo.

And a puzzle it continued to be for several mornings, for the most wonderful things were done by the invisible painter.

"Well, gentlemen, I think this has gone far enough," said the master. "Tomorrow morning we will come an hour earlier than usual and see if we cannot catch this unknown artist at his work."

Surprised enough were they the next morning to see, seated at one of the pictures, the little "monkey," Sebastian Gomez.

"Who taught you how to paint, boy?" asked the artist.

"You, master."

"But I never gave you a lesson."

"I listened to what you told those gentlemen, and I remembered it."

"Bravo, Sebastian!" cried the school. "You have beaten us all."

"And I have made a painter," said Murillo.—*Youth's World.*

Third Grade.

Introductory talk. Page 429.

Topics for members of the class:

1. Discuss with the class: "Talents, what they are and how they should be used."

2. Explain the following: "Your worth consists of what you are, and not in what you have. What you are will show in what you do."

3. Tell the following to show how we may be grateful for talents: "Peter's Little Talent."

"No use," sighed Peter, "I can't think of one single thing to do that will bring me any money to help the missionaries. Miss Potter talked to us about using our talents, but I haven't got any talent unless it is for fishing."

Suddenly Peter struck his hands together. "My stars!" he exclaimed, "I never thought of that; I believe I'll try it."

So he went to the barn and got his fishing tackle, which wasn't very elaborate. Peter cut the pole himself from the straightest sapling he could find in the woods. But he knew the mountain brooks the best of all the village boys, and that day he fished more carefully than he ever did before because of the big purpose in his heart. He even went to the deep hole where the foaming brook comes over the cliff, and there he caught his largest trout.

"He weighs half a pound, if he weighs an ounce!" cried Peter.

Twenty-five trout, all nicely laid in cool leaves, Peter brought back to the village. "But now the hardest part of my job is yet to come," he said. "Guess I'll try Mrs. Purington first."

"Oh, you delightful boy!" exclaimed Mrs. Purington when Peter opened his basket; "just what I want for my city boarders."

So Peter went home with his bare feet spat-spat-spatting on the sidewalk, his heart thump-thump-thumping under his jacket, and something that crack-crack-crackled in his hand.

And the next time a missionary was going away, Peter gave his dollar bill. Miss Potter was surprised, and then she let her hands rest on Peter's shoulders and said: "Well done, Peter."

4. Discuss the following, showing that it is showing ingratitude to God not to be willing to use every talent we possess:

"If only one of the million flowers that bloom in summer days refused to bloom, hiding its gift of beauty, the world would be a little less lovely for the failure of the one flower. Every lowliest life that fails to hear its message and learn its lesson, or fails to interpret its secret, keeping it locked in the silence of the breast, withholds that which would in some measure at least have enriched earth's life. But every least and lowliest life that learns its word from God, and then interprets it, adds something to the world's sum of blessing and good."

5. Explain that work is talent and that God expects us to show our gratitude by our works:

It is no man's business whether he has genius or not; work he must, whatever he is, but quietly and steadily; and the natural results of such work will always be the things that God meant him to do and will be his best.—*John Ruskin.*

Story, "Little Placidia's Solo." Page 405.

Lesson 36.

Subject: Thanksgiving Day.

Introductory talk:

The Thanksgiving Day which we celebrate is a composite one, being made up of parts of celebrations of that day by other people. We have taken the time from one, the feast from another, and the gathering together of the people from a third. Let us, then, trace its origin from the remotest era to the present century.

Picture to yourself old Jerusalem twenty centuries or more ago, lying on or among the hills, the Mount of Olives standing as a faithful sentinel over the city.

On the fifteenth day of the seventh month great multitudes of people journeyed toward the Holy City, for it had been decreed that after the ingathering of the corn and fruits there should be seven days of burnt offering, and on the eighth day of solemn communion and holy convocation in remembrance of the exodus from Egypt. Booths were built of pine, olive, and myrtle branches. Altars were constructed, upon which the sacrifices were offered by the Jewish devotee to the great Creator. Although the glory of this great Hebrew festival long since passed away, the fundamental principle that everyone should rejoice before the Lord in the fruits of the current harvest has entered into the harvest observances elsewhere.

The Greeks and Romans held like celebrations in honor of their goddesses, Demeter, and Ceres. They gave thanks for the abundance of their crops and for the preservation of their lives.

Coming a little nearer to our own Thanksgiving is the English Harvest Home. The sturdy lads and lasses danced on the green sward or engaged in athletic sports, the fun and frolic continuing for a week, while religious services were held every evening in the chapels.

When the pilgrim fathers emigrated to this country they brought with them many of the customs of their own native land.

During the autumn of 1623 Governor Bradford made preparation for a rejoicing, not instituted to celebrate a single event, but to show thankfulness to God for all the mercies of the year, for all the bounties of the harvest and all the manifold gifts of providence, and to show a fitting recognition of the whole in gratitude which should overflow with mirth and festivity.

Massasoit, the great Indian chief, was bidden to the feast, and he and ninety of his Wampanoag braves came to the celebration. Nature had yielded a bountiful supply for this first Thanksgiving, and the pioneers sat down to a table heavily laden with water foul, wild turkey, venison, and the products of corn and barley. They gave thanks to God that through his numberless blessings they were far from want.

We, standing on the borderland of the twentieth century, with all the advantages of developed industries and higher education, can

scarcely realize the hardships our pilgrim fathers had to endure. Not a family in the little colony had escaped the ravages of death and disease or the onslaught of the treacherous and blood-thirsty Indians. Yet, notwithstanding all this, they were glad to offer praise and thanks to God for the blessings they had received.

And there, in that somber woodland, bathed in the soft, mellow sunlight and caressed by the balmy winds of the south, bringing with them the odors of the forest, was the first Thanksgiving in America celebrated.

Our Thanksgiving of today has taken some part from each of these different festivals. It has taken the time from them all, in the autumn after the harvest days are over. Its charity comes from the Jewish Feast of Tabernacles. It has copied the feasts of Demeter and Ceres in giving thanks for the crops. Its mirth and festivity have a flavor of the English Harvest Home, and its spirit of thankfulness and religious adoration was given it by our pilgrim fathers.

Memory Gems.

"God has two dwellings: one in heaven, and the other in a meek and thankful heart."

"The worship most acceptable to God comes from a thankful and cheerful heart."

First Grade.

Opening exercises.

Memory gems or review of concert poems.

Singing.

Concert poem. Page 419.

Story, "Mary's Thanksgiving Proclamation:"

The day before Thanksgiving, and Mary Tolliver was sick. Poor Mary! How she had looked forward to the annual festival! For weeks she had counted the days. Grandpa and all the rest had been invited for that day. And now she was sick. She had tried to think she was well when her head ached the night before. But in the morning the little face was flushed with fever, and there was a family consultation. Then the doctor was called in.

"Just a little ague," the doctor said.

Mary knew what ague was; she had had it before, but never at Thanksgiving time.

"Can't you get me well for tomorrow?" she asked.

"I'm afraid not," the doctor answered, with a kindly smile. "You must be quiet for a few days, and maybe you can have your Thanksgiving next week."

So word was sent to the relatives not to come next day, as there would be no Thanksgiving dinner at the Tolliver house. Two days after Thanksgiving the fever was all gone, and Mary was very quiet.

"What is my little girl thinking of?" Mother Tolliver asked.

"I was wondering if we would have a Thanksgiving Day next week, as Dr. Brown said," Mary answered.

"Oh, no! Mary," she was told; "not till next year. You know the Governor makes what he calls a 'proclamation,' and tells us when to have Thanksgiving."

But Mary was not satisfied. She thought all day, and made her plans.

Monday morning she asked if she might write a letter. "Just my very own," she said.

Mother Tolliver gave leave very willingly. "But it must be short," she added.

It was a short letter which Mary handed to her mother two hours later. This is what she said:

"DEAR GOVERNOR: Please can we have another Thanksgiving Day and have it next Thursday? I was sick, and so Grandpa and the others didn't come, and I could not eat any Turkey. I ain't very big, but I like Turkey. Please let us have it. Your friend,

"MARY TOLLIVER."

"Won't you send it, mamma?" she pleaded.

Mother Tolliver thought it would not hurt to send it, so the letter went that night.

At the capital the governor was very busy. It was near the end of his term, and he had a great deal to do. But he read Mary Tolliver's letter twice, and then called a messenger.

"Billie," he said, "go down town and buy the biggest turkey you can get, and express it, with a lot of cranberries and celery, and all sorts of Thanksgiving goodies, to this address."

Then he called his clerk, and sent Mary a letter.

Wednesday morning, Mother Tolliver handed her the big envelope. This is what she spelled out:

"Having been informed that Mary Tolliver was ill on the 28th of November, and was thus prevented from joining in the festivities incident to Thanksgiving Day, I therefore recommend that at a convenient hour on Thursday, December 5, Mr. and Mrs. Tolliver, together with their family and such young friends as Mary may choose to invite, assemble in the dining-room, and there with hearts full of thankfulness for country, for home and for the blessed influence of children, partake of such bounties as are usually served in Christian America on the day appointed for National Thanksgiving, and that especial attention be given that Mary shall be bountifully supplied with such portions of the national bird, and with such other delicacies, as are most congenial to her."

"Just see his name at the bottom, mamma—the governor's name!" shouted Mary. "And the letter is all ribbons and red wax on the back. Just to think he did this for me!"

"Yes, he did it for you, Mary, and you shall have your own Thanksgiving Day. But what will you be thankful for, a week after the time?"

"Oh! I'll be thankful I'm well again. Will that do? And can't I just as well be thankful this week as last?"

And Mother Tolliver thought she could.—*Selected.*

Story adapted from lesson.

Memory gem on lesson.

Second Grade.

Review of previous lesson.

Introductory talk. Page 436.

Story, "A Thanksgiving Surprise Party." Page 408.

Tell about the Thanksgiving Day of the Israelites.

The First Thanksgiving Day.—Lev. 23: 29-43.

You will say the Pilgrims made the first Thanksgiving Day, but that is a very modern affair compared with the very first one ever celebrated. The Pilgrims had not even been thought of then, for that was thousands of years ago. The boys and girls must have enjoyed that Thanksgiving, for all the people made tents of boughs and lived in them, not for a day only but for a whole week. That would seem more like camping out than like our Thanksgiving Day. I wonder if sometimes the people in those tents forgot what the feast was for, just as we, both big and little, seem to forget the meaning of our great day?

You have read how, years ago, God led His people out of bondage in Egypt into a land which was to be their own, and afterward He commanded them to keep this Thanksgiving, which was called the Feast of Tabernacles, in remembrance of that deliverance. The children, of course, could not remember anything about those days of wandering in the wilderness, nor how the Lord sent them food out of heaven when there was no other to be had, and how He made the water come out of the rock when there was none anywhere to drink; they had only heard their fathers tell how all these things were so, and maybe it seemed like being thankful for blessings very far away—but that did not matter. They kept this feast lovingly.—*Selected.*

Let the following verse be recited, by one of the members:

"I thank Thee, Lord, for the blue of Thy sky,
For the green of Thy woods and fields;
For the river that ripples and sparkles by,
And the harvest the brown earth yields.
For the birds that sing and the flowers that bloom,
And the breath of the cooling breeze—
Thou hast made them all so beautiful,
I thank Thee, Lord, for these!"

~~Third Grade.~~

~~Introductory~~ talk. Page 436.

Topics for members of the class:

1. To be memorized and recited by a member of the class: "Guide Posts on the Road to Peace."

To be glad of life because it gives you the chance to love, to work, and to play, and to look up at the stars; to be satisfied with your possessions, but not content with yourself until you have made the best of them; to despise nothing in the world except falseness and meanness, and to fear nothing but cowardice; to be governed by your admirations rather than by your disgusts; to covet nothing that is your neighbor's except his kindness of heart and gentleness of manners; to think seldom of your enemies, often of your friends, and every day of Christ, and to spend as much time as you can with body and spirit in God's out-of-doors—these are little guide-posts on the foot-path to peace. *Henry Van Dyke.*

2. Write a short paper on the following: "The best way to enjoy Thanksgiving Day."

3. Discuss the following with the class:

"The old proverb writer uttered a great truth when he said that there was a giving that tended to increase and a withholding that tended to poverty. Giving and receiving are not two different things; the one means the other. There is, in the divine economy, a great principle of exchange by which giving and receiving are coincident. Especially is this principle operative in the moral and spiritual realm.

The most significant thing in life and development is hospitality. We open the doors of our heart and life to ennobling and inspiring visitors. We give of our capacity; but how much more do we get? God asks us to give our hearts. We do so and how much more we get! Jesus Christ asks us to give Him a place in our life. We give it, but the result is not a giving after all, so much as it is a getting.

Be hospitable then. Be hospitable to all the divine influences of life, and let it not be a narrow, grudging hospitality. Be hospitable to God; to Jesus Christ. Give Them your best rooms. Let Them be your guests, and They will give you Themselves in return.

"Giving is getting, and the greater the investment the greater the return."

5. Have some members of the class bring incidents from the Bible of special occasions when thanksgiving services were held. For instance: Noah's thanksgiving for the preservation of the ark and its occupants.

6. Explain the following:

"Everything we receive we are required to give out to others. If we are in sorrow and are comforted with divine comfort, we are ordained to carry that comfort to others in sorrow. We are to be God's interpreters, to speak the messages of His love to hearts that are weary."

Story, "A Thanksgiving Surprise Party." Page 400.

26. JESUS HEALING THE BLIND AND LAME.
St. Matthew xv. 30.

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"And great multitudes came unto him, having with them those that were lame, blind, dumb, maimed."

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CHRISTMAS IN A HOME COUNTRY.

"Little folks," said papa, as he and mamma entered the room where the children were playing—all but eleven-year-old Nellie, who was off in a corner with her back to the others, making Christmas presents—"little folks, listen. Mamma and I have been thinking about poor Aunt Norah, who lives so far away, and we would like so much to send her the money to come and spend Christmas with us, if you are willing to do without any Christmas presents. Now, decide, shall Santa Claus give us the money to send for Aunt Nora and Georgie, or would you rather he brought you your usual Christmas books and games?"

Hesitation and disappointement were written upon each little face, then Charlie said, very slowly:

"I don't see how I can get along without the 'Youth's Companion,' next year, papa."

"And I've been waiting ever so long for Christmas to come, so Santa Claus would bring me a doll," pouted May.

"Sana Kaus b'ing me dollie," lisped baby, climbing upon papa's knee.

"Let's have Auntie come," came from the corner, "I did want 'Little Women' this Christmas," and Nellie sighed, then went on with a smile, "but, O, how delightful to have auntie here. I am willing, papa."

"Well," and Charlie drew a long breath, "I guess I am too."

"Me, too," echoed baby, putting her little arms about her papa's neck. "Me, loves 'ou papa me too."

"Why is May crying? What is the matter, little girl?"

"I want her to come," sobbed May, "but I want a doll too."

She rushed out of the room before anyone could say a word. Papa kissed the children, pronounced them unselfish darlings, then put on his hat.

"I am to send for Aunt Norah, then?" he queried, as mamma followed him to the door. "I hate to disappoint the children."

"They will be happier," mamma replied, "if required to make this sacrifice. I have a few things already for them. I made Charlie a new overcoat out of your old one, and each of the girls a dress out of

my old ones. Nellie, dear little puss, has made them all a pair of mittens, and hemmed some handkerchiefs.. We shall do famously without the usual candy and nuts, too, for we have pop-corn, apples, and I will make some candy."

Dear little mother," kissing her fondly. "No matter how little we have to get along with, you always manage to make both ends meet."

"We are perfectly happy, dearest, and that is all I ask."

And have the sweetest children in the world," he added, as he kissed her once more, and then hastened away to his work.

This was only a poor workingman living in the country, but though he was poor and had to work early and late, he was happy and hopeful, for there was always a sweet cheery face to greet him when he returned home at night, and four wee treasures at the window watching for papa. They were such a happy, contented little family and the secret of all their happiness was that the goddess of love ruled their hearth. No harsh words, no contentions, or misunderstandings between husband and wife, and the same delightful peace and congeniality was seen among their little ones.

The day before Christmas Aunt Norah and Georgie arrived. The latter was a handsome little fellow with large brown eyes and curly hair.

"Isn't he pretty," exclaimed May. "He looks just like a little girl with all those curls."

" 'Ike a little dirl with turls," said baby.

"Ain't like a girl," cried Georgie, with flashing eyes. "I just hate these old curls, mamma, and I'll pull 'em all out."

" I think he looks like a little man," and mamma stroked his curly head, and put a large red apple in his hand.

Then Charlie took him down to the barn to see the Jersey cows and their tiny calves, the horses, the chickens, and the big turkey gobbler which papa was even now trying to catch.

Meanwhile mamma and auntie had sat down for a few minutes to talk over old times.

Their eyes shone and their faces grew young and girlish again as they recalled their youthful pranks. Then mamma went to her cooking and Aunt Norah sat down to make her little boy a new suit of clothes out of Uncle Charlie's old ones. Nellie was knitting Georgie some mittens, and May was making him a scrap book.

That evening they all sat around the large cheery grate fire and popped corn, ate apples and told stories. When it came Georgie's turn he stood up very straight and said:

"Once there was a great big man with whiskers, and he loved his mamma ever so much, and his hair was just as short and straight as— as anything, and that man is me when I get growned up."

They all laughed, his mamma kissed him, and now it was time for baby to tell her little story. She looked at Georgie, smiled on him and then lisped:

"Me want to be a date big man, too, like Georgie, with turls just as st'aight as anyfing.

Now it was time for them to go to bed; but first they had to sing their kindergarten songs for Aunt Norah, and baby and May lisped her little prayer at mamma's knee. Then all but Nellie ran away to bed, and the older folks sat down to spend a pleasant evening. In the midst of their conversation the door opened abruptly, and May and baby rushed in full of excitement.

"Papa, both Charlie and Georgie say there isn't any Santa Claus at all."

"No San' a Kaus a' all," from baby.

"Yes there is my darlings. I saw him only today, and he says that May and Ina and Nellie are the dearest little girls in this house," and papa took them both in his arms and whispered something which seemed to please them greatly. He carried them back and tucked them snugly in their little bed, scolded Charlie just a little, then came back.

"Papa, how many girls have you?" asked mischievous Nellie, as she came up behind him and put her arms around his neck.

"Four, with mamma," he promptly replied.

"And do I come in last?" this from mamma, rather reproachfully.

"Yes, sweetheart, both first and last and in between."

He read to them from Dickens' "Cricket on the Hearth," for a while, then it was time to make ready for Santa Claus. There was a nice evergreen tree which papa had gone to the canyon for himself and kept it a secret from the children. He brought it into the room and fastened it down, then tied the apples on, while the others decorated it with popcorn and hung on the children's new clothes, and various other little trifles made by Nellie and May. There were dolls for May and baby hanging in the top of the tree, a book for Georgie, and several other things which mamma brought out after Nellie had gone to bed.

"I am glad that we were able to get our darlings just what they wanted most, after all," said papa, as he put Nellie's longed-for "Little Women" on the tree. "What matters it if we did have to stint ourselves a little in order to do it. They deserve it, bless them!"

What need to tell of the joyful surprise next morning when the children got up and saw that Santa Claus really had come after all. They clapped their hands and shouted and screamed with delight.

"Papa, mamma! Santa Claus, did come, anyway," they cried, all rushing into the bed-room.

Papa smiled, kissed their eager little faces, then said: "Yes my darlings, Santa Claus came because you were so willing to give up everything. He always has to come to good children, you know."

K. G.

GERTRUDE'S PRINCESS.

Miss Marlow was in the habit of having a little talk with her class during the last ten minutes of the school day.

The talks took on different complexions. Sometimes it was a merry story which sent the children away—they were none of them over thirteen—full of laughs and jokes. Sometimes it was somthing wonderful or beautiful in nature or art, about which questions were asked and answered. Sometimes it would be questions on some topic of interest, the answers to which were to be looked up by the pupils. Occasionally it would be a talk on the beauty and sweetness of nice ways and nice manners, sometimes a little lesson built on some wrong conduct of one of the listeners, whose name, however was never known.

"I have a beautiful story to tell you today," Miss Marlow began one afternoon; "One which I read in a paper, and I should like to have the opportunity of thanking the person who wrote it for her happy conceit and her happy way of expressing it."

The children settled back in their desks to listen. It was really the restless time of the day for most of them, but very few remained restless after Miss Marlow began her talks.

"It was about a little girl who, during her mother's long absence from home, found herself very lonely. She fretted and complained, allowing herself to become discontented and miserable. One afternoon, in which she had spent long, bright hours in idle repinings, she laid down her head and became drowsy. As her eyes began to grow dim, she saw a lovely lady coming toward her.

"Muriel winked and blinked her eyes, but it was a sure-enough lady, and she came straight to Muriel with a kind smile.

" 'What is the matter, my little one?' she said, pointing to a tear on Muriel's cheek.

" 'I am so lonely.' said Muriel. 'My mother is very far away, and I have nothing to do.'

" 'Poor child, said the lady. "I would like to help you. And I can if you will do exactly what I say.' ".

"Was it a fairy, Miss Marlow?" asked one of her listeners.

"Well, you may decide for yourselves whether it was or not." She went on:—

" 'I cannot bring back your mother. but I will tell you a story.'

" 'That will be a great help,' said Muriel, brightening up.

" 'There was a beautiful princess,' went on her visitor.

" 'Was it so very long ago?" asked Muriel.

" 'Not so very long. Not so very long but you might meet her.'

" 'Oh, dear!' said Muriel. 'I should like to.'

" 'This princess had an enemy who was very cruel to her. She put her under an enchantment by turning her from a princess into a common, ordinary, everyday person.'

" 'O, dear!' said Muriel.

" ' She had to go about the world just so until the spell on her was broken. There was only one way in which this could be done, and that was by some one doing her a kindness which would make her very happy.'

" 'Oh, I don't think that would be hard,' said Muriel. 'Anybody would like to do it. But how would they know which person was the princess?'

" 'That is the whole point of the story, my dear. No one could know. The only way, you see, is for everyone to make everybody as happy as he possibly can. Then, of course, some one will find the princess.'

" 'But can't you tell me whereabouts she is?" asked Muriel.

" 'She is anywhere, everywhere'—the voice sounded far off, and Muriel cried, 'Tell me more about her.'

"But the lady said: "I have told you enough, sweetest. Don't forget my message.'

"Her form, too, seemed fading away, and, as Muriel rubbed her eyes and called, 'O, stay with me,' she could not tell whether she had caught the last glimpse of her lovely visitor or whether she had been gazing at a honeysuckle vine climbing up a tree near her."

Miss Marlow paused.

"Is that all?"

"No," touching the bell for dismissal, "that is just the beginning."

Gertrude, one of the older pupils, walked chatting with the others until her way separated from theirs. When she came to the pretty cottage in which she lived alone with her mother, no face greeted her as usual from the front window.

"Mother's gone out. I wonder where."

She knew how to find out. A little note was pinned exactly where she expected to find it, on the mantel drapery. It read:—

I'm gong to see Aunt Emily, dear. I shall probably not be home until your bedtime, so try not to be lonely.

"If mother knew what a hard lesson I have to learn she would know I shan't have time to be lonely," said Gertrude, with a smile. "I'm not going to be sorry at all that she's away, for now I shan't have to do anything about getting supper, but shall just pick up a luncheon. That will give me time to make another try at my tatting."

The tatting lay in plain sight on a worktable, and the tiny shuttle looked too inviting to be passed by.

"I'll take it up for a few minutes," she said. "Nothing shall tempt me to it long until I have mastered that lesson. Oh, dear! I am always hoping I can get it right, but I can't. There's just one twist here that I've forgotten. I suppose I can't do anything with it until I see Cousin Emily again, and who knows when that will be?"

A shadow darkened the window. Gertrude looked up to see passing a little woman, gray-haired, thin-faced, and feeble-looking, who came at stated intervals to see her mother, and whom Gertrude, in her secret soul, considered something of a nuisance. She caught her breath.

"Oh, if she should be coming in!"

She watched her to the gate. Yes, she was turning in, and the next moment the bell rang.

"Mother isn't at home, Miss Pratt."

"Oh, dear!" A look of great disappointment settled on the meek face. "Will she be out long, Miss Gertrude?"

"Till bedtime," replied Gertrude.

Then better thoughts prevailed. She knew Miss Pratt had had a long walk, and that these visits were among the rare treats in her forlorn life.

"Come in and rest," she said, kindly.

'Thank you; but perhaps I shall be hindering you."

"Oh, no. Take off your wrap while you wait. Is it raining?"

"Jerry Prout was going to call for me after tea in his spring wagon," said the visitor, gazing helplessly out of the window. "But perhaps, if I start right now and hurry, I can get home before it rains very hard."

"Oh, you mustn't do that." Gertrude felt a sinking at her heart as she took Miss Pratt's wraps, thinking, "How can I spare so much time?"

But she had too high an ideal of hospitality to allow her guest to imagine that she was unwelcome. As the two chatted Gertrude realized that the precious study time was melting away, but valiantly put down the grudging feeling at her heart.

"Honey and cookies—I think that will do with cold bread, if I make a cup of tea." Gertrude considered the matter as later she went into the dainty little kitchen. "Then I need only light the oil stove. No, I'll fix over that chicken and put it on toast. Really, I never knew how pleasantly Miss Pratt could talk."

Gertrude's anxiety was aroused as, in passing in and out, she saw her guest busy with the tatting.

"Oh, my, she'll probably tangle it up so that I shall never be able to get it out."

But presently she saw the shuttle flying between the small fingers as if they knew what they were about.

"Oh! can you tatt?" she asked.

"Yes, indeed. I've tatted all my life. I think I see where you've made a mistake. I'll show you"—

"But come to supper first."

After supper they spent a little time over the fancy work before Jerry Prout's knock came.

"Oh, my dear"—Miss Pratt held both her hands in saying good-

by—"I don't know how I should have got home by myself, for I have had the rheumatism lately. You've given me such a good time—you've taken trouble for me. You've treated me like a princess, dear"—

She was at the door, and then Gertrude stood alone with shining eyes.

"Is she my princess? I didn't expect to find her so soon. Perhaps in His eyes she is."—Sidney Dayre.

A MOTHERLY GIRL.

Trudie was mending little Kiah's short trousers. There was generally a patch or a rip in those trousers for Trudie's small tired fingers to mend, for the trousers were considerably older than four-year-old Kiah himself, having been made out of an old pair of his father's.

Father sat on the other side of the table reading. Trudie hated to interrupt him, but it must be done; so she peered around the lamp and said, softly: "Daddy?"

Father put down his paper, and his kind face with the little fine care-lines about the mouth, and the fast whitening hair above the forehead, smiled back into hers.

"Well, dear?" he said, inquiringly.

"Daddy, it's most Christmas, you know." Trudie paused and looked at him anxiously.

"Why, so it is," he answered, "I'd forgotten all about it." He sighed, then forced a smile to cover the sigh. "I suppose now you want some Christmas presents; is that it?"

"Oh, no, Daddy, I don't want any, Trudie hurriedly assured him; It's for the children. They're so little, you know, and I suppose they'd feel pretty bad if they didn't have anything."

Daddy's blue eyes so like Trudie's own, grew dim as they looked at the little thirteen-year-old house mother.

"Poor little woman, it is hard for her," he said to himself, and then he drew a long breath, remembering those heavy bills that he had been trying to pay off ever since Trudie's mother went to Heaven, two years before. Trudie knew all about those bills, and that was why she hated so to ask her father for money. But there were Mollie and the twins.

Father slowly pulled out his pocket book—such a thin, shabby, one it was— and took from it a dollar bill.

'I'm afraid that's all I can spare, little woman," he said, as he handed it across the table.

"Oh, that's a plenty, Daddy dear!" she answered hastily. Father leaned over and kissed the brave unselfish little face. "Don't forget to buy something for yourself, child," he told her.

She smiled up at him, but she did not promise to buy anything for herself.

"A great big girl like me," she was thinking. "As if I needed Christmas presents when Daddy has so little money!"

There were two days before Christmas. All the next day as she went about her work Trudie was planning how to get the most out of that precious dollar. First of all there must be a new black tie for father. His was so shabby! Trudie had made it over, but somehow it looked made-over, and she didn't like to see him wear it Sundays. Well, a quarter would buy a new one, and then there would be seventy-five cents left for Mollie and the twins. Over and over Trudie planned what she would buy with that money.

Mollie and Kiah and Bert talked of nothing but Christmas the next day. They wanted so many things! Trudie had to keep reminding them that they must not expect very much, but the little boys could not understand why Santa Claus should not bring anything and everything that they wanted; and even nine-year-old Mollie had some faith still in old Kriss Kringle.

Father was late to supper that night, and, after the lamp was lighted, Trudie set the children to cutting out pictures for their scrap-books to keep them quiet. She brought out for them the blunt scissors, a pile of old illustrated papers, and some colored concert bills that father had picked up in a store one day. The twins were delighted with the little colored bills. There was but one of each color, so they cut them in two and each claimed half of every one. Mollie scorned the colored bills. She wanted only the prettiest pictures from the papers.

While the children laughed and squabbled over the scrap-books, Trudie, sewing by the lamplight, was still planning about the Christmas gifts. Her little worn purse with the solitary bill, lay in her work basket. Once she took the purse up and opened it to make sure that the precious bit of green paper was there. When she heard father's step outside she hurried to get the supper on the table and afterwards she washed the dishes and Mollie wiped them, and Trudie took the twins up to bed. It was Bert's trousers that needed mending tonight, and she came down with them in her hand.

But first she must gather up the bits of paper that the children had left on the floor, and pick up her work-basket that one of them had upset—Bert probably—Bert was always upsetting something with his little meddling fingers; but it was so hard to scold him when he looked up with those big brown eyes—mother's eyes.

Trudie gathered up her scattered spools and thimble and scissors, her heart very tender towards clumsy little Bert, even though it took her a full hour to mend his short trousers.

As she worked she planned for the morrow. "I'll go down town as soon as Mollie's gone to school," she thought. "I know Mrs. Ryan will let the twins stay with her Jimmy till I get back, and then I'll fill the three stockings after supper when the children are in bed." She patted

the little worn purse that held so much Christmas joy, and glanced with a loving smile at father's tired face. Father would be so surprised when he saw his new tie!

Trudie was up early the next morning and did a deal of work before breakfast. She even ran over to Mrs. Ryan's to make sure that she could leave the twins there.

"Of course, you can, child, and welcome," Mrs. Ryan assured her so she hurried home again with an easy mind.

She did not eat much breakfast herself that morning and she wasted no time over the bed-making and dish washing. It was all done before Mollie ran off to school, and then Trudie had only to get herself ready, and leave the twins at Mrs. Ryan's. Her getting ready was a short and simple process. Then she put on the children's coats and caps and picking up her purse she was ready.

Some impulse made her pause at the door and open the little purse. Then she stood quite still, staring at it open in her hand, her face so white and wretched that Kiah began to whimper.

"Don't Trudie, don't look so!" he cried, tugging impatiently at her dress. "We want to go," and he tried to pull her towards the door. But Trudie dropped weakly into a chair.

"O twinnies, my dollar's gone!" she cried, her voice choked and her eyes smarting with the tears she was trying to crowd back. Then she started up. "Come help me look for it. Look sharp all over the floor, boys."

She dropped down on her hands and knees, and hunted where her basket had been upset the night before, the little boys crawled about, too, and looked aimlessly where she had already searched; they were not at all sure what they were looking for. Trudie's heart was very heavy. She remembered the bits of paper that she had gathered up the night before. Could she have picked up the bill with those? If she had, it was gone surely, for those bits she had put into the fire. She turned everything out of her basket, but there was no bill there—there was no bill anywhere in the little room. When she was sure of that, Trudie's courage failed for a moment and she dropped her face in her hands and sobbed. But at the unheard-of sight of Trudie crying, the twins with one accord burst into a howl that speedily put an end to their sister's tears. Trudie never had had any chance to cry since she had been the house-mother. Now she must quiet the children; and so she sat up and hastily wiped her eyes; and since the children clamored to go and play with Jimmy Ryan, she took them over there.

Then she went home, made another fruitless search for the lost money, and than sat soberly down in the strangely quiet room to think what she should do. She couldn't ask father for any more money—that was out of the question. But to have nothing—not a single thing for the children—oh, that would be so dreadful! And father's tie, too—Trudie choked as she thought of that. But what could she do? There was no possible way for her to earn any money—and tomor-

row Christmas. The tears welled up in her eyes and ran down her cheeks. At last Trudie had a chance to cry.

When Mollie came home at noon she was frightened at the sight of her sister's red swollen eyes. She took her turn searching, but she was no more successful than Trudie had been.

The twins came home merry and noisy. They had forgotten all about the lost bill and had had a happy jolly time with Jimmy Ryan. They were very noisy all the afternoon, but Trudie couldn't bear to keep hushing them—remembering the disappointment that the morning would bring them. There was a big lump in her throat every time she pictured to herself the two little dangling empty stockings, for she knew that the twins would insist upon hanging them up. She couldn't eat a mouthful of supper, and when the meal was over she let the twins stay up because she hated to see the stockings hung up, as they must be at bedtime.

The twins brought out their scrap-books and teased Mollie to paste in for them the pictures they had cut out the day before. Mollie did not want to; she was gloomy over the prospect of a Christmas with empty stockings and no gifts. She looked listlessly at the pictures and bills that Bert and Kiah displayed to her.

"We cut all the pretty papers—me have half an' Kiah half," Bert's cooing little voice ran on, as he spread the green and pink and yellow pieces over Mollie's lap.

Suddenly Mollie gave a quick startled cry and snatched up a green piece.

"Oh, look—look, Trudie!" she screamed.

Trudie gave one look, then she swooped down upon her sister and seized the piece of green paper. It was surely half of a dollar bill jaggedly divided by the clumsy baby fingers.

"Where's the rest? O Bert—Kiah, have you got the other half?" she cried, her voice trembling with eagerness, while Mollie nervously tumbled over the papers in her lap. But Bert half crying caught her hand.

"Don't spoil my fings!" he remonstrated. "Kiah's got the ovver piece.

At that Mollie dashed at Kiah, snatching his scrap-book out of his astonished hands and shuffling over the loose papers and pictures with fingers that trembled with eagerness, while Trudie stood looking on, her face fairly white with excitement. At last Mollie gave a triumphant shout.

"I've got it—I've got it!" she cried. "Oh, Trudie, now we can have some Christmas, can't we?"

'Well, well, well—maybe now you'll tell me what it's all about," father's quiet voice broke in upon the joyful tumult, and then, with smiles that were almost tearful Trudie told her sorrowful little story with the joyous ending.

"For you can mend it, can't you, Daddy?" she finished with a

sudden thrill of fresh anxiety, as she laid the divided bill on the table beside him.

"Yes, indeed, I can paste it together all right," he answered reassuringly. "But here, I'll give you a whole new one, and then I can mend this nicely without feeling hurried."

Trudie drew a long, happy, breath, and her words bubbled out joyously.

"Now, Mollie, you must put the children to bed and I'll go straight down town she said, as she brought out her old cloak and hat.

Father looked up quickly then. "Down town this time of night, little woman?" he said. "Then I guess I'll have to go along to take care of you."

Trudie looked sorry and relieved both at once. She dreaded to go alone into the crowded stores on Christmas eve, yet she hated to take father out, too. But, after all, father enjoyed it, though he did so long to cram the little worn purse full of money.

'I don't know though as she'd be a bit happier," he said to himself once, his eyes watching Trudie's glad, earnest face as she priced toys and candies, and made her careful purchases. "But I don't believe that the child means to get a cent's worth for herself, an' that won't do at all," he added.

So when Trudie asked him to wait by the door for her while she went to buy the necktie—only, of course, she didn't tell him what she was going to buy—he slipped over to another counter and bought some ribbon that just matched Trudie's eyes and a pretty handkerchief with a T embroidered in one corner.

So the three little stockings were not empty on Christmas morning. There was even a fourth stocking not empty, too, and for all Trudie was "such a great, big girl," she was the happiest of them all over her own unexpected treasures; and when, in honor of the day, father put on his new tie, Trudie's small cup of joy was full to overflowing.—Ida T. Thurston.

A CHRISTMAS CAROL.

They tell a lovely story, in lands beyond the sea,
How, when the King of Glory lay on his mother's knee,
Before the prophet princes came, bringing gifts in hand,
The dumb beasts felt the miracle men could not understand!

The gentle, patient donkey and the ox that trod the corn,
Knelt down beside the manger and knew that Christ was born,
And so they say in Sweden, at twelve each Christmas night,
The dumb beasts kneel to worship and see the Christmas light!

This fancy makes men kinder to creatures needing care,
They give them Christmas greeting and dainty Christmas fare;
The cat and dog sup gaily, and a sheaf of golden corn
Is raised above the roof-tree for the birds on Christmas morn.

—*Our Dumb Animals.*

A CHRISTMAS LEGEND.

Once upon a time long, long ago, when the wonderful things told of in legends happened, the smiling country of Avignon in France, was not so beautiful as it is now. No white cottages and green vineyards adorned the hillside. Only a shepherd's hut was to be seen. Here lived Eudes, his wife, and two children.

One cold, stormy Christmas night, as Eudes was plodding homeward after sheltering his flock, he was a prey to the most melancholy reflections. He thought of his hard lot, his poverty, and felt that the future held nothing in store for him. As he neared his home the north wind redoubled its fury, and he heard the chimes of the nearest church ringing out through the frosty air.

"Christmas chimes!" he thought. "Christmas is for happy and rich people, not for poor shepherds like me."

His dark humor did not escape the notice of his wife when he entered his lowly hut. She sent the children to amuse him, and soon saw him smile as he listened to their prattle.

As the evening wore on the storm increased, but seated before the fire blazing in the chimney, Eudes forgot his discontent, happy at being sheltered from the raging tempest. When the family were about to sit down to their evening meal they heard a loud knock, and a voice outside cried:

"Open the door, my good man,for the love of the living God,whose birth we celebrate this night!"

"Who are you?" asked Eudes.

"I am an old man who has traveled many a weary mile in this terrible cold. I am at the end of my strength and can go no further. Open the door, if thou hast any kindness in thy heart!"

Now, Eudes had a great deal of kindness in his heart, so he opened the door at once.: On the threshold stood a stately old man, beautiful to behold, with luxuriant white beard and clear, blue eyes. There was nothing sordid in his dress. He carried a heavy cane, upon which he leaned with dignity and grace.

"Welcome, old man," said the shepherd, cordially.

"I thank thee, my son. My blessings be upon thy house." The visitor spoke slowly, and his voice was like soothing music.

"May I ask you to share our frugal meal?" said Eudes.

"I thank thee again. Thy repast will be indeed welcome, and on listening to thy words of welcome my heart is already cheered.

Going up to the cradle where the children were sleeping, he paused, and contemplated them. "The cherubs! How peacefully they sleep, and how sweet their dreams must be! On this Christmas night visions of the Child Jesus doubtless smile upon them."

Eudes and his wife felt themselves moved in a mysterious way as they listened to the sweet voice:

"Long ago the Redeemer was born in a far-away land, where the air is light and pure, and where lilies grow on the mountainside. The skies were not overcast on that night, and the stars sang together."

Soon after they sat down to the humble meal. The guest praised the order and cleanliness which he saw everywhere. On hearing this Eudes began to lament because of his poverty and his laborious life. He spoke of his discouragement and failure, and referred to the future with utter hopelessness.

But the old man consoled him. He spoke of the charm of a life so full of liberty.

"The shepherd, dreaming on the mountainside, is not an unfortunate being," he said. "Think of those who are pent up in palaces. It is in these splendid abodes that people die of weariness and disease. Those whom thy imagination pictures as powerful and happy are often infinitely unhappy and unfortunate."

As he spoke his head was surrounded by an aureole, and a light emanated from his entire person. He continued:

"Happy the humble man who, like thee, Eudes, walks peacefully along the pathway of life. I have wandered far over this world, and have seen many strange things. I have lived in splendid palaces of marble and in the cottages of the poor, and I have found the greatest happiness under humble roofs."

As he ceased speaking the room was suddenly flooded with light. The poor shepherds recognized their divine guest and prostrated themselves in prayer.

"Have no fear," said the guest. "I am He who brings peace to all. Live in happiness and contentment, and thy children shall bring thee joy. I will take envy out of thy heart; also, the desire for what thou canst not have. And I will adorn thy land with flowers and fruits, so that thou shalt praise My name every day."

Eudes and his wife were speechless with awe, and when they recovered themselves their divine guest had vanished.

They never forgot his words, however, and contentment and peace reigned ever after under their lowly roof. Thy never forgot that the lot of the humble had been called blessed by the Lord on that stormy Christmas night.

The legend runs that the land of Avignon blossomed like the rose every year after that eventful night.—Epworth Herald.

"The most successful people in the world are mothers of whom the world does not hear anything at all, and who are not paid anything for their work."

A CHRISTMAS VISION.

One Christmas eve, in the olden time when men still journey far in search of romantic adventure, two knights met at the door of a roadside hostlery. They had come from opposite directions and were strangers, but they saluted each other most courteously and together went into the inn. And having traveled far that day in a heavy snow storm, and being much spent with hunger and cold, presently they bade the host bring such cheer as he had. The landlord, bustling cheerily about, made haste to place before them viands, steaming hot and delicately concocted, such as might have graced the board of a king.

The knights, marveling thankfully at their good fortune, set to with great zest, and being warmed by the cheer, soon fell into pleasant discourse, recounting each to the other the adventures he had won through and the things he had seen on his travels. And seeing he was a courteous knight and brave, each discovered a warm friendliness for his fellow.

When they had well supped, being greatly refreshed, they made choice to seek their rest. And they would settle their reckoning with the host, that no delay might be on the morrow; for they must be on their way betimes. But thereupon they fell into a friendly dispute, each wishing to bear the charges for both. The kindly quarrel waxed warm to no end, for both were well minded to pay the full score.

Then said one knight to the other:

"Since we are both equally set upon it to pay, let us decide the matter after this fashion: Let each count what money he has, and to him whose store is the greater shall fall the pleasant duty of squaring our host's reckoning with us both.

The other knight agreed. But when they had counted their money, behold, their purses were of equal worth to the farthing, and the dispute was no nearer settled than before. Then they summoned the keeper of the inn and bade him choose from which knight he would receive his charges. But he, in turn, refused to receive his fee.

"Indeed, sirs," said he, "I should be greatly ashamed and forever disgraced, did I accept your money. For it is the custom among landlords in this country, that at the Christmastide all who will may enter our doors, and, receiving our best, be exacted no payment, not even a penny."

"I perceive, sir," said the one knight to his companion, "that we are come to a fair land and one of goodly customs. Whence, mine host, arises this usage?"

"It comes, sir knight," explained the landlord, "from a tradition we have that to him who gives most happiness to others on Christmas eve and day, thus doing greatest honor to the Christ-Child whose birth we celebrate, shall come a vision of the Spirit of Christmas. And to him the Vision brings peace and joy forevermore."

"A beautiful custom, indeed, worthy a brave people and of a cour-

teous knight. I am minded to make it mine own. How say you, friend, are you willing to enter into a trial of knightly courtesy with me?"

"Most willingly," assented his fellow.

"Then let this be the trial. We possess equal sums of money. On the morrow let each expend his store in such fashion as seems to him will bring most cheer to others. Surely with our knowledge of the world and of the hearts of men, we can surpass these simple folk in kindliness. And to whom appears the Vision tomorrow night, he will know he has won the trial. And the other, seeing none, will know he has failed."

"Agreed," cried the other, and they struck hands on the bargain.

On the morrow, ere the sun was yet risen above the horizon, the two knights with many a courteous salutation, parted company and went upon their several ways.

The one knight, who was well toward the midday of life, set his face toward the city hard by, whose towers rose gray and massive above the white fields. When he had come within the gates he sought out the best provided merchant of the city, and, throwing down his well-filled purse, commanded:

"Take this, good man, and in exchange give me the choicest things you possess, such things as please a fair lady and such as a knight takes delight to own. And look to it well that you give me good value."

The merchant, nothing loath, took the purse, and in exchange gave the knight many articles of worth, jewels and beautiful clothes for the ladies and rare bits of armor and weaponry for the knights.

Then the knight, summoning a peasant to bear his gifts, betook himself to where dwelt the city's most powerful lord, whose towers were the highest, whose walls the sturdiest, whose castle the roomiest, and demanded of the porter audience with the lord. The porter led the way to the great hall where the lord had assembled many guests for the Christmas festival. In hospitable fashion the master of the castle greeted the knight, albeit with something of wonderment as to the stranger's mission with him.

"My lord," spoke the knight, "I crave your pardon for coming in this fashion, unbidden unto your company. I am passing through your country and, lying last night in an inn without the gates, I learned of the custom your citizens have at this time to strive to outdo each other in kindness. And, deeming the custom a goodly one, I took it for mine own. So, coming to the city, I searched out a merchant and bought me such things as he had of worth. But, being a stranger, I knew none to whom to give, and I have come hither in the hope that your worshipful courtesy might permit me to leave my gifts with yourself and your guests. When this is done by your grace, I shall depart thankful."

The lord was much pleased with the knightliness of his words, and seeing he was of gentle mien, made him welcome. He presented the stranger to the guests and bade him take seat at the board. But

the knight refused to be seated until he had parted with his presents.

First among the ladies with many a well-turned compliment, he distributed his gifts; to one a ring with costly setting, to another a necklace of curious design, to a third a bracelet quaintly carved, to others silks of finest texture and most beautiful hue, to still others laces most finely woven. To the men next, to this one a sword of hardest steel, to that a helmet most skilfully inwrought with pure gold, to a third a dagger of rare workmanship. For everyone present he had some gift, tastefully chosen and presented withal with such graceful address and lively wit that the hearts of all opened to him and they made him King of the Feast.

The day long he sat among them striving his best to speed the hours by happily regaling them with delicate witticisms and tales of thrilling adventures in foreign lands; until, when evening was come, all declared that never was so merry a Christmas and never so gallant a knight. When darkness was fallen the lords held high wassail, and the stranger was the merriest of them all.

He slept that night in a richly furnished chamber upon a couch as soft as air. Before he fell asleep he thought complacently within himself of his day's doings. "Surely," he thought, "I shall see the Vision tonight."

But he had drunk deeply and his brain was heavy and sodden, and he sank into a deep, dreamless slumber. No Vision came to him.

The other knight, who was still young, set out over the country, not witting how he should win his trial. He passed many a group of merrymakers, some gentles, some peasants, some riding, some afoot, but all wore such merry countenances that he forebore to address himself to them, deeming he could add nothing to their happiness. And so he rode, his store yet undiminished, until the sun was high in the heavens. When he came to a beggar sitting by the roadside, the beggar accosted him:

"A largess, noble knight, a largess, for God's pity! For I am poor and needy."

The knight observed the beggar, that he was old and crippled, the wind cutting sharply through his tattered coat, his face pale and hungry-looking—the very picture of squalor and misery. The knight's heart smote him with gentle pity.

"Surely here," he said to himself, "I may lend happiness."

Forthwith he dismounted, took the beggar in his arms, set him upon the horse and thus led him to the nearest cottage. There he gave to the owner of the cottage a large sum of money, bidding him care for the beggar, giving him warm clothing and plenty of food and that ease of life which a cripple demands. Then he remounted his horse and set out once more upon his journey.

For long hours he rode over the countryside. hearing sounds of high merriment as he passed by the peasants' cottages, but finding none in need of his charity. It was already the afternoon, and he had begun

to despair of opportunity to expend his remaining money, when, riding through a wood, he espied a man standing under a great, bare-limbed oak. The man's head was cast dejectedly upon his breast, and from a limb overhead was suspended a noose. The knight hailed him.

"My good man," he cried, "why stand you there so despondently? And what is the meaning of your noose?"

The man flung himself at the knight's feet.

"Oh, sir," he cried, "I am the most miserable of men. I am tenant of this little farm and this year heaven has been most cruel to me. The drought came in the growing time and the rains in harvest, so that I have taken nothing from my fields. My master is a hard man, and unless my rent moneys be paid before nightfall, I shall be ousted from my farm and my wife and little ones will be turned adrift to starve to death. Rather than suffer this bitterness and disgrace I choose to hang myself to this tree."

"For shame!" cried the knight, in anger. "Have you no courage? But what is the sum of your rentals?"

The man told him and the knight commanded him that he lead the way to the landlord's castle. When they had come to that place he paid the master the arrears in full, and also rent for the coming year. Then he gave to the peasant, who was now weeping for joy, gold pieces wherewith to buy food for his starving wife and children, bidding them thereafter never lose courage. Then he rode away once more lighter in purse, but lighter in heart, too.

The sun had fallen well nigh to the horizon when the young knight, journeying wearily along, came to a miserable, tumbling hovel. As he would have passed by, the sound of groans from within smote upon his ears. Mindful of his trial, he dismounted and entered. His eyes fell upon a young woman lying uncovered on a thin pallet of dirty straw, all alone. Her face was pinched and flushed with a high fever. As he entered her groans broke out afresh.

"Leave me," she cried, in a weak voice, "leave me to die alone! Have you not brought misery enough to me?"

The knight knelt by her side and took her hand tenderly in his.

"My good woman," he said, "what ails you? I have done you no injury and seek to do none."

Seeing in his face a great pity she wept copiously and poured out her tale.

"Sir Knight, you see a woman whom God has forgotten. My young husband and I lived happily in a cottage beyond the hills, when parlous times came upon us, and we were driven to seek this hovel. Then sickness fell upon me and what money we had was soon taken by the physician. When the money was gone he ceased to come. Yesterday my husband, in despair, went out into the forest and shot a deer, which is against the law, for my sustenance. But the keepers saw him and to-day they came and carried him away to prison, where he must stay

until he pays the fine. As he has nothing and no friends, he must remain in chains forever, and I die here alone."

The young knight rose to his feet in great wrath against these cruel men. He took from his shoulders his cloak and wrapped it around the sick woman. Then he rode swiftly to the village where the physician lived. He haled the selfish man forth from the merrymakers, and giving him money, commanded that he hasten to the woman and well attend to her, with the threat that unless she became well and strong the physician should feel the weight of his hand.

"And mark you!" he cried in his anger, "to such as you my hand is passing heavy."

Next he betook himself to the prison wherein the husband lay eating his heart out for bitterness. He demanded of the warder the sum of the prisoner's fine, and paying it, set the man on the way to the hovel where his wife lay.

When night fell the young knight was still traveling the snowy roads. He was hungry and weary; the protection of his mantle given up to the sick woman, the winter wind penetrated the joints of his armor with keen bitterness; but he could seek no inn, for his money was gone—he had spent the last to pay the prisoner's fine. He searched diligently, if perchance he might decry some friendly habitation where for charity's sake he could find a night's lodging and a morsel of food. But none offered. At length he espied a wrecked hut so miserable that even the beggars passed it by. Dismounting from his faithful steed, he set him loose to fend for himself, and entered the hut.

He threw himself upon the ground with nothing to keep away the cold and wind but the gaping walls. And, being far spent, he fell into a cold, troubled sleep.

Suddenly a grateful warmth spread through his shivering body, and it was as if the wretched hut had never been. He seemed to stand in a splendid palace, too beautiful to have been made by man. An ineffable perfume was on the air, and there came to his listening ears a faint music of a melody so divinely sweet his every sense thrilled with delight.

The music grew louder and louder, as though it approached him, and he heard the voices of a wonderful choir. To the chamber where he stood came the choir, still singing. And the faces of some he knew. There was the beggar—but a cripple no longer, and clean and comely with a deep contentment; and the peasant he had met under the tree—but his countenance was beautiful from his abounding happiness—and the woman of the hovel and her freed husband—their faces radiant with a beautiful peace. There was one other whom he had seen before, but whose identity he could not divine. She was the leader, whose footsteps and voice the others followed. As the choir entered the chamber, their voices rang out in a magnificent anthem, clear and sweet.

"Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will to men!"

He threw himself on his knees before her who led, but not in fear —there was no room for fear in presence of the love shining in the faces of all around him. She smiled tenderly upon him.

"Fear not, great-hearted knight, I am the spirit of the Christmastide and to thee of all mortals I come this night. For thou alone hast found the true spirit of this day. To give to the rich and joyous is good —God grudges to none the fullest mead of happiness. But to give to the poor and needy is better. And when thou givest with self-forgetting, greater love hath no man than this.

"Thou hast found this greatest love. And it shall return to thee a thousand fold. Upon thy head I place this crown—'tis the crown of Joy; upon thy finger this ring—'twill bring thee Peace forevermore; around thee the mantle of Good Will. Rise, true knight of the Christmastide. Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will to men!"

The Vision faded away. The knight slept warmly on, the music of the anthem still ringing in his ears, a smile of peace upon his lips.— *H. R. Miller...*

HOW YOU MAY BE A CHRISTMAS ANGEL.

He who starts a new joy in another's heart at Christmastide has helped to spread the Christmas spirit. He has made one little spot of the world brighter and sweeter. The Christmas spirit is nothing less than the love of God diffusing itself through men's lives. That only is the true Christmas keeping which is inspired by the love of God. That which made the first Christmas was the coming of a love from heaven down to earth. Of course, love was in the world before—natural human love—but the love which came that night was the love of God. "God so loved the world that He gave his only begotten Son."

It began in a very small way. It was only a baby sleeping its first sleep that the shepherds saw when they stood by the manger. But the baby grew into manhood, and the divine love found expression in a life of wondrous beauty, which moved for three and thirty years among men. Other lives which touched this blessed life received something of its virtue, and the love began to diffuse itself. At last this gentle life was ended. That is, it was poured out into the chill and death of this world. But it was not lost. It became a holy influence among men, an influence which ever since has been passing from life to life.

Wherever this divine Spirit has been received there is a real Christmas today. Christmas means love, the love of God, living again in human lives. This love makes men gentler, kindlier, more patient, more thoughtful, more pitiful. It puts into their hearts something of the divine tenderness. It leads them to think of those who are in need or sorrow, and to try to help or comfort them.

It is this divine love in human hearts that makes the Christmas spirit, wherever it is found. Jesus lives again in every one who truly loves Him and follows Him. The angels who appeared to the shepherds that night went away into heaven after seeing the Christ-Child, but they have not forgotten this world. Then, even if there were no visits of heaven's angels, there are human messengers who are the bearers of kindness and help to homes of sorrow, and to hearts that need love.

A Christmas story for the children tells of a poor factory boy who was greatly grieved to find that the beautiful figure in a shop window, representing the Christmas angel was only wax. The boy had heard the story of the angels whom the shepherds saw, and had been told that these angels came frequently to this world on errands of kindness, especially to the poor. After that he had kept looking up into the sky, hoping to see some of these white-robed visitors. Christmas was near, and little Joe had prayed that a Christmas angel might tell somebody about him—and Kitty. Kitty was his sister. A neighbor's boy, learning of Joe's wish, had taken him to see an angel in the store window. While they looked at the white figure, a clerk came and changed the position of the angel, and Joe's dream vanished. It was only a wax angel. His heart was sore at the disillusion, but as the boys hurried on they saw a lovely woman about to enter her carriage. Joe was deeply impressed by the vision. Looking into the beautiful face he asked, "Please, are you the Christmas angel?" So it happened that the woman really proved Christmas angel to Joe and Kitty.

It is only a children's story, but it is one that comes true every Christmas in countless instances. We do not need to look up unto the sky to find angels—we see them close beside us in gentle, ministering ones who carry blessing and joy to dreary homes, and sad, lonely lives. Mrs. Sangster tells us about the angels who are now on earth. In the old days, she says, God sent His angels oft to this world with words of blessing and of rest.

There is not one of us who may not be a Christmas angel to some one or to some cheerless home this very Christmastide. We are apt to forget, in our own life of plenty and happiness, that there are those very near to us who lack the comforts and blessings which mean so much to us. We have no conception of the bareness of many lives close about us. If we knew what even a slight kindness would do in the transforming of dreariness into brightness, we would be eager that ours should be the hand to work the magic change.

There are few that read these words who do not know of a home in which Christmas will not mean very much unless some kindly messenger from without enters the door. What more beautiful thing could you do than plan some surprise of love for one of these homes? It will not cost you very much. It is not the money value of the gifts left at the door that gives them power to brighten the home and gladden hearts. The simplest things are ofttimes the best—some toys for the

children, a few flowers for the sick one, a plain dinner for those whose common fare is very bare, some warm garments for those who are scantily clad.

If we will, everyone of us may be a real Christmas angel.—*Selected.*

A CHRISTMAS WITHOUT PRESENTS,

In a few days more it will be Christ's birthday. How shall we keep it? We will give presents to show our love and we will receive presents from those who love us. That is a beautiful way to keep Christ's birthday. But it is a busy time, and we are in such a whirl of preparation that we are apt to forget Christ in the gifts. I want to tell you a story of a little girl who kept Christ's birthday in a lovely way, although she did not give or receive a single present.

Her father and mother had not meant that she should go without Christmas presents. Indeed, they had planned lovely ones. But her mother was suddenly taken ill and had to go to a hospital. Her father went with her, and there was nothing to do with little Mary but to put her into a boarding house.

"We will have our Christmas presents when I come back," said her father, as he kissed her hastily. He did not dare to say, "When mother gets well." There was danger that she never would be better.

But on Christmas eve there came a message that said that the operation was over, and mother would get well.

Little Mary was so happy that she could not sleep soundly. She woke up at midnight and heard the Christmas bells.

"Glory! Glory! Good will! Good will!" she thought they said. Then it came to her that it was Christmas and she would get no Christmas presents. But she could not be sad about that when there was such good news from her mother. "What can I do to celebrate Christ's birthday?" she thought. "I want to do something. I will hunt up some little children and do all I can to make them happy for the Christ-Child's sake. And I will try to find some mother to help. Jesus would like me to do that because he loved his mother so."

It was not hard to find a mother and child. They are almost everywhere. The one Mary found was the boarder in the next room, and her three-year-old boy. The mother had a headache. She was trying to sleep it off, but the restless little boy bothered her so that she fairly groaned. "O Robert, I wish there was somebody to take care of you," she said. Then Mary tapped at the door.

"Please let me take Robert into my room and take care of him," she said.

It is not easy to take care of a three-year-old mischief like Robert, but Mary kept thinking, "It is for the Christ-Child." She piled up his

blocks for him. She made up games to amuse him. She kept him as happy as could be the whole morning. And when he went to sleep she felt as if she knew just how the Mary of two thousand years ago must have felt as she sat by the sleeping Christ-Child.

It would take too long to tell what Mary did the rest of the day; how she wiped the dishes to help Bridget, so that she could get through and go to her little girl in the children's hospital; how she went to the hospital with Bridget, and amused the sick children.

She had many presents when her mother was well, but they did not make her any happier than she was that day when she did all she could to celebrate Chrsit's birthday without any presents at all.—*Selected.*

BEHIND THE BRASS KETTLE.

"Mother sent us up to see whether you are through using our brass kettle," said David Campbell, when the door of the mountain cabin opened in response to his knock, and its mistress, Mrs. Hensley, appeared.

"Why, yes, honey, an' I 'lowed to have sent it home long ago. I'm sorry you had to come after it. It's too big for you boys to carry," she continued, glancing critically at David, aged fourteen, and his slender brother, Dan, who was only twelve.

"We have to take it, now," replied David, "for mother wants to use it, and she told us to hurry right back with it. Of course," he added, politely, "she meant if you were through with it."

"I'd surely have my ole man tote it for you, if he war only here," said Mrs. Hensley, thoughtfully. "Why didn't your father, or your big brother, come for it?"

"They've both gone to Sam Long's to the barn-raising," explained Dan, "but we can carry it easy enough."

Mrs. Hensley brought out the shining kettle, once more regretting her failure to return it promptly, and again expressing her doubt about the boys being able to carry it.

"It's plumb two mile," she said gravely, "an' the trail is that rough an' rocky, I air right sorry you've got to take it. Did you see any b'ar tracks comin' up the mountain? There's been a big one round here, an' pap's laid out to get the Hyder boys an' go out some day soon, an' hunt for it."

"No," replied Dave, "we didn't see a sign of a bear, but I'd like to, if we had a gun."

"Well, you must watch out for it," cautioned the neighbor, "but stop an' rest often on the way home, an' maybe you'll get along with the kettle; but if you find it too heavy, just leave it by

the path an' let your brother Joe go after it. If you could only wait till evening, pap'd fetch it."

"No, mother wants it this morning," replied David, "and we must be going; we'll be all right. Good-by, ma'am." So they grasped the kettle, and manfully set off down the mountain.

"Would you be afraid, if we should meet a bear, Dave?" questioned the younger boy, as they stumbled over the rocks down the trail, encumbered by the kettle, which impeded their progress by its size and its awkard shape, rather than by its weight.

"I'd be right glad to see one," said Dave, "if we had brought the gun. I thought about it, but I knew we couldn't carry it back, when we had this clumsy thing along. But I don't believe there's any bear around; I'm not a bit afraid of running across one."

"There was a bear on the other side of the mountain last winter," remarked Dan, reflectively. John Miller shot it; and they found a cub, you remember."

"Yes," responded David, "and they kept it until it grew so large that it nearly hugged Mrs. Miller to death. They had to sell it."

"But if we should meet a bear, Dave," persisted Dan, "what would you do?'

"Oh," laughed David, "we'd both crawl under the kettle."

"It isn't big enough to cover us both," asserted Dan, positively, "and we couldn't hold it down, anyway."

"Don't worry," counseled Dave. we'll not see any bears."

Still as the lads jogged along, they retold many, many traditional bear stories, until they both began to feel a trifle nervous..

"Let's stop here and rest a little," said Dan, when they arrived at an open space on the mountain side. They paused a minute, glancing round to find a comfortable seat, when, suddenly, they heard a crashing sound among the bushes at their right, and, directly, a big, roughcoated, black creature plunged down over the rocks, not far from where they were standing. A little distance to the left was a great, hollow tree, which a fierce wind had blown down. Its broken top rested on a low ledge of rock, which raised it slightly higher than the base.

"Run for that hollow log," shouted Dave, who had instantly decided what to do, "and crawl in as fast as you can."

Dan needed no second bidding, and in a moment he had taken refuge in the tree, while David followed closely with the big kettle, which he drew in after him by its handle, until the hole was too small for it to go any farther, and formed a complete blockade to the entrance. He had held fast to the iron handle with both hands, and waited to find out whether their enemy had followed them.

Not many seconds passed before they heard bruin scratching the smooth, hard bottom of the kettle which guarded the entrance to their retreat, but finding the metal unyielding, the disappoint-

ed beast made vigorous attempts to remove the obstruction with his nose, while Dave clung desperately to the handle. Failing in these efforts, the bear gave vent to her displeasure by a series of angry growls.

When Dan regained his breath, and partially recovered from his fright, he began to explore their hiding place, creeping toward the upper end of the trunk, guided by a dim light in the distance. But he had not proceeded far before his hand suddenly touched something soft and warm, which he examined, carefully, then exclaimed: "O Dave, we're right in the bears' tree, and I've found two cubs. They're the smallest things, not much bigger than kittens. I'll show them to you."

Dan cautiously returned to David, and exhibited his prize. Then he wriggled back, replacing the cubs in their nest while he continued his investigations. He presently discovered a loophole where a decayed branch had broken off. Applying his eye to this opening he was able to see down in the incline, to the base of the tree. He cried out exitedly: "Hold on tight to the kettle, Dave, The bear's there yet, close to the hole."

Dan's outburst stimulated the watching animal's vigilance; she started up the log in the direction of the sound, and Dave heard her chattering overhead, while Dan hastily removed his eye from the opening an instant before the bear inserted her nose, sniffing and growling when she found she could not reach her prey. Immediately, bruin began a violent attack upon this opening, scratching and biting until she succeeded in slightly enlarging it, and Dan called out in affright, "O Dave, I'm afraid she'll make a hole big enough to get in."

"No, she won't," cried Dave, "the tree isn't large enough at that end for her to get in. She's crazy about her young ones; that's what makes her so savage."

At last the creature gave up her futile efforts and returned to her post at the base of the tree, still growling furiously.

"I wonder," speculated David, "whether you couldn't put the cubs through that hole, and let the bear have them? Perhaps then she'd go away. She'll never leave while her young ones are in here. My arms ache, and I'm getting so tired holding on to this kettle. I'm afraid to let go a minute. I wish you could get past me and help hold, but I don't believe you can. Perhaps you can shove out the cubs."

"I'll try," responded Dan, and he carefully carried one of the cubs to the opening and warily thrust it through. Bruin instantly saw it, rushed back and remained on guard, dividing her time between lavishing caresses upon her off-spring and snarling at Dan, who dared not attempt to put out the other little one.

Hours passed, and the lads were still cooped up in the narrow cage, with no prospect of release. Impatient, weary, hungry, yet

escape was hopeless while their relentless jailer kept watch over their prison.

In the meantime, the mother waited for the kettle, at first, with vexation at their long delay, but finally with alarm at the boys' unaccountable absence. When, at last, her husband and oldest son came home, she hurried them off in search of the truants.

"I'm sure something has happened to them," she said tearfully. "They've been gone since eight o'clock this morning, and now it's nearly four. I'm afraid a wild cat or a panther has them."

"Oh, don't be worried, mother," urged the father. They've probably stayed to chase rabbits or squirrels, and have no idea of how late it is."

Nevertheless, father and son each shouldered a trusty rifle, when they started up the mountain. "I feel a little anxious about the boys, myself," remarked the old man, when they were beyond his wife's hearing.

"So do I," replied Joe. "I heard old Hensley telling about seeing bear tracks near the house, today, at the raising."

"Hensley always has some pretty big stories," commented the farmer. "Still, I wish the boys were at home."

When about half way up the trail which led to the Hensley cabin, Joe suddenly espied a large black bear scrambling over a great fallen tree, while at the same moment, the father caught sight of bruin. Two shots were fired simultaneously, and as the smoke cleared away, they saw a dead bear stretched out, full length upon the ground.

"Oh, where can the boys be?" exclaimed Joe, terror-stricken, while the father, with paled face, and a pang in his heart, shook his head sorrowfully. I'm afraid we never shall see those poor children again," he replied, mournfully. But just then they heard smothered cries, which seemed to issue from the ground, and a metalic rattling, as the kettle was forced from the end of the hollow log, and two dusty, tired boys emerged from their prison house.

Half an hour later, the anxious mother, who had gone up to the trail for her husband and son, met a queer procession; two men carrying a big brass kettle between them on a pole, which contained a dead bear, while two unkempt, grimy lads, followed, each hugging to his breast a rolly-poly bear cub. —*Carol Spencer Martin.*

A TOO BUSY TONGUE.

"One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten—there!" said Tom.

"Learning to count?" asked Uncle Jack.

"No; I'm keeping my tongue busy so I shan't say some cross words," said Tom.—The Mayflower.

Officers' Department.

IMPORTANT.

The next issue of the Children's Friend will contain the lessons for January, 1909. It is very necessary that every worker shall have this number as there will be some modifications in the lesson work for next year.

Order sheets and receipt books may be obtained by sending to the office, 205 Templeton, Salt Lake City, Utah.

Stake Secretaries will please take notice that the time for annual reports is drawing near and it will be advisable to send for blanks, nickel fund receipt books, to see that every local association is supplied with new minute and Roll Books for the year 1909. Special care must be taken this year to get correct reports on number of children of Primary age in each ward.

Officers' Paper.

WELL DESERVED TRIBUTE.

From the Bible point of view long life is a reward and a benediction. Personal Godliness and the honoring of father and mother are its conditions.

Curious reasons have been given by some in accounting for their lengthened lives. Mr. Gladstone claimed that outdoor habits and a thorough mastication of food did it for him. Dr. Van der Weyde attribuated his long life to the influence of music. De Lesseps and Carlyle declared that horse back riding kept them going. Oliver Wendell Holmes thought that careful protection from uneven temperature gave him better chance for long life. An old friend quotes the adage "Early to bed and early to rise."

I would venture to suggest that possibly the fountain of youth is to be found in *association with the young*. Childhood is contagious. Childhood is continuous. What is sometimes called, in derision, a second childhood, is childishness merely, and that is a very different thing.

Parmelia Bonsall, beloved of three generations, lived to be ninetwo years of age, in Newark, New Jersey. She devoted her entire life to the welfare of the children of other people. She was for seventy-five consecutive years the teacher of the primary class in the Sunday school. For more than twenty-five years she also kept a secular or

week day school of young people. The writer of this was her Sunday school scholar when he was but eight years of age. Her primary or infant classes, as they were called at that time generally numbered one hundred or more pupils. But no mathematical computation will show the amount of good done in those seventy-five years. As in the case set forth in the last chapter of the Proverbs of Solomon, a multitude of "children will rise up and call her blessed."

President Eliot, of Harvard College, said the other day in an address: "There are bits of poetry in my mind I learned in infancy which have stood by me in keeping me true to my ideas of duty and life. Rather than lose these I would have missed all the sermons I ever heard." Such were the bits of song and verse in which this wise woman planted everlasting truth in the child mind.

Her sympathy with childhood was phenomenal. It entered into every distress of their little lives, whether it was the case of a loose tooth or a tight shoe. She won their hearts.

None felt hurt by her strictness or her rules, and they were given to understand that much of schooling consisted in keeping good rules. Her theory was "as few rules as possible, but good rules are made to keep." One of her great aims seemed to be to create the greatest possible reverence for the Word of God. I can almost hear her now saying: "Children, the Bible is not for a cushion to kneel upon, even to keep the dust from soiling your good clothes. The Bible is a lamp to guide us to heaven." To this day some of her pupils remember her wise attempts to make them feel the sin and folly of making fun of Scripture, or using, for puns or jests, any incident or quotation from the Bible.

The Ten Commandments lost their terror spoken from her lips. To keep them, as interpreted by her, was a worthy achievement in the thought of her scholars. So far from a feeling of severity and hardship and danger, the childish regret at not having been present at Mount Sinai and seen the whole thing done seemed the result of her pictorial word painting. Happy is the teacher or parent who is able to make it easy to be good.

If under her faithful delineation the Sermon on the Mount did not create such enthusiasm, it not including the pyrotectnic feature, still the face of the Master, and the words of her favorite hymn, fascinated the young hearts, as she sang with sensibly quivering notes:

"I think, when I read that sweet story of old,
When Jesus was here among men,
How he called little children as lambs to his fold,
I should like to have been with him then."

—*Selected.*

Lesson Department.

Subject for the month of December: Christmas.

Divisions: Lesson 37, For Others; Lesson 38, Self-Denial; Lesson 39, Giving; Lesson 40, The Greatest Gift.

Note to teachers: A mistake occurs in the October number; where it reads Subject for the month of October it should read Subject for the month of November.

Suggestions: We recommend "Christmas Selections" to the teachers as a help in making the lessons for December more interesting. This book may be obtained from us post paid for thirty cents. We, also, have some beautiful sets of pictures illustrating the Life of Christ. One hundred and twenty pictures for One Dollar post-paid.

Lesson 37.

Subject: For Others.

Introductory talk.

This is the time of year when it is customary to ponder over the birth of Christ and recall to mind incidents connected with the advent of *the* greatest of all events.

If Jesus had not been born it would have been a serious matter. for you and for myself.

There is something about the character of Jesus that demands the admiration of both saints and sinners. Of Him it can be truthfully said, that He so lived as to be the only pattern for us to follow. His footprints are safe ones in which to place our feet, and His example is *the* example to govern us in what we do and say.

How to properly celebrate His birth is a question that should be well considered by every mortal. The proper solution of the question, What would He have us do? will settle the matter.

Jesus wants from our lips songs of praise and adoration from our hearts on the day of the celebration of His birth. Also, gifts to Him that cost us something. The value of the gifts is not as important as the spirit in which they are given. The first thing He wants is our hearts. Don't deprive Him of that one gift.

The stable-born hero has the right to claim the undivided love of all, for from the beginning of time He was destined to be a Savior for all mankind.

Having first sung His praises on Christmas morn, the next thing to do is to set to work to make others as happy as you can. In doing so, do not neglect your own folks. Grandpa, grandma, father, mother and the children should be first attended to, and afterwards your friends and neighbors.

I am not an avocate of costly presents, but of easily procured

gifts that do not bring about hardships not easily borne by those who have to foot the bills. There is generally a limit to the contents of father's purse; and it is too bad to cause father too much anxiety. Mother does not feel well after too many hours of sewing, and, therefore, should be excused from overwork with her needle to please John, Mary and the other children.

When you are partaking of turkey and plum-pudding is a good time to think about those who have to sit down to a meal composed of bread and butter. For once let them partake of something that they will relish better. It will do them no harm, for they are not subject to dyspepsia, but will make them feel good. If possible so give your gifts to others that they will not know whence they come.

If little Mary Smith has clothes that permit the winds to chill her, send her comfortable raiment if you can. If Robert Burns has not gloves, give him a pair to keep his hands warm. In plain words be father and mother to those children who are not blessed with parents capable of taking care of them.

It was Jesus who went about doing good and there is no better day in the year in which to follow his example than Christmas Day.

Let Christmas Day be a happy one from morning till night—full of joyous thoughts and deeds of kindness. Permit no words to escape your lips or thoughts to enter your hearts that are not suitable to the occasion. In fellowship with all let the day begin and end.

Christmas Day comes but one day in the year. It should not be very hard to be real good for one day. On those to whom you cannot give anything bestow a sweet smile; and. my word for it, such a smile will be the means of your securing a smile in return.

Words of cheer are always in order. The sick and the well are always anxious to hear pleasant words, and be it your lot to give them freely.

Do not be particular as to whom you bestow your smiles and words of comfort upon, but take in the blind, the halt and the lame. To sinners as well as saint be kind.

When night comes on think over the doings of the day and where you have shown neglect make up for it the next day.

I once gave a boy his Christmas present the day after, for which he thanked me, remarking that he was glad I had not given it the day before,as his parents had given him so many presents on Christmas Day that he would not have properly appreciated mine. I had to laugh, and at the same time gave the boy credit for being some what of a philsopher.

"The bright and morning star," has appeared, and wise men, women and children will bow down and worship it. Celebrate the birth of Christ in a humble and generous spirit. What your hands find to do do with all your might.

May you never forget the peaceful Christmas Day of 1908, and may the children look back to it with delight.

Memory Gems.

"It is the will, and not the gift that makes the giver."

"The riches we impart are the only wealth we shall always retain."

"In this world it is not what we take up, but what we give up, that makes us rich.

First Grade.

Read suggestions for First Grade Teachers in the January number for this year. Page 26.

Opening exercises.

Memory gems or review of concert poems.

Singing.

Concert poems.

THE DEAREST MONTH.

"Oh! who can tell the brightest month,
The dearest and the best?
We really think December is
The crown of all the rest.

For that's the happy month that brings
The Christmas joy and mirth,
And tells us of the little Child
Who came from heaven to earth."

A CHRISTMAS SONG.

Sing a song of Chrsitmas,
A cake full of plums,
Four and twenty snow-birds
To pick up the crumbs;
Stockings full of candy,
Books, and games, and toys;
Isn't it a merry time
For little girls and boys?

—*Selected.*

A RIDDLE.

Short, and fat, and jolly, too,
Hair and beard of snowy hue,
Cheeks as ruddy as a rose,
And the drollest little nose;
Eyes that twinkle, bright with fun,
Lips that smile on every one,
Suit of fur, and, on his back,
A great, bulging, bursting pack,
Of books, and games, and dolls, and toys,
And all things else, for girls and boys;
Now, guess my riddle, if you can,
The answer names a well known man.

—*Selected.*

Story: "The Cradle in the Cave."

One beautiful starlight night the shepherds, who lay watching their flocks on the dewy hillsides about the city of Bethlehem, saw a great silver star slowly moving across the dark night sky, and together they watched it in fear and wonder. Never before had they seen a moving star and they were filled with anxious awe and surprise.

As they lay whispering together the star suddenly ceased to move, and shone calmly and steadily above a cave in the hillside where the cows were kept at night. The world was bathed in silver light, brighter than that of the full moon, and voices from the dark heavens were heard chanting, "Glory to the Father and peace to all men! The Savior of the world is born."

The wondering shepherds hurried in fear to the cave in the hillside to learn the meaning of the brilliant star and the heavenly voices.

From far off-countries came three wise men, whom a white-winged angel had told of a king soon to be born. The heavenly messenger bade them follow a brilliant star which would guide them to the birthplace of the Savior of the world.

With hearts full of joy and reverence, and with hands laden with costly presents, the wise men had mounted three beautiful, snow-white camels, and started on their long and tedious journey. The good beasts, with their clear, patient brown eyes, trudged slowly on, and the little gold and silver bells on the trappings of the saddles tinkled a soft accompaniment.

At last the star they had followed so faithfully ceased to move, and shone steadily over the cave in the hillside. The wise men knew that their journeyings were over, and, together with the wondering shepherds, they entered the cave. There, in a manger filled with fresh, sweet hay, they found the newly born king, a rosy, dimpled babe, sleeping as peacefully and gently as though he lay in a golden cradle. Bending over him, her deep, tender eyes filled with joy and love, and her soft hair falling in golden waves about her shoulders, was the beautiful Virgin Mary his mother.

The gentle oxen looked at the smiling baby their kind, brown eyes filled with wonder. The snowy, little limbs seemed also to love the sleeping child, while the soft-breasted doves which slept in the shadowy roof of the cave, cooed softly.

Near by stood Joseph, watching the wise men as they entered and knelt before the slumbering King and offered to him their rich gifts. The wondering shepherds could only fall upon their knees in silent homage. Angels came and kissed the tiny hands of the dreaming Jesus, and smoothed his golden hair, whispering sweet words of love and peace into his little ear.

Out in the bright night the star still shone brilliant and lustrous,

and the voices from heaven caroled on: "Glory to God in the highest and on earth peace, good will to men."

And this, dear children, was the very first Christmas, and the story of the "Cradle in the Cave."—Selected.

Story adapted from lesson.

Memory gem.

Second Grade.

Read Notes to Teachers, pages 27 and 332.

Review previous lesson.

Introductory Talk. Page 468.

Stories: "Christmas in a Home Country." Page 441. "A Christmas Without Presents." Page 461.

Have the children tell what they can do to bring happiness to some one in their own ward, some one who really needs it, and give them a desire to help. If possible, form some plan by which they can carry that desire into action. Show them that the best way to celebrate the birthday of Jesus is by doing something for others. Tell the following story yourself, or have some member of the class tell it:

A company of people were going together to a beautiful home. They were told that it was the home of a great and glorious king, and that he called them to come and be with him. So they started. The journey was long, and they came from many different places and by many different ways.

As they journed they saw a little child who had had no breakfast nor supper; the little one was very hungry, and they said, "We must give some of our food to that little one," and so the child was fed. By and by they came to an old man—a stranger, toiling all alone up the long road. "Let us help him," they said, "it will be nicer for him to be with us," and the stranger was made happy.

Another day as these people went on their journey, they found a mother with her little children, all of them cold and in rags, for they had no warm clothes nor money to buy any. "Oh, we have more clothes than they have! We must stop awhile and give them some," and once more the people stopped. While they were staying they found many sick ones too, and some who were kept in a large house and could not get out. So they waited to visit them, and tried to make them happy.

At last the journey was ended, and they came near the palace of the king. The light from the palace was more beautiful than any they had ever seen. The king met them as they entered, and he said: "Come, ye blessed ones, come and share this home with me; for when I was hungry ye fed me; when I was thirsty ye gave me drink; when I was a stranger ye took me in; when I was sick ye visited me." The people said, "What does this mean? We never saw the king hungry or sick." And the king said, "No; but as you did these things for all whom you did see, it was just as good as if you had done them for me."—*Selected.*

Teach memory gem.

Third Grade.

Introductory talk. Page 468.

Topics for members of the class.

1. Relate an incident from the life of Christ which illustrates that his love was manifested in acts of kindness for others.

2. Relate an incident from the life of the Prophet Joseph Smith which proves that he lived to benefit others.

3. Relate some instances within your own experience to show that our fathers are constantly laboring for others.

4. Relate some instances within your own experience to show that our mothers are spending their lives in the service of others.

5. Doing things for others is just as valuable at Christmas as giving gifts. Explain why the "Golden Rule" should be remembered especially at this time.

6. Discuss with the class the best kind of Christmas gifts. Impress upon the members the value of presents that represent effort on the part of the giver.

Stories: "Christmas in a Home Country." Page 441. "A Christmas Without Presents." Page 461.

Lesson 38.

Subject: Self Denial.

Introductory Talk:

The Bible tells us that once Jesus sat in the court of the Temple where the boxes were placed into which the people put their money they gave to buy sacrifices. Many who were rich gave large amounts. Then came a poor widow, who gave two mites, which were less even than a penny. Jesus called His disciples to him and told them that what the poor widow put in seemed more to God than all that the rich men had given. For they, He said, had much left for themselves, while she had nothing left, for she had given all she had, even to live upon.

"The teacher of a girls' school away off in Africa, we are told, wished her scholars to learn to give. She paid them, therefore, for doing some work for her, so that each girl might have something of her own to give away for Jesus' sake. Among them was a new scholar, such a wild and ignorant little heathen that the teacher did not try to explain to her what the other girls were doing.

The day came when the gifts were handed in. Each pupil brought her piece of money and laid it down, and the teacher thought all the offerings were given. But there stood the new scholar hugging tightly in her arms a pitcher, the only thing she had in the world. She went to the table and put it among the other gifts, but before she turned away she kissed it."

To forego something for another's sake is an excellent thing for all to practice. This does not mean the giving up of something one

does not care for, or something one is forced to give up. It should require self-denial and must be voluntarily and cheerfully done if it is to be of use.

'Hurry up!" shouted Gretchen. "It's almost time to be there."

"Yes, yes," replied Hans, "I am coming soon; just wait until I find my skates."

Soon the two children were scurrying through the streets of a little Dutch town toward the canals. Ice was everywhere that February day, and the daily papers had announced that it was thick enough for the thousands of people who were to look on at the skating contest, an annual event, in which only the children took part.

What a merry scene it was. Every yard of the three-mile run was lighted by crackling fires; banners waved in the breezes, and little booths had been erected where the hungry and thirsty might find hot cakes and warm drinks.

The start for the race in which Gretchen and Hans were to take part lay opposite one of these booths, and the first bell had already rung when they came to the canal.

"Skates on!" rang out a loud voice, and a hundred children stooped and fastened on their skates.

How bright and excited they all looked, for was not the prize to be a pair of silver skates, the finest ever seen?

"Three miles and back!" rang out the voice of the manager again. "Turn at the blue flag and skate back to the starting point."

My! what a long distance," said an American who had come many miles to see the famous race of the children.

"Oh, that's nothing for a Dutch girl or boy," said a man standing near. "What would you think of twenty-five miles and back? That's something like; but they are brought up to it, you know.

"Hark! Another bell, then the word, "Go!" and off start the children, all clad in loose-knitted blouses, baggy trousers, with gray-colored caps upon their heads.

"There she goes! He shoots ahead! Now she is there again—together they glide!" shouted the excited watchers.

With hearts beating rapidly, Gretchen and Hans began the return trip. Their round Dutch faces were red and glowing, and the sparks fairly flew from the irons of their skates. They turned not to the right nor left, now, but went straight to the mark, while the other skaters were far in the rear; in fact, most of them, had given up the race long ago.

Only a mile separated them from the booth where they had started—a half miles—a few yards—when suddenly with a crash, a fall, and poor, little Gretchen lay with her face to the cold ice.

"Just a yard more and she would have won!" exclaimed the American, again, as Hans turned to help his little playmate.

Gretchen was a brave child, for had she not behind her a race of brave and hardy Dutchmen? Although she had stumbled on the hard ice and was badly hurt, not a tear did she shed.

"It is yours!" she cried, as she tried to rise.

But Hans shook his head. "No, Gretchen," he said, "the silver skates are yours. You were ahead when you fell, and I could not have won, anyway," and he helped her forward to the booth where lay the prize in its beautiful red velvet case.

"They are yours my little man, and bravely won," said the manager to Hans, heartily.

Without saying a word Hans took the silver skates and handed them to Gretchen. Then it was that a shout went up from the hundreds of brave Dutch hearts for the unselfish act of the little Dutchman who had the blood of the good William of Orange in his veins.

—*Selected.*

Of General Gordon it is related that when the English government sought to reward him for his service in China he declined all money and titles, but accepted a gold medal on which his name and a record of his thirty-three engagements were inscribed. After his death the medal could not be found. At last it was learned that he had sent it to Manchester during a famine, with the request that it be melted to buy bread for the famished poor. In his diary that day he had written these words.

"The last and only thing I had in this world that I value I have given over to the Lord Jesus Christ." —*Selected.*

Memory Gem

"When you give, take to yourself no credit for generosity, unless you deny yourself something in order that you may give."

First Grade.

Opening exercises.
Memory gems or review of concert poems.
Singing.
Concert poems. Page 470.

Story: "James' New Skates."

Christmas had brought James Colby a pair of skates—regular boys' skates—the wobbly kind that make you feel as if you were walking on air.

He had begun the winter on girls' skates and had learned to skate so well that his Uncle Jack had hung a pair for him on the Christmas tree, with a note attached, telling him that he would find it harder to stand on them than on his own ones, and cautioning him to be careful.

"I guess Uncle Jack doesn't know how well I can skate," James said to himself when he read the note.

The next day he threw his new skates over his shoulder in regular big-boy fashion, and started for the pond back of the house, accompanied by Uncle Jack, who was anxious to witness his first trial of them.

Uncle Jack securely fastened the new skates on James's feet, strapped on his own, and then both stood up on the slippery ice..

The first stroke that James made landed him on his back. But he was up in a minute, anxious to let Uncle Jack see that a fall on the ice didn't scare him. "Suppose we skate around awhile together, until you get a little used to them," Uncle Jack suggested.

So up and down the pond they skated several times. With his uncle to pull him up when his feet began to fly around, James gained confidence, and after the sixth time back and forth he straightened himself, and said:

"Thank you, Uncle Jack! I think I can get along alone now." James had just spied Ned Blake on the shore putting on his skates. Ned was several years older, and James wanted him to see how well a little eight-year-old could manage real boys' skates.

As he dropped his Uncle's hand, however, his courage waned. He made two or three wild strokes, then, without the least warning, his feet flew from under him and he fell, hitting the back of his head, and rendering himself senseless.

Uncle Jack picked him up and hurried with him to the house. When he opened his eyes and saw his mother and Uncle Jack anxiously bending over him, the plucky little fellow smiled and said in a faint voice, "I suppose girls' skates are safter, but I like the boys' kind better."—*Helen M. Richardson.*

Story adapted from lesson.

Memory Gem.

Second Grade.

Read notes to teachers, pages 27 and 332.

Review of previous lesson.

Introductory talk. Page 473.

Stories: "Gertrude's Princess." Page 444. "A Christmas Vision." Page 454.

The following incident, "Honor Among Newsboys," to be told by the teacher or a pupil:

There are thousands of newsboys on the streets of our large cities who are living under the most unfavorable conditions. Many of them know nothing of the comforts of home and nothing of a mother's care. Raised on the street almost from the time they are old enough to walk, they often grow up in filth and wretchedness. An effort is being put forth in most of our cities now to improve their condition. But they are not all bad. The following incident, related in the parlance of the street, shows that they often have a high grade of honor among themselves.

A gentleman motioning to a newsboy, said, "Here, boy, let me have a paper."

"Can't."

"Why not? I heard you crying them loud enough to be heard at the City Hall."

"Yes, but that was down t'other block, ye know, where I hollered."

"What does that matter? Come, now, no fooling. I'm in a hurry."

"Couldn't sell you a paper on this here block, mister, cos it b'longs to Limpy. He's up the furdest end now. You'll meet him."

"And who is Limpy? And why does he have this block?"

"Cos us other boys agreed to let him have it. Ye see it's a good run, 'count of the offices all along, and the poor chap is that lame he can't get around lively like the rest of us, so we agreed that the first one caught sellin' on his beat should be thrashed. See?"

"Yes, I see. You have a sort of brotherhood among yourselves?"

"Well, we're goin' to look out for the little cove what's lame, anyhow."

"There comes Limpy now. "He's a forunate boy to have such friends."

The gentleman bought two papers of him, and went on his way down town, wondering how many men in business would refuse to sell their wares in order to give a weak, halting brother a chance in the field.—*Exchange.*

Teach memory gem.

Third Grade.

Introductory Talk. Page 473.

Topics for members of the class.

1. Discuss with class how to make this Christmas a very valuable and happy one; especially from the point of self-denial or the sacrificing of what we want ourselves in the efforts we make for others' comfort and pleasure.

Continue the discussion from last week and talk about the right kind of Christmas gifts to make. The teacher will find it very interesting to have a list of simple, suitable gifts and explain to the class how to make them.

2. Explain this statement: "What I gave, I have; what I spent, I had; what I kept, I lost."

3. Tell the meaning of the following: "He who gives what he would as readily throw away, gives without generosity; for the essence of generosity is in self-sacrifice."

Stories: "Gertrude's Princess." Page 444. "A Christmas Vision." Page 454.

Lesson 39.

Subject: Giving.

Introductory Talk:

"Perhaps sometime you knew somebody you thought you ought to remember with a Christmas gift; you did not want to give it but you thought it might be expected, and so sent one. Did you ever get any pleasure out of such a gift as that? Not a bit of it! And do not deceive

yourself thinking that such a gift brought any pleasure to the one who received it. It does not matter at all how small a gift is, if it is only sincere; a gift of love makes a warm spot in the heart and the memory of it is treasured long after the gift is worn out. If it were not for this I am afraid Christmas giving would not be a very happy time with the children, for their gifts if they are really their own must be very small. But never mind! Sew lots of love into the little presents and spend your pennies with loving care, and see what happiness you can give.

Paul gave such sensible advice to his friends, and it was so sensible that it is as good today for us as it was for those people in Corinth years ago. He says: 'Do not give grudgingly or of necessity, for God loveth a cheerful giver.' If we do give grudgingly we need not think we have given a gift at all."

"Here's some flowers for you, mother. I found 'em in the grass," said little Donald, running in from his play to bring a few drooping daisies. The hand that offered them bore marks of mud pies it had been making, and face and clothing were far from spotless.

"My, what a looking child!" exclaimed Aunt Maria, with a wondering glance at the mother, who received her gift with a loving word and smile. "I shouldn't think you'd want him to come near you—bringing a few worthless weeds with hands like that!"

"He has evidently been doing a good many things that would better have been left undone," laughed the mother. "But the daisies looked valuable to him, and he brought them because he loved me."

—*Selected.*

A rich woman dreamed that she went to Heaven and there she saw a splendid mansion being built. "For whom is that?" she asked; and the answer was, "For your gardener."

Then she went on and saw a tiny cottage being built, and asked, "For whom is that?" The answer was, "For you."

The rich woman was filled with dismay. "Why," she said, "my gardener has always lived in a little cottage. He might have had a better house, but he gave away so much to miserable poor folks. But I am used to living in a mansion; I wouldn't know how to live in a cottage."

Then came a significant reply: "The Master Builder is doing his best with the material sent up."

A banker gave his boy half a dollar to invest as a lesson in business, telling him to put it out at interest, and if he did it wisely, his capital should be increased.

The boy came across a poor lad, who was ragged and hungry, and gave him the half dollar. When the banker heard of this he rebuked the boy for his lack of business sense. "But," said he, "I'll try you once more. Here is a dollar. See how well you can invest it."

The boy burst out laughing, "My Sunday-school teacher told me,"

he said, that giving to the poor is lending to the Lord, and she said He would return it double; but I didn't think He would do it so soon."

Indeed, it is often literally true, as George Herbert wrote, that

Who shuts his hand hath lost his gold;
Who opens it hath it twice told.

Or, as Whittier sings in the same strain:

Hands that hope but to receive
Empty close; they only live
Richly who can richly give.

But even when giving leaves us poorer in worldly goods, it vastly enriches us in the goods of Heaven. It broadens our sympathies. It widens our experience. It blesses us with gratitude. It bestows on us the mind of the Master. It gives us an insight into divine things. It comforts us when sorrows come. It wins the loftiest of all honors, the praise of God.

When it will do all this for us, and do it certainly and ceaselessly, is it not amazing that our gifts are so small, so inconstant and so grudging?—*Selected.*

A little girl once said that she always loved a certain lady because she once gave her half of an apple. It was not the gift which caused this love, for the child had had many apples given to her. It must have been the way in which it was given that made it taste extra sweet. It is not the price of the gift that counts, it is the feeling with which it is given.

"It is not what we give, but what we share;
For the gift without the giver is bare."

Christmas is a time of peace and good will toward men. Let us all be messengers of good cheer. Let our giving extend even to those for whom we do not much care. A boy may be poor and dirty, but his feelings are the same as other boys. "He is one of God's children, and his misfortunes should make us even more particular to see that he is looked after."

Memory Gems.

"Little gifts are precious
If a loving heart
Help the busy fingers
As they do their part."

"Then let us bring our gifts this Christmas time,
Our gift of loving service,—may it shine
In deeds of kindness for each one, and bring
To all the peace and love of Christ our King."

"God loveth a cheerful giver;
Though the gifts be poor and small;
But what can He think of His children
Who never give at all?"

First Grade.

Opening exercises.
Memory gems or review of concert poems.
Singing.
Concert poems. Page 470.
Story: "By the Chimney Route."

"Do you think, Papa Jim, that you'll really, truly find Santa Claus?"

"I won't if you don't get off my knee so's I can get my boots on."

"I'll let you go if you're very, very sure; but he didn't bring us anything last year."

Madge climbed down from his knee and watched while Papa Jim pulled on his big rubber boots. There was need of them, too, for the snow was already deep and still falling fast.

"What time does Santa Claus get to Summit?" asked Harold. "'Cause most likely he can't stay long, having so many places to go."

"That's right," said Papa Jim, "I never thought of it before, and I'll have to hurry or I may not see him. Now, Madge, be a good girl, and both of you go to bed at eight and don't forget to hang up the stockings by the sittingroom fireplace. There is no fire there, and if Santa tried to come down our kitchen chimney he'd get scorched sure."

"Oh, Papa Jim, will he surely come," cried little Madge.

"Sure, he'll be here tonight," said her papa. He kissed them good-by and went out into the storm, plowing his way through the snow drifts toward twinkling lights of the town.

"It's early yet," said Harold, when they were left alone. "Let's get into father's chair and tell what we'd rather have for Christmas. They cuddled down together in the big chair and played for half an hour at the delightful game of wishing. Then they hung up their stockings and crept into the little cots in the warm kitchen.

Madge was awake first in the morning. She pattered across the floor and peeped into the next room. The stockings were hanging there, but alas! they were limp and empty! Madge's cry of grief awoke Harold, and he came to comfort her, but he cried too. Harold did not cry very long, for mother had told him always to be a brave little man for sister's sake.

"Never mind, Madge," he said, "maybe he's coming yet. It's dark and perhaps he hasn't got around."

"I know he won't come," said Madge, "and Papa Jim isn't home, either, and I think he's lost."

"Hellc there!" said a strange hoarse voice.

The children ran into the next room. There was no one there.

"Hi there, down below!" called the strange voice again.

"It's up the chimney! Oh, it's him! it's Santa! We are down here, Santa, and we're waiting for you, cried the children.

"Alright," and out on the hearth tumbled a package.

"It's a doll! I see it's feet! Oh! oh!" and Madge jumped up and down. "But please, Santa Claus," she said, "please give Harold something. This is all I want, truly."

Another package rolled down at their feet. It was Harold's football. Then came another, and another, until the children shouted with joy.

"Hi, there!" called the voice. The next is too big to come down the chimney and I'll give them to your father; he will be along about noon."

"Many thanks, Santa," said Harold.

"And we will be good all the year, dear Santa," said Madge.

"Good-by," said Santa. "Eat your breakfast before you begin on the candy, or it might make you sick."

"We will," called the children cheerily, and obeyed—

—*Selected.*

Story adapted from lesson.

Memory Gem.

Second Grade.

Read Notes to Teachers, pages 27 and 332.

Review of previous lesson.

Introductory Talk: Page 477.

Story: "A Motherly Girl." Page 447.

Talk about the children's homes and friends. Lead them to tell how they can help to make this Christmas happy for others, by giving up some of their own books or toys or pleasures.

Tell the following story, "Jemmy's Mother's Bonnet:

I want you to put jes' as many vi'-lets on as you ken for a shilling right there in front, so't they'll stick up an' look kind o' stylish."

It was a thin sickly-looking boy that spoke. The young girl behind the counter smiled, but there were tears in her eyes as the grimy fingers undid the ungainly newspaper bundle, and took out a rusty black straw bonnet, which had seen a great deal of service.

"It's fur my mother," he continued, "an' it's a surprise. Do you think you ken git it done fur me by the time I take my papers down to the office and get back?"

"Oh, yes," said the girl; only don't hurry too much. What is your name?"

"Jem," answered the boy; "an' I won't hurry. An' there's the shilling. I'd wait fur it a couple o' hours if I had to."

He passed out, whistling cheerily. The girl opened her bag, and,

taking out a bottle of shoe polish, began applying it vigorously to the faded straw.

"Are you really going to try to do up that old thing?" inquired another girl, "and take your dinner hour too? Catch me! Why didn't you give him the violets and let him go? A shilling's worth—humph?"

"Indeed, I am going to make it up for the poor little fellow," was the earnest reply. "Just think, Mary, I suppose he's saved up that shilling for weeks! I'm so glad I happened to get this blacking this morning. You won't be able to recognize the bonnet when I have done with it; see if you can!"

She hummed a happy little song as she went putting on coat after coat, deftly turning the straw up here and down there.

"Mrs. Brown," she said, as the proprietor of the shop entered, "will you give me two shillings' worth of violets at wholesale? A poor little boy has brought me his mother's bonnet to trim, and I want to add a few violets to what he has ordered, and make it just as pretty as I can."

"Indeed I will," the proprietor answered; "and good measure too!" And so it came about that the poor black bonnet was transformed into a beautiful "shiny" one, with bunches of violets peeping out here and there from the ribbons, so cunningly arranged that the worn, faded parts could hardly be discerned.

"Oh, you don't mean it! you don't mean that's my mother's bunit, and all for a shilling?" exclaimed Jem, coming back just as the finishing touch was being given. "Oh, what lots o' vi'lets! How did you git it so shiny? Oh, she'll be so pleased!"

It was a wonderfully happy little boy who gazed from the bonnet into the girl's face.

As the door closed behind him, one who had been a silent spectator of it all went up to the young girl, and laying her hand on her shoulder, said: "That has been a lesson to me, my dear—a lesson that I can never forget. Out of the abundance with which the Lord has blessed me I have begrudged to the poor and needy within my gate. Please God it shall never happen again."

In her simple way the girl pondered upon the woman's words, and wondered what her life had been, and what it would be. Ah, who can say? As the circles of a pool into which a pebble has been cast widen and widen until the ripples reach beyond our sight, so the influence of a noble, generous act, though one the world might call small, goes on and on through all eternity.—*Daybreak.*

Teach memory gem.

Third Grade.

Introductory talk. Page 477.

Topics for members of the class.

1. Tell a story which illustrates the following: "The manner of giving shows the character of the giver, more than the gift itself.

2. Relate briefly the story "The vision of Sir Launfal."
3. Discuss with the class the following: "Not what we give, but what we share, For the gift without the giver is bare; Who gives himself with his alms feeds three, Himself, his hungering neighbor, and me."
4. Review gifts and there making.

Story: "A Motherly Girl." Page 447.

Lesson 40.

Subject. The Greatest Gift.

Introductory talk.

Instead of giving the talk here we refer the teachers to back numbers of the "Friend" for the "Christmas Story" and also for a great number of good ideas and suggestions which have been given in past years, and which will prove of value to both teachers and children if reviewed. Suitable memory gems will be found in the December numbers of the "Friend."

First Grade.

Opening exercises.
Memory gems or review of concert poems.
Singing.
Concert poems. Page 470.
Story: The Christmas Baby.

One Christmas a little girl had been wishing for a long time for a great many pretty things, but she had never once thought of a baby. So this little girl, whose name, by the way, was Edith, was very much surprised when her mother did not come to tell her it was time to get up, as she usually did.

The stockings were hung in her mother's room, and when Edith went to get hers she went very softly, for she supposed her mother was asleep, but she was wide awake and smiling. "Come here, Edith, and see what I have," she said. So Edith went, and her mother said "Draw down the blanket a little." Edith did, and there she saw the little face. All she could say for a moment was: "Oh, Mother." In a few minutes she said: "Is it a girl?" "Yes, dear," said her mother, "it is a girl."

That afternoon she called in a few of her girl friends to see her presents. First she took them to see her little sister, and as they stood looking at the baby, the mother told them the story of the Christ-child so beautifully that it almost seemed as if there was a halo about her head, and the children went home very soberly thinking over the story she had told them, and afterwards Edith said she did not think

half so much of her other presents as she did of her baby sister; and that is was the best and happiest Christmas she had ever had.

—*Selected.*

Memory Gem.

Second Grade.

Read Notes to Teachers, pages 27 and 332.

Review previous lesson.

Let the children help tell the story of the Birth of Jesus—the journey of Mary and Joseph to Bethlehem—the shepherds—(Luke 2: 1-16)—the Wise Men—the first gifts. (Matt. 2: 1-12.)

Tell about the promise of the Savior made to the people on this continent—the sign which should tell of His birth—the fulfillment. (Helaman 14: 1-8; III. Nephi, Chap. 1; Children's Friend, Vol. 5, page 467.)

Story: "A Christmas Legend." Page 452.

Third Grade.

Introductory talk. Page 483.

Topics for members of the class.

1. A short talk or paper on the story of the birth of Christ. Reference, New Testament.
2. A short talk or paper on the Wise Men. If the story of Ben Hur by Lew Wallace is to be had a review of the first part which tells about the Wise men would be very interesting. If not, the story as told in the New Testament will do very nicely.
3. Relate the story of the flight into Egypt. New Testament.
4. Relate the incident of Jesus and the doctors in the Temple. New Testament.
5. Explain why the birth of Christ was the greatest gift.
6. General discussion on the value of Christmas to us.

Story: "A Christmas Legend." Page 452.

48. MIRACLE OF THE LOAVES AND FISHES.
St. John vi. 11.

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"And Jesus took the loaves; and when He had given thanks, He distributed to the disciples, and the disciples to them that were sat down."

The Children's Friend

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ONE DAY AT BUSINESS.

"Hurry up, Angus! The last bell is ringing."

But Angus Farman paid no heed to the warning cry of his schoolmate. In fact, he did not hear it. He was too deeply absorbed in his own rebellious and gloomy thoughts for that. He mounted the high-school steps slowly; he paused irresolutely at the wide-open, massive door.

All at once he turned on his heel and hurried down the steps, his strap of school-books tucked under his arm. He looked alert and quick enough now. All his gloomy apathy was gone. In its place there was a look of fixed determination. His face was set and pale, and his eyes were bright. He had resolved on a decisive step—though a foolish one.

"I'll do it!" he said to himself, "I will! Uncle Eben had no business to speak to me as he did, even if he is my guardian. I hate books, anyway!"

His pace slackened as he got farther and farther away from the school. The spring day was warm, and he took off his cap to let the light breeze blow through his thick brown locks. He took long, deep breaths. There was a sweet scent of flowers in the air that came from a neighboring garden. How good it seemed to be outdoors—and free!

Angus had made a sudden dash for freedom; he had run away from school, and it was his intention to seek fame and fortune in the great city of New York, less than ten miles away.

And why? His reasons were really very poor ones, but they seemed sufficient to Angus. One of his high school teachers had sent in a bad report about him. He had been negligent in his studies and unruly under discipline. His uncle had called him into his office, and had spoken earnestly though kindly to him about these faults. Angus had listened in sulky silence, and at last Dr. Farman had become severe. Then Angus had flung himself out of the room, hot with rebellious anger.

This had all happened yesterday. Angus had nursed his resentment through a long and restless night. He considered himself badly treated. He was sixteen—much too old to be spoken to like a naughty infant. So he told himself. He would show them all, his uncle and his

meddlesome teachers, that he was quite old enough and self-reliant enough to take care of himself.

He had a few dollars in his pocket, for his allowance was a liberal one. There was no immediate danger of starvation, at any rate, even if he did not find a position at once.

Angus lingered for a moment at the business corner of the little town. He bought a morning paper and thrust it into his pocket. Then he swung himself on a trolley car which was just starting. In less than an hour he would be in New York.

That ride through the Bronx hills was delightful. Angus threw aside all his perplexities. His eyes sparkled, his cheeks grew red under the swift impact of the breeze that came through the open windows of the car. He looked eagerly out at the profusion of wild-flowers that swayed and nodded on either hand. At last, with a sigh of pleased satisfaction, he pulled out his paper and spread it on his knees, though the tricky wind struggled for possession of it.

"I suppose I'll have to begin as an office boy somewhere," said Angus to himself. "They always do, and then work their way to the top."

"Wanted—a boy." Why, there was almost a whole long column of such wants! After all, it would be much easier to find a position than he had expected.

He pored eagerly over his paper. Boys were wanted to do office work, to run errands, to learn trades.

"I'll try 'em all," said Angus, "all except the trades. I don't believe I want to learn a trade; there isn't enough money in it. Business is the thing."

Suddenly he remembered the strap of school-books on the seat beside him. What should he do with them? He thought of dropping them from the rear platform of the car. He even sauntered out and looked down at the glittering, receding rails. But presently he had another idea and a much better one.

"I'll leave 'em on the seat," he thought. "Some one may pick them up and make use of them."

They were nearing the city at last. How different were the dust and din, the bustle and hurry from the brooding quiet of Roseboro! Yet Angus liked these things better—or thought he did.

He jumped from the trolley car, and found himself in one of the surging currents of humanity at Broadway and Twenty-third street. He felt alert and excited. The spirit of adventure was pulsing in his veins. He was on the road to success, he thought.

He walked on and on down the busy, noisy thoroughfare. He was lost in dreams and hopes and plans. Impatient people jostled him aside, but he hardly noticed.

At last he bethought himself of action, and he pulled out his paper again. "Apply in person at 551 Broadway." Why, this number was only a block further down. It proved to be a large wholesale house.

Angus presented himself at one of the many desks in the office. He was surprised at his own timidity and nervousness. He had expected to be bold and self-assured.

Yes, they wanted a boy. Where had he worked before? Had he a recommendation with him? No, Angus had nothing to show as to what he would be worth to them. His having run away from school and home to seek his fortune, his defiance of authority, would hardly prove to be recommendations; Angus knew this very well indeed. Flushed and uncomfortable under the cold eyes turned upon him, he left the office, both sadder and wiser than when he went in.

He tried another place, and another, four or five of them, but with no better success. Some had already hired boys; the others asked for the recommendations which he did not possess. The column of want advertisements seemed to Angus a delusion and a snare. If boys were really wanted, why was everybody so particular about them?

At last he grew tired and discouraged. What a small and unimportant personage he was, after all, in the world of business and labor! No one seemed to want him. The clangor of the streets began to jar upon his nerves. He grew homesick for the quietness of Roseboro, for his pleasant home with Uncle Eben and Aunt Mary. He even longed for his school and his school-book! Oh, how foolish he had been!

He pulled himself together with a great effort. He would try once more and if he failed— But he would not fail. "I will succeed!" he said to himself through clenched teeth.

The next place on his list of wants proved to be a book store—and Angus hated books! But he went in, just the same. It was an imposing store, one of the largest of its kind on Broadway. "Apply to Mr. Burke," the advertisement read. So Angus asked for Mr. Burke.

The old question of recommendations, the one that Angus dreaded, came up again, of course. The disheartened lad turned to go away, but Mr. Burke called him back.

"You might leave your name and address," he suggested. He liked Angus' appearance. The boy certainly looked both honest and intelligent.

"My name is Angus Farman." Then he hesitated and reddened. "I—I may let you have my address later," he said. "I—I haven't any yet."

"Ah, you are not living at home?" There was a note of finality and dismissal in Mr. Burke's voice. "I'm afraid you won't do after all. We take only boys who are living with their parents or some relation."

"One moment, Mr. Burke." The gentleman who had come up unobserved stood at Mr. Burke's elbow. It was Mr. Richard Hallam, senior partner of the firm. "We'll give the young man a trial. Your name is Angus Farman, I think you said." He turned his keen but kind eyes on Angus.

"Yes, sir."

"Mr. Burke will instruct you. I hope you are ready to go to work at once?"

"Yes, sir," answered Angus.

"Good. I trust this day will turn out successfully for you; indeed, I think it will."

A whimsical smile flickered at the corners of Richard Hallam's mouth. He shook hands with the boy in a hearty manner, much to the amazement of Mr. Burke. To hire a boy without a recommendation, and to ask him no questions—this seemed preposterously unbusiness-like. Mr. Burke shook his head but said nothing.

But Richard Hallam, shrewd, alert man of business that he was, knew perfectly well what he was about. On hearing Angus Farman's name, he had looked up from the newspaper he was reading, and had noted every detail of the boy's voice and actions. He had even seen the class pin which was fastened to Angus' cap.

The Senior partner seated himself at his desk and began to finger a paper-knife. There was a look of earnest thought on his face. At last he drew some paper toward him, and wrote a letter to his wife:

"My Dear Amelia: Have a little talk with the bearer of this note. He is, as you can see for yourself, the son of your old friend and school-mate, Sara Willis. The resemblance is wonderful.

Since his parents' death he has been living with his uncle Dr. Farman of Roseboro—or so I've been informed, though I don't know by whom. I think the boy, Angus, has had some disagreement with him, and has run away from home. He has sought employment with me, but I don't want him here—I want him to go home.

"Now, my dear Amelia, I wish you to straighten out the tangle—as only you can. Use your woman's tact upon him. Do it for Sara Willis' sake, and for the boy's. Your big heart will find a way.

"Yours in perfect love and confidence,

"RICHARD."

This was the note which Angus started out half an hour later to deliver, all unconscious of the pretty little plot Richard Hallam had woven for his welfare.

The boy had eaten a hasty lunch at a neighboring restaurant. He was more buoyant and hopeful than he had been an hour ago, though there was still a home-sick feeling lingering in his heart. He had sorted papers, he had run on errands, he had done this and that, first for one person, then for another; and now Angus knew that he did not like business at all—at least not the business of being a general utility boy. It was much harder, and not nearly so pleasant as he had expected it to be.

He took the elevated, and at last found himself on Fifth Avenue, opposite Central Park, looking for Mr. Hallam's house. It was not hard to find. A white-capped maid took the letter from him and left

him standing in the hall while she searched for Mrs. Hallam. Angus had been instructed by his employer to wait for an answer.

The lad chafed and grew angry under what he was pleased to call an indignity. At last there was a soft rustle, and Mrs. Hallam appeared —a serene and loving friend to all who needed her.

"My answer will be ready soon," she began, pleasantly; "but before I write it I want to have a little chat with you, because, you see, I know who you are."

She held out her hand, and Angus took it in much bewilderment. "You know who I am?" he echoed.

"Yes." Mrs. Hallam was smiling gently. "You are Angus Farman, son of one of my dearest girl friends. You look exactly as Sara Willis looked at seventeen, only, of course, you are bolder and stronger of feature, as befits a man."

She beamed upon Angus with a certain sweet tenderness, and the boy felt vaguely troubled under her gaze. Yet his heart went out to her, too. Just so his mother might have looked at him, if she had lived. Ah, if only she had lived. There was a lump in Angus' throat as he followed his gentle guide into her sitting-room. She still held his hand.

Mrs. Hallam talked on and on, but she asked very few questions. She brought out a faded photograph of Angus' mother, taken when she was a school-girl. She even read aloud a few extracts from old letters, some grave, some gay, but all of them about "little Angus Willis Farman," who was to build bridges some day, "just like his father."

When at last Angus started to go back to the office, with a note for Mr. Hallam in pocket his mother's old friend had become his friend too.

It was a very grave and thoughtful boy that rode back to the office of Hallam & Long. He was thinking of that sweet and beautiful mother whom he hardly remembered. How her heart would have been torn over his conduct of the last twenty-four hours! But he would go back to his once despised books, and make true the fond hopes and dreams she had had for him. He would be a man, not a coward and a shirk.

"I'm afraid I shall have to quit with this one day's work in your store," he told Mr. Hallam, though he said never a word of Mrs. Hallam's talk with him. "I—I think I'll go to school a while longer."

"And a very good idea, my boy," said Richard Hallam heartily. "I wish you good luck and a happy future."

"Thank you," said Angus simply.

He had a feeling of exhilaration and freedom as he boarded, at five o'clock, the electric car for Roseboro.

"Hello!" said the conductor, staring hard at him when he took his fare. 'Ain't you the boy who left a bundle of books in this identical car on one of my morning runs to town? Guess you are, and here's the books." He groped under the seat. "As good as new," he added smil-

ingly, "though a trifle dusty. I haven't had time to turn 'em in among the 'losts.' You're in luck to get them back so easy."

Angus certainly thought he was. Thus it came about that no one in Roseboro except the principal of the High School ever knew the boy had tried "business" for one day in New York. And the principal, who was wise and kind, never told.

Next year, I have heard, Angus Willis Farman will start out in the world as a full-fledged engineer.—*Boys' World.*

BABYLAND.

How many miles to Babyland?
Anyone can tell;
Up one flight,
To the right;
Please to ring the bell.

What can you see in Babyland?
Little folks in white,
Downy heads,
Cradle beds,
Faces pure and bright.

What do they do in Babyland?
Dream and wake and play,
Laugh and crow,
Shout and grow;
Jolly times have they.

What do they say in Babyland?
Why, the oddest things;
Might as well
Try to tell
What a birdie sings.

Who is queen of Babyland?
Mother, kind and sweet,
And her love,
Born above,
Guides the little feet.—*Anonymous.*

A CHARACTER ADVERTISEMENT.

"Beware of that 'haven't time excuse, my boy," said a teacher, on hearing a pupil refuse to lend a hand in carrying out a benevolent plan. "It advertises you pretty plainly."

"How is that, Mr. Chapin? It seems to me that if a fellow hasn't time, he hasn't, and that is all there is about it. One person can't do everything."

"True, but that saying, 'I haven't time' is one way of saying, 'That

is very unimportant to me.' It tells the story of your choices every time."

One says, "I haven't time for amusements," another says, "I can't spend time to read," another, "I must let church work go by." Every one of these statements may be true enough from the speaker's standpoint, but it is because of his taking the standpoint. Now and then one is so situated for a season that he really has time for nothing but daily tasks, but ordinarily everyone has time, if he really chooses so to use it, to keep in touch with the bests—with his neighbors, through friendly intercourse or through service, with best thoughts of the times by reading, with philanthropic and religious activities. This involves thought and foresight and some determination, but it can be compassed, will be compassed, by the one who sets high value on these lines of activity.

In some cases, however, "I haven't time" is an advertisement of high character, for it may say that one has too much interest in the non-essentials, or the harmful doings that life offers. After having taken time enough for amusement one is right to maintain that he cannot give time to excesses. One may rightfully say that he hasn't time for gossip or slander or strife. It was once said of the graduates of a certain college that they hadn't time to get rich, and some very earnest women have said that they hadn't time to be fashionable. "I haven't time" is a good phrase when used in just the right way.—Selected.

HOW GRANDMA STUDIED GEOGRAPHY.

"O, dear!" wailed twin number one, whirling over the geography leaves. "I wonder if Mount Nebo is in Alaska?"

"O, dear! I wonder if it is," echoed number two, politely nestling down into her half of the easy chair, so her sister—twin number one—could see the map better.

"Guess it must be in South America," sighed number one, as she finished Alaska and all hopeful-looking islands along the coast. "Guess so," nodded number two, trying to draw a picture of grandmother napping by the fireplace.

"I hate review lessons!" declared number one, straightening up her tired back. "Here I've got clear down to Cape Horn, and—"

"O, let me look!" broke in number two, as grandmother suddenly stopped nodding. "Grandmother," she pleaded, a few minutes later, "will you please tell where Mount Nebo is?" Now, grandmother did not usually believe in telling children what they could find out for themselves. But tonight there was a way-off look in her eyes, and she answered promptly: "In Utah."

"Grandmother, how did you ever learn geography so you never forgot the mountains and things?" asked Elizabeth.

"Well," answered grandmother, "I did not have any little sister to get my lessons for me, so I just played them."

Grandmother tenderly rubbed the back of number one's aching little neck, the story-look all the while creeping round her mouth. At last she began: "When I was a little girl I lived on a big farm out West, where the nearest school was in the town, thirty miles away. So my mother had to be teacher. On one of her yearly trips to town she bought a geography, which she promisd to give me if I learned to read within the year. Although I was allowed only one look at its red and yellow maps, that was enough to make me earn the book in less than two months."

"And then," whispered Elizabeth, as grandmother paused.

"And then," repeated grandmother, "I spent all my time in the big hayloft, curled up under the eaves—where there were lots of cracks for the sunlight to sift through—looking up places on the map."

"But that isn't play," grumbled twin number two.

"It was for me," smiled grandmother. "Still, I did something else, too," she added. "When I had found all the places in the country, I'd play that the loft was the map. And I'd pile up the hay for mountain ranges, and build cities out of corncobs, and dig river courses, and—"

"O, O!" gasped both the twins.

This so astonished the twins that they could not say anything, so they took a very long breath instead. Then grandmother told them how she played islands, and deserts, and seas. The twins kept on saying, "O!" and taking big breaths, till grandmother said she would have to stop and let them rest. But that did not do any good, for the children just said "O" louder than ever, and began asking all sorts of questions. "Were there lions in the jungles?" And "What were the icebergs made of?" And "How high?"

"Children!" called mother from the nursery, "it's past bedtime."

"Be sure the chickens do not get into the loft, or they will eat up the volcanoes," cautioned grandmother, with the way-off look in her eyes, as she kissed the twins good night.

"Guess grandmother must be sleepy," said twin number one.

"Guess she is," said twin number two.—*Selected.*

OLA MAY'S HARMONICON.

Ola May sat thinking. A very big white horn comb lay across her knee. Ola May had just bought it at the one small store on the mountain. Old-fashioned articles—even to leather shoe-strings—were kept there. They were on the dusty shelves above the barrels of brown and white sugar. And near them was the set of pigeon-holes, to hold the mail for the very few people who lived in that out-of-the-way place.

Ola May's papa was a doctor. They had lived in the city until he became ill from overwork. A little later he built a sanitarium in this

quiet, beautiful spot. The sanitarium was still new. Only a few patients had come to it.

One day a great musician was brought there by his man and a nurse. He must have perfect quiet, the doctors all had said, or he would go insane. And, strange as it may seem, he must not hear any music. So the piano was locked. And the little evening songs, which Ola May and her mamma were in the habit of singing had to be made into whisper songs.

Ola May's papa thought and thought about the new patient. He talked with the nurse. He talked with Ola May's mamma. He was very anxious.

One day a boy went by on horseback. He was sliding something across his mouth and breathing very hard. And music came from the breathing. It was "Home, Sweet Home." Ola May was filled with wonder. Then one of the nurses told her that the boy was playing on a harmonicon, and that she often had made a coarse comb into a harmonicon when she was a little girl. At this Ola May took her box of pennies down to the store and asked for a very large, coarse comb.

The storekeeper hunted around among the tape, needles, hairpins, balls of twine, and buttons until he found one. It was a beauty, he told her. The teeth were so far apart that they couldn't pull a little girl's hair—even if they wanted to, he said.

Ola May took the comb and went back to the sanitarium. There she found that the nurse had gone in the stage to buy some things at the foot of the mountain for the new patient. Ola May felt very badly. She sat down on a step of the veranda to think how very badly she felt.

By and by she remembered the new patient. He had not spoken a word to anyone since he came there. But he knew everything about pianos and violins and trumpets and drums. Surely he must know how to make a harmonicon out of a comb—especially such a beautiful, big, coarse comb!

Ola May sighed. Then she got up and went into the parlor. The musician's door was open a little way. Ola May had not seen the door left open before. Maybe he was getting better. She could see him sitting in the great willow chair. No one had been able to persuade him out of that room. All day long he sat there grieving, grieving. It was something very sad that ailed him. Ola May's papa called it melancholia. He and the nurse were afraid the musician never would get well.

"And he knows all 'bout flutes and drums," thought Ola May. "And he must know 'bout 'monicum. Knowing 'bout it isn't playing. After he tells me I'll go off in the wood when I play 'Home, Sweet Home.'"

She went to the door, stood there, and looked in. But not a word did he speak to her. Now, this was not the way Ola May was used to being treated. Everybody loved the bright little creature. So she was made welcome everywhere. But she was very greatly in earnest about

the harmonicon. So she took first one step, then another into the room, stopping with each and waiting so prettily that it seemed as if a stone man must be moved at sight of her.

Nearer and nearer she came, the big comb in her hand. At last the musician raised his eyes from his clasped hands and watched the little creature, as he might have watched a sparrow hopping upon the ground. When she had come so near that her toes touched the rug under his own feet she paused, with her sweet face uplifted. The dark eyes under the shaggy eyebrows watched her sharply. It is quite probable that Ola May's papa would have been nervous had he known. But Ola May stood and waited.

The musician had loved children. Something stirred in his heart. He almost heard the voice of another child whom he had loved and lost long before.

"Anita!" he whispered.

The little girl went up and knelt down before him, so that she could see into his face the better. "I'm Ola May," she said. "And I'm so glad you spoked to me, 'cause—'cause I don't know anyfings 'bout 'monicums. An' you does." She held up the comb.

He nodded. "It is a comb. Why do you have the comb, Anita?"

"To make it into a 'monicum."

He said nothing.

"Into a 'monicum. Wiv paper on it. Then I'll play bufolo—" She remembered that one must not speak of music to him. So she held the comb in her mouth, and moved it back and forth.

A new look came into the sad eyes under the heavy eyebrows. He drew a piece of paper from his inner pocket and wrapped it around the monstrous comb.

"Is—is it a 'monimum now?" asked Ola May.

For answer the musician laid it against his lips and, with slight breathing, began the most delicious music the little girl ever had heard. "O—!" she sighed, while on and on he played. He seemed to have gone into another country and to have become a boy again. His eyes grew tender and the lines on his forehead were less deep.

The nurse came quickly. Ola May's father came also, with anxious eyes. When he saw the patient's face his heart was glad. "Ola May has done what none of us could," he thought. "She has broken the spell." He touched the nurse's arm. "Do not interfere," he commanded.

"Do you like it, my Anita?" asked the musician.

"It's the very most bufolo music dat ever I heard!" exclaimed the child. "The horseback boy didn't play—oh, not a bushel as well!"

"The boy?" asked the musician. Then Ola May told him all about it. The sick man became interested. For months he had paid no attention to anyone. But the child's voice held him. When she paused he said, "Go on, Anita. Talk to me!"

So Ola May told him about her dollies and the swing and the playhouse under the trees. And when she would lead him to see it he arose

and went willingly. All the morning he was with her, asking her to talk to him, listening to her dear childish voice. At luncheon he ordered his man to bring the child's food and wait upon her at his own table. When night came she fell asleep upon his sofa.

Day after day he spent with the child. They gathered mosses for the playhouse. He told her stories of the trees and the brook. He spoke of them as if they held some sweet, living spirit. But all this time he spoke to no one except the child, unless it were to order his man to wait upon her.

One day they were passing through the drawing room, when he stopped at the piano and seemed vexed that it was locked. Ola May ran to her mother, who came and opened it. The musician sat down, tried the keys, then began to play. Very soft, very sweet the music was. Ola May leaned against the piano and looked at him. When he had finished he turned to her.

"Oh, it was bufoler dan the 'monicum comb!" she said, softly.

At the words the musican took her in his arms and turned toward her father, who had come into the room. Then Ola May's papa saw that he had become perfectly sane; that there no longer was danger that he would not get well. And the heart of Ola May's papa was very happy.

"Your little girl reminds me of my sister Anita," said the musician. "It was her praise of all that I did which made me a musician. She died years ago. But I have been living it all over again. I must have been very ill. But the little child has cured me."

And it was so.—*Selected.*

NEWSBOY'S CHRISTMAS.

One Christmas night an old-time newspaper writer stepped into a cheap restaurant in Park Row. He had enjoyed a hearty dinner, but as the air was raw and cold, he wanted a cup of hot coffee. As he took his seat at one of the small tables a ragged little boy planted himself on the stool opposite him. If ever there was gnawing hunger depicted on a human face it was on that boy's, and there was a wolfish glare in his eyes as he fumbled a nickel and said: "A plate of beans."

The waiter also took the other's order. As the writer sipped his coffee he watched the boy ravenously devour the beans. Whispering to the waiter, he told him to bring a plate of corned beef, some bread and butter and a bowl of coffee for the boy. The little fellow stared for a moment,then sweetened the coffee, and, seizing a knife and fork, began his meal. In a few minutes the beef, beans, bread, and coffee had disappeared, yet the boy's appetite was not satisfied.

"What kind of pie do you like?" asked the writer.

"Most any kind; they's all good," replied the boy.

"Bring him some mince and pumpkin pie," said the writer to the waiter.

The boy gazed at the two plates of pie in wonderment, then looked up shyly and pushed his nickel toward the writer.

"What's that for?" asked the man.

"To pay for de spread; it's all I've got."

Taking a quarter from his pocket the writer laid it on the boy's coin and pushed them across the table.

"Is them for me?" asked the boy, with his mouth full of pie. "Am I to have all dat?"

"Yes; this is Christmas night, you know."

"Yis; I remember; but I had no money fer me lodgin', so I didn't get any of the dinner down at the Newsboys' Lodging House. Tank you, mister. Youse is good ter me."

Leaving the boy to finish his supper, the man passed out into the busy street, feeling happy over the incident. Months passed, and he had almost forgotten it, when one day a boy stopped him near the Brooklyn Bridge.

"Say, mister," said he, "I owes yer a quarter. Here it is."

Recognizing his Christmas guest, the writer gently refused the money, telling him that he had better keep it.

"No; you take it," he persisted. "That supper and de quarter you give me brought me luck, and I've not been so hungry sence. Youse was so good dat night, and I wants yer to take the quarter now, so as youse can give some oder boy a Christmas supper."

The writer took the coin, and many a poor newsboy has had a good dinner with it since.—New York Recorder.

THE FAIRIES' CHRISTMAS TREE.

"Shall I be able to practice tomorrow, doctor?" asked Margaret, as the medicine and bandages were applied to the swollen ankle. "I am to be the fairy queen in the cantata, and it is only four weeks till Christmas."

"Why, Peggy Gordon, what do you think a sprain is?" asked the doctor, in surprise, using the name he had given her when a little baby. "I am sorry to tell you, dear, that you will do well to walk without a cane by Christmas. Some other girl will have to take your place in the cantata. There, don't cry, child. You will be all right in a few weeks."

But her tears flowed faster. "I won't be able to do any Christmas shopping, and will just have to sit here while everybody else is having a good time," she sobbed.

"Not everybody else," corrected the doctor. "I am on my way to the children's ward at the hospital, where there are lots of suffering

people. Most of the little ones are perfectly happy, though, in anticipation of Santa Claus' coming, when the most they ever get is a sack of candy and the cast-off toys of other children. I'll tell you what to do: try to make some one else happy and don't pity yourself. If more people would do that I could very soon take a vacation. Good-bye, Peggy. We'll have you down to eat Christmas turkey without fail."

All day Margaret fretted and cried and thought of the beautiful spangled dress with shining wings that the fairy queen was to wear, till her mother was discouraged and wondered how she could possibly amuse her invalid daughter. The next day Dr. Hood found his patient feverish, and fretful. Her tear-stained and dejected face told the story of a sleepless night.

"I see you did not take my prescription," he said. "You know, Margart, that it only delays your recovery to give up in this way. Don't you think a girl of sixteen should be braver than this? See, I have brought a doll for you to dress. We have a little girl at the hospital who must have an operation performed on her throat, and she has promised to allow us to do it if she can have a doll for her very own. She has never had one, and as I could not find a dressed on pretty enough for such a brave child I ventured to bring this one to you to fit out. I know how skilful you are with your needle, and shall be greatly obliged if you will undertake it. Do you think you can finish it by next week? The sooner the throat is attended to the better it will be for the little girl."

"Of course I can dress it in a week," said Margaret, unrolling the bundle. "This goods will never do for a doll's dress. The idea of buying brocaded satin, and purple at that! You must take it back and exchange it for something pretty."

"Don't laugh," said the doctor, humbly. "I'll change it for anything you wish. I pass the store three times a day, and will have it sent to you right away."

The first thing that Dr. Hood saw as he made his next call at the Gordon home was an exquisitely dressed doll seated in the big armchair by Margaret's couch. Her pale blue silk dress was trimmed with white lace; a dainty jacket, hat and muff lay beside her; her curls were tied with blue ribbon, and her blue kid shoes had shiny buckles.

Margaret's face glowed with delight as the doctor gave a long whistle of astonishment. "Mamma helped me," she said. "She sewed the seams on the machine, while I did the hand work."

"She's a perfect little beauty, and we can perform the operation today. The poor little thing will be so charmed with this dainty doll that she will allow us to do anything for her. You are doing much better yourself, Peggy. Better try my prescription once more."

"I intend to," said Margaret, brightly. "I have a perfectly splendid plan that nobody is to know but mamma. I hope your operation on the little girl will be successful."

"I am sure it will be if I get this young lady to my patient all right. Please wrap her up carefully so I cannot hurt her."

"You must carry her just so, and let the little girl open the parcel herself," commanded Margaret, folding the tissue paper around the lady in blue.

Day after day Margaret's nimble fingers worked at tiny ornaments and pretty little gifts. She covered little nuts with gilt paper, strung yards of popcorn and cranberries, cut out gold and silver stars, and made little needlebooks, handkerchiefs, and doll clothes by the dozen. They were all so small and simple that her store of treasures grew as if by magic. She would answer no questions, though the doctor and her two brothers teased every day to know the great secret.

On the twenty-second of December Margaret called the family into her room, which had been closed all day, to reveal the wonderful secret that had made the days pass so swiftly and pleasantly. She could walk with one cane now, and opened the door in triumph to allow her guests a look at her work.

In a tub covered with holly and evergreen stood a beautiful orange tree from the greenhouse, with glossy leaves and bearing half a dozen small golden oranges. It was decked with all the pretty ornaments Margaret's patient fingers had wrought, and under it were heaped stacks of little packages, each tied with gay ribbons. It shone and sparkled in the mellow light, while over it hung a fairy in blue, with gauzy, sparkling wings.

"Why, Margaret, you are a regular artist. Who is it for? Everything is so dainty and lovely! How did you happen to have such a beautiful idea?" came the surprised and delighted chorus.

"Sure, an it's fine enough for the angels," said Bridget, who had been summoned from the kitchen to see the wonderful tree.

"It is for the children at the hospital—the charity patients. I am glad you all think it is pretty," said Margaret, flushing with pleasure.

"Wait till I get my camera," said Fred. "I want a snapshot at it."

"Well, as it is three days till Christmas, you need not be in such a hurry, Fred," laughed his sister.

"How would you like to exhibit it in a store window till Christmas eve?" asked Mr. Gordon. "We will carry it down carefully, and a great many children will take pleasure in looking at it."

"That will be fine, papa, and I am sure the hospital children will never find it out."

"I'll tell you what, Sis: your head would be completely turned if you could stand in the crowd in front of Stewart's store and hear the compliments your tree gets. Really, I am afraid we could not live in the same house with you. The clerks were bothered to death with people asking the price of it and who trimmed it, till Mr. Stewart had a big sign printed and hung in the window. Your name looks stunning in gilt letters six inches high. The card says: 'This tree is not for sale. It is for the children's ward in St. John's Hospital, and is the

work of Miss Margaret Gordon.' What are you putting in those pill boxes? They don't hold more than a thimbleful," and Harry Gordon paused for breath.

"Oh, yes, and one shabby woman in the crowd, with three children, read the card and said: 'That's the very young lady who dressed Katy's doll when she had her throat operated on at the hospital. The doctor said she hugged her doll close to her and bravely stood the pain. Take a good look, children, for this is the tree Katy will see on Christmas morning. It must be lovely to be able to do things like that.'"

"It is lovely," said Margaret, smiling through her tears. "Lend a few hands, won't you, boys? I have so many last things to do. Fred you may fill the stockings, while Harry helps with these boxes."

"Such stockings!" said Fred, trying to put a top in one. "I'll lend you some big ones, Margaret."

"No, everything about the tree is so fairylike that the stockings must be small to match," said Harry. "Even these candles are so tiny you can hardly see them. Do you know, Peggy, that you will make Christmas the very best day those infants ever had in all their short lives?"

"I hope so," said happy Margaret. "In spite of the fact that I have been a prisoner this will be my best Christmas, I am sure."

No rumor of the much-talked-of tree reached the small ears of the little ones for whom it was intended. They slept through the long winter night and dreamed of a kind Santa Claus who would fill the stockings hung by each bed.

The curtains were tightly closed to shut out all daylight from the ward, and as the children groped for their precious stockings next morning the electric lights were suddenly turned on, revealing to blinking blue, black and hazel eyes the prettiest scene they had ever beheld. For there on a table in the middle of the room stood the sparkling, rustling tree, and over it hung the exquisite fairy.

As with one voice the children cried, "The fairies brought it! The fairies brought it!"

Little Katy Morgan loyally clasped her blue-robed treasure closer, and said, "The baby on the tree is not as pretty as mine. She has no jacket and muff, and Victoria has."

From behind a screen the Gordon family heard the cries of delight as the stockings were emptied and the gifts examined and compared. They listened to the rapturous exclamations as Dr. Hood carried each child to the tree for a closer inspection. The pretty fairy received the most attention, till a small boy with bright eyes discovered a bird's nest with wee speckled candies for eggs on one of the branches, and nearly leaped out of the strong arms that held him. A yellow canary that had been Margaret's pet before it died, kept watch over the nest in a very lifelike manner. Of course all the children who had not seen the nest had to be carried back as soon as possible, and Dr. Hood's arms ached before his task was finished.

The group behind the screen watched the gay scene with delight, and breakfast was forgotten till the clock struck ten, when the doctor declared that the small patients must rest quiely for an hour.

"We will keep it always,"said the children when the nurse told them to take a last look on Christmas night and then go to sleep to dream of the eventful day. "Do you think Santa Claus or the fairies brought it?"

"You know, little folks, that trees like this cannot grow in the cold, frosty country where Santa Claus lives," said the smiling nurse, "so I think the fairy queen must have brought it. Now, good-night."—*Hilda Richmond.*

THE DOLL THAT CAME TOO LATE.

Myra was in her bedroom, kneeling before a toy trunk—her own particular treasure-box. From a safe corner she drew forth a small pocket book, which she opened carefully, first, the outer pocket and then an inner one, thus disclosing a crisp two-dollar bill. Taking this out she fingered it lovingly for a moment, and then put it back in its place, and laying the pocketbook aside, closed and locked the trunk. Next she sarted to get ready to go out. She stood before her mirror putting on a pretty little brown hat that she evidently regarded with considerable satisfaction, a satisfaction, however, that was gone an instant later when her eyes chanced to rest on her two long braids of hair, the unconscious source of much annoyance to Myra, for they were red. With a frown she gave them an impatient pull and picking up her pocketbook, started across the room without even so much as one more admiring glance at her favorite hat.

As she opened the door all thought of either hat or braids seemed to go. She peeped cautiously into hall, as if to see if anyone was around before venturing out. All was quiet, so she stole noiselessly down the stairs and just as noiselessly opening and closing the side door was a moment later on the pavement without having been discovered. Even then she seemed uneasy until she had reached the corner and she turned up the principal business street of the little town. While now she was manifestly relieved, she still seemed to be dreading detection. She was very self-conscious, and glanced up shyly at the passersby, as if fearful that they would be staring at her. She clutched the precious pocketbook tightly in her hand, quite as much to hide it as to keep it safe, so it seemed. What mysterious thing was this strangely secretive, self-conscious girl of thirteen about to do?

After walking several squares she came to a large toy store. Here she stopped and for a moment tried to get the better of her timidity and of an excitement evidently due to something else, that was manifesting itself in her scarlet cheeks and unnaturally bright eyes. She

took a look at the crisp note in her pocketbook. It was still there. Then, drawing a deep breath and summoning all her courage, she started to enter the store. But with her hand in the latch she gave a startled gasp, stared in at two very harmless-looking ladies standing at one of the front counters, and turning away as if scared, resumed her walk up the street. She was not to be baffled, however, for presently she turned and retraced her steps. Very unconsciously this time she tried to approach the store and, as it were, just casually to gaze in at the windows; but though there were now no ladies in the way, she hesitated to open the door, grew red and pale by turns, and when she at last touched the latch her hand shook so that she could scarcely raise it. And then a new fear came over her; there was a moment of dreadful suspense; she hardly knew how she reached the show-case at the end of the room; but suddenly she found herself in front of it, looking down at something that she was very glad was still there, something that one terrible moment ago it had occurred to her might be gone, something that she had been wanting for weeks, for more than a month, and that she had been calling her own ever since yesterday morning—Christmas morning—when she had found that grandmother had sent her a new two-dollar bill. It was a doll, a wonderful bisque doll, lying there in the case with eyes closed and lips apart, its beautiful hair clustering in short ringlets about its head. She could have wept for joy, but already the storekeeper was asking her what he could show her, and she found herself getting very warm and stammering out, "Please, what is the price of that doll with its eyes closed?"

"Two dollars, miss," answered the man, though question and answer seemed alike unnecessary, for the mark was reposing in plain view on the doll's little white slip, and Myra had gazed at it furtively every time she had been in the store with her mother during the Christmas shopping.

"I'll take her," she managed to say, the "her" coming with a great warmth of feeling. She could hardly wait for the precious package to be committed to her care. She had already placed the bill on the case, so, pushing it toward the man, she clasped her new treasure tightly and hurried out of the store.

Poor Myra! no one, not even her mother, had known what she had suffered when the year before she had come down expectantly to the library on Christmas morning only to be bitterly disappointed because the doll that she had been hoping for was not there. Who was to know that the shy, quiet, rather old-appearing little girl had been longing for a new doll more than for anything else in the world? Books there were for her in abundance, and she loved books; but that day they had no charm for her. There were pretty trinkets for her room and a beautiful desk, but nothing to play with—her first Christmas when she had been given no plaything, and she had been sure she would get a doll, a beautiful bisque doll with brown eyes that would open and shut; not so pretty as the one she now clasped to her bosom, but the

loveliest that had ever yet appeared in the store window. It was cruel. Merry Christmas had been most dreary for her that year. And what was worse, the next day her friends, Nellie and Mabel, had appeared each with a doll like that she had coveted, and all year long they had played with them together while she at these times had gone off by herself with a book. She knew her disappointment was her own fault. She had some months before given up her old wax doll to her little sister Kittie and had never asked for a new one; she had only counted on her mother's intuition, and that for once had failed. She had never told of her disappointment, nor had she asked this year for a doll; she was ashamed to do it for she knew that everyone thought she had outgrown such a plaything. Yet she had gone on foolishly hoping, hoping that some way this Christmas she might have one given her. Yesterday morning there had been the awful dread of another disappointment; for a moment there had been the certainty of disappointment, and then she had found grandmother's money. What a Christmas she had had! No playthings any more than the year before, but then the plans for the morrow, the happy dreams for the future, the supreme satisfaction of knowing that a hope was about to be realized.

No wonder that her cheeks were flushed and her eyes bright, and that her heart beat loud and fast. How happy she was as she walked home! And yet when she passed people she had a shamefaced look, as if she would not for a good deal have them surmise what she was carrying, but at the same time was fearful that they had already guessed.

When she got home she entered the house as cautiously as she had left it and thought she was getting up to her room without being discovered; but just as she reached the head of the stairs she ran into her little sister Kittie.

"O Myra," cried the little girl, "where have you been and what's in that box?"

"Myra," called her mother at the same time from the sewing room; so poor Myra, very much flushed and looking very much ashamed, had to face her family and reveal her secret.

"It's a doll. I got it with grandma's money," she said briefly, with ill-assumed carelessness, putting the box in her mother's lap.

"A doll!" cried Kittie.

"A doll!" cried her little brothers.

"A doll!" said her mother, just as much surprised, but in a very kind, almost self-reproachful tone. "Why didn't you tell me, dear, that you wanted one?"

But Myra could not answer; her heart was too full. Instead she opened the box before the clamoring children and revealed the wonderful purchase. There the doll lay, beautiful in its pasteboard cot as it had been in the plate glass showcase. The children were loud in their expressions of admiration. The mother admired, too; yet she turned her head away to wipe a tear from her cheeks. "I have some lovely

blue satin, Myra," she said softly, "and I will make her the prettiest dress I can."

"Are you going to play with her, Myra?" asked Kittie, doubtfully.

"Of course," answered her sister stoutly, but with downcast eyes. "But now I'm going to put her away until she is dressed," and snatching up the box, hurried to her room and locked the door. Once in that secure retreat she took her doll, her own, long-coveted, hardly-hoped-for doll, to her heart, hugged it, kissed it, laughed over it, cried over it in a perfect transport of feeling. That night she slept with it beside her, without doubt the happiest girl in that little town.

The blue satin dress was finished in an almost incredibly short time, and not only that but a smart little bonnet with blue ribbons and a truly wonderful coat with a cape. Myra's mother was determined, if possible, to make up to her little daughter for the year she had been spending without a doll. Yet far better might it have proved for Myra had she been encouraged to sew for her dolly herself, and been patiently taught to make some of the pretty clothes her mother had fashioned so easily. Still, when the doll was arrayed in her finery Myra was radiantly happy. She kissed her mother again and again, and showed an appreciation that her shyness would usually have prevented her from expressing.

That afternoon her friends, Nellie and Mabel, came over to see her Christmas things. Myra displayed her doll with considerable pride; but to her chagrin the others viewed it in almost disdainful surprise.

"A doll," said Mabel, "why, are you going back to dolls? I've given mine to Isabel."

"I haven't any little sister to give mine to," said Nellie, "but I scarcely ever play with it. Who gave you yours?"

"I bought it with some money grandma gave me," faltered poor Myra, flushing to her temples, and putting down the despised doll.

"It's very pretty," said Mabel, more politely.

"Yes," said Nellie, "come over sometime and maybe I'll get mine out again."

But Myra had been hurt, and the wound could not be healed so quickly. The girls had furs and rings to show as their Christmas gifts. Myra, too, had furs, but no ring, and she knew they must be wondering why she had not bought one with her money. Not that she regretted the doll—far from that—but her sensitive feelings made her long for the approval of her friends.

It was worse the next morning. Kittie wanted her to play dolls with her and she agreed to this very readily. But Kittie's way of playing soon appeared so silly! Myra could not make her doll talk baby talk, have whooping cough, scarlet fever and smallpox all at once, and then suddenly get well and have a party with dolls of all kinds and in every condition as guests—rag dolls, rubber dolls, remnants of dolls, and odds and ends dressed up to look like dolls. It was too ridiculous. Then

the boys, whenever they came into the room where they were playing, would stand around and seem greatly surprised and amused to see their big sister with a doll.

The poor child was so self-conscious that she noticed everything and could hardly bear it. She even fancied that her mother smiled sometimes when she saw her with the doll in her arms. Even in her own room she felt almost ashamed when she caught sight of herself in the mirror, fondling the pretty plaything. Night time, when she could have it close beside her in her bed, was the only time when she really felt an unmixed joy. She never took the doll to Nellie's, nor did Nellie ever ask her to bring it; Kittie gradually came to liking to play dolls alone or with her smaller playmates rather than with her big sister and big sister was not sorry; usually during the day the doll lay in the box in one of Myra's bureau drawers.

So it was at the end of several months. Then Kitty broke her best doll; and Myra, to comfort her little sister's heart, let her play that day with her beautiful one, far more beautiful than Kittie's had ever been. The little girl was delighted. Myra looked at her almost enviously as she saw her hug the doll and talk to it and make it talk to her. At night she had Kittie give it back to her. Before she went to sleep however, a thought seemed to come to her that caused her to shiver and draw her treasure closer to her; yet even while she did this she had made a resolve.

The next morning she gave her to Kittie. "You may have her to keep, Kittie—if you'll be good to her," she added, tenderly, even though she did try to make the words sound half in fun.

"Oh, Myra, for keeps? Don't you want her? Thank you ever so much. I'll be dreadfully good to her."

But Myra, after nodding replies to Kittie's questions, had left th room.

When a month more had gone by, the doll was broken, cruelly broken, for its poor little hands and arms were reduced to two short, pitiful stumps. Then Myra reclaimed her own. Tenderly and tearfully she placed the doll in the box in which she had brought her home so triumphantly such a short time before. As she locked her away in her little trunk, her treasure-box, she whispered: "You came too late, dolly, to make me very happy; but you made Kittie happy, and now I'm glad to have you for my own again."—*Laura G. Thompson.*

Officers' Department.

OUR WORK FOR 1909.

IMPORTANT PAPER FOR EVERY PRIMARY WORKER.

The General Board of Primary Associations take great pleasure in stating that the work accomplished during the year 1908 has been unusually successful. Nearly all of the stakes have been visited by members of the General Board and a general increase in enrollment, average attendance and interest has been reported. The stake conventions have been successful in that much information as to the progress of the work has been obtained and much valuable assistance given and received through the talks and discussions on topics of importance in the development and growth of Primary Work throughout the Church.

The assistance given by the brethren of the Stake Presidency and members of the High Council has done much to establish among the people a better understanding of the work being done by the Primary Associations. Their efforts are greatly appreciated and they have the sincere gratitude of all who are working in this cause.

The *Children's Friend* has done its share in this great work and the universal report from all the officers is that the lessons have been very interesting to both children and teachers, and much good in moral development is hoped for. Many of the officers bear testimony of the good which has come to them personally as a result of the study and application of the lessons and "Officers' Papers" which have appeared in *The Children's Friend*.

The almost general establishment of weekly preparation meetings has, perhaps more than anything else, contributed to the successful work now being done in the Associations, and the more universal thorough preparation is established the greater will be the good accomplishd.

As already stated, there has been an increase, generally, in enrollment and average attendance, and in a number of the organizations it has been found necessary to subdivide the classes. The age of children in the Primary Associations is four to fourteen, a period of ten years. A division into three grades necessitates a child remaining in one grade for three and a half years, and keeps together children who are quite apart in development and interests; for instance: in the First Grade we find children of four and seven receiving the same instructions. There is a great difference in children who are going to school and those who are still under the influence of the home only. Good work has been accomplished with the three grades, but now, because of improved circumstances, better facilities, and increasing numbers of children and workers, a change seems to be necessary.

After careful consideration it has been decided to have five grades in each association (unless conditions are such that a division as outlined is not practicable).

This division simplifies the grading, as it gives just two years to each grade, as follows:

First Grade, children of four and five years.
Second Grade, children of six and seven years.
Third Grade, children of eight and nine years.

Fourth Grade, children of ten and eleven years.

Fifth Grade, children of twelve and thirteen years.

Doubtless, there will arise difficulties in the establishment of these new conditions, but it is believed that better results will follow, the work will be more systematic and therefore easier. It is suggested that but one teacher be appointed for each grade, that the President and counselors act as supervisors and be prepared in a case of absence of any teacher to take the class and give the lesson.

The change in grading should take place at the first meeting in 1909. To simplify the work we suggest that each teacher of the present grades find out and make a record of the ages of the children as soon as possible. Teachers for each grade should be appointed and each of them supplied with a list of the names of the children who will be in their grade, then at the first meeting in the new year each teacher will be able to call the names of their children, and there need be little loss of time or confusion in the association. Do not be afraid of small classes; a group where the teacher can come into personal contact with each member of it is the ideal condition of class work.

BEAUTIFUL THOUGHTS.

Keep doing, always doing—remember that wishing, dreaming, intending, murmuring, talking, sighing and repining are all idle and profitless employments.

Sympathy is one of the great secrets of life. It overcomes evil and strengthens good. It disarms resistance, melts the hardened heart, and develops the better part of human nature.

Observe carefully those who can never see anything worth praising in others, who are always finding fault, and whom no one can please, and you will find that they are perons who are liked by nobody.

Try to be something in the world, and you will be something; aim at excellence and excellence will be attained. This is the great secret of success and eminence. "I cannot do it" never accomplished anything. "I will try" has wrought wonders.

People would try harder for trustworthiness if they knew how lovable a quality it is. When you know you can rely upon friends, that whatever they undertake to do will be done, that you can really pass over a share of your load to them, you cannot help liking them. On the other hand, it does not matter how amiable men be—if they are forgetful, if they are unpunctual, if they habitually neglect, they become sources of such annoyance that one's liking is apt to die out.

If a woman has a right to be proud of anything, it is of a good action, done as it ought to be, without any base interest lurking at the bottom of it.

It is quite easy to perform our duties when they are pleasant and imply no self-sacrifice; the test of principle is to perform them with equal readiness when they are onerous and disagreeable.

There is nothing easier to acquire than a fretful, complaining spirit. It is a foolish habit to borrow trouble or meet it half way. Cultivate a cheerful mind and heart ,and much imaginary trouble can be avoided.

Little self-denials, little honesties, little passing words of sympathy, little nameless acts of kindness, little silent victories over favorite temptations—these are the silent threads of gold which, when woven together, gleam out brightly in the pattern of life.

There are two ways of being meek. On is to be meek with an absolute loss of self-respect, and the other to be meek with dignity, reserve and womanlinss. Meekness is a virtue, but it is a virtue that requires very careful handling. Too much meekness is ridiculous, and inclined to hypocrisy. If you are upright in mind and clean in thought, meekness only requires to be demonstrated once in a time, and when it is required it can be shown with undiminished dignity.

Lesson Department.

LESSONS FOR THE MONTH OF JANUARY.

FIRST GRADE.

(Children four and five years of age.)

The work in this grade must be simple and interesting, containing changes enough to hold the attention during the time given for the lessons.

When the class is assembled have the usual opening exercises, consisting of songs and prayer. The songs should be as suitable for the children as may be obtained. We would advise the use of a good Kindergarten Song Book in addition to our own Primary Songs. Short prayers in concert will be the best in this grade. Many suitable verses for prayers will be found in volume two of *The Children's Friend.* A Memory Gem and Story with Rest Exercises and Singing will be the basis of work in this grade for the year 1909.

Finger plays will be found helpful. We recommend the following: Finger Plays, by Emilie Poulson, $1.25; postpaid, $1.35. Rhymes for Little Hands, by Maud Burnham, $1.25; postpaid, $1.40.

For each lesson the Memory Gem with suggestions for its use and a short story are all that will be given. The rest of the work should be understood by the teacher and thus it is unnecessary to repeat over and over the divisions of the lesson.

Lesson 1.

Memory Gem:

"For every little finger a New Year has begun
They'll all be taller, stronger, kinder, when the year is done."

Suggestions:

After the opening exercises have a little game in which all will have an opportunity to shake hands and wish each other a "Happy New Year."

Review the Christmas time, talk about gifts given and received and the good time had, generally.

The teacher may recite the memory gem all through, then talk about it. The year is young but every day it grows and in each day it does something to help. Every day there is rain or snow or the sun shines. Tell why these assist in helping to make a good year, how things grow, etc. How may fingers grow taller, stronger and kinder every day.

Now the teacher may have the children repeat in concert the words of the memory gem. Care should be used not to weary them with repetition.

The story of the "Mochi Man" may be introduced by telling how, in Japan, he comes to make little children happy on New Year's Day.

If possible have some pictures of Japanese to show to the children.

THE NEW YEAR MOCHI MAN.

"The mochi man lives in Japan, and is to the little bias-eyed Japanese boys and girls what our Santa Claus is to us. As every-one knows, Santa Claus pays his delightful annual visits at Christmas. The mochi man, however, is a New Year's visitor, and in Japan his visit is always the greatest event of the new year.

The Japanese children go to bed at a certain hour on New Year's eve, and are supposed to go right to sleep, for the mochi man will not come so long as their eyes are open. Almost all the little girls and boys know how very, very hard it is to go to sleep on the night that Santa Claus is expected; and the Japanese boys and girls find it difficult to get to dreamland when the mochi man is coming. They shut their eyes, though, and keep as still as mice. About twelve o'clock there is a noise at the shoji, and in steps the mochi man. Of course, you want to know what the shoji is, and I will tell you that it is simply a paper window. Do you wonder why he goes through the window instead of down the chimney, like our dear Santa Claus? Because, my dears, Japanese houses have no chimneys. Is not that a good reason?

When inside the house, this midnight caller goes at once to the beds where the little ones are sleeping, and expresses his good wishes for the New Year by throwing rice and beans in their faces until they are wide awake. As soon as they find the mochi man has come, they get up to have a jolly good time with him.

This mysterious visitor is called the "mochi" man because he always brings with him earthen cooking stoves and a big supply of utensils for the purpose of making mochi. How the Japanese children do like mochi! He goes to work at once, and mixes, boils, stirs, and stuffs the mochi, while the children, interested and delighted, watch him with mouths fairly watering in anticipation of the coming treat. Finally the mochi is declared "ready," and what do you suppose it is? Simply rice cakes. The children are given a bountiful supply, and his work is finished. While the little ones are busy eating and talking, the mochi man slips away as mysteriously as he came, and is not seen again for a whole year.—*Selected.*

Lesson 2.

Memory Gem:

"Love makes obedience easy."

Suggestions:

Repeat the gem and explain what love is by talking about the mothers and fathers. How kind they are, because they love their children. The children like to stay with mother and father because they love them best. Obedience is doing what we are told to do, and if we forget sometimes we are very sorry, like "Runaway John."

RUNAWAY JOHN.

John Warren sat on the kitchen step and sobbed harder and harder. His thoughts were rebellious thoughts. His parents had not allowed him to go fish in the pond with some little boy friends, and he felt badly used.

"You might fall into the water and get drowned, and then what would we do for a little boy?" his father had said.

"Get drowned!" John re-echoed scornfully. "I am no baby!" He felt that a seven-year-old boy was fully able to take care of himself.

Gradually the sobs ceased, and John dug his heels into the ground as he thought things over. He remembered a story his mother had read about a little boy who had run away from home and gone to live with the gypsies. He decided he would do that, too; then he could do just as he pleased. He thought the gypsies lived in the woods that could be seen from the kitchen door. The boy in the story had taken a luncheon, but John knew if he tried to get cookies and bread from the pantry his mother would hear, then the plan would be spoiled.

John went quietly out of the gate and down the street. He went on a

half run until he reached the country road. On and on he trudged; the woods were farther away than they looked from the kitchen door. Finally a kind-looking man asked him to ride. John was glad, for he scarcely could drag one foot after the other.

"Going far, sonny?" the man asked.

"Just to those woods," and John pointed with his finger.

"For nuts?" was the next question.

"No," said John, shortly.

"Seems to me you are a pretty small boy to go to the woods alone," pursued the man.

"I am seven years old!" John replied, with a flash in his eyes.

"Well, here are the woods. Don't get lost, and go home before dark," said the man.

John made no reply, but thanked the man for the ride. He wandered through the woods until dark, but found no gypsies. He was cold, hungry and, worse still, afraid. "I wish I had waited until morning," he muttered to himself, "then I would have found the gypsies before dark."

He sat down on a stump, tired out, but afraid to sleep. He had never heard so many strange noises in all his life. He sat huddled up, straining his ears and jumping at every new sound. He thought of his little white bed at home, and two big tears rolled down his cheeks; he felt worse than when he could not go fish in the pond. After a long time John saw a faint glimmer of light. It came nearer, and he could hear men talking. He thought perhaps it was a band of robbers. He crouched behind the stump, hoping he would not be seen.

Soon came a loud "H-a-l-l-o-o!" Then a voice called "J-o-h-n-n-n! J-o-h-n-n-n!"

John knew the voice. "Here, father, here!" he answered, gladly, and sprang into his father's arms. "I am so glad you found me! I would rather go home than find the gypsies, even if I can't fish in the pond," and he hugged his father tight.

John felt very much ashamed when his mother kissed him, and brought bread and milk for him to eat, but never said a word about his being a naughty boy. "I never will be so bad again, mother," he said suddenly. "I guess you and father know what is best for a boy. The boy in the story can stay with the gypsies, but I'd rather be at home. I'll do what you tell me after this, too."—*Sarah N. McCreery.*

Repeat the memory gem.

Lesson 3.

Memory Gem:

"All things bright and beautiful,
All creatures great and small,
All things wise and wonderful,
The Lord God made them all."

Suggestions:

Repeat the gem and tell the story first. Repeat again the gem and talk about some of the wonderful things God has made. Have children repeat the gem after the teacher.

HOW GOOD IT TASTED.

"I touched the goal first!" cried Carrie, throwing herself down on the grass and fanning herself with her hat. The rest came running up one by one, all of them just as hot and tired as Carrie.

"I wish I had a drink," said Clare.

"So do I," said Rob.

"I think I saw a drinking-fountain down at the end of this path," said mamma. "Suppose we all go and look for it?"

In a few minutes the children were drinking to their hearts' content, giving the first drink to Bennie and Baby May.

"Isn't it good!" said Carrie. "It just seemed as if I couldn't wait another minute, my throat was all so dried up, and now I am ready to play again."

"Yes, indeed, water is one of our best friends," said mamma. "What should we do without it?"

"We'd have to drink lemonade," said Clare.

"But how could we make lemonade without water?" asked Rob, laughing.

"Well, then we could drink milk," said Clare.

"But the cows would not give milk very long if they did not have nice fresh water to drink," said mamma.

"And the grass would dry up so they wouldn't have anything to eat," Rob said, very wisely.

Mamma smiled. "Yes, that is true, Rob. Everything would dry up pretty soon without the rain and the dew which God sends so lovingly. One year when I was a girl we lived in Iowa, and we were in a part of the country where there was never very much water, and that year especially the wells and cisterns became dry all around us. We had to get all our water from a river five miles away, and it was brought in barrels, so you can see it did not taste very fresh when we got it. And then we had to be careful to use as little as we could for cooking and housekeeping and everything. How glad we were when the rains came!"

"I'm glad we have plenty of water right at home," said Carrie, and all the children thought the same.—*Selected.*

Lesson 4.

Memory Gem:

"Not the things that I like to do,
But the things that are right to do;
Not everything that I want to do,
But whatever I ought to do."

Suggestions:

What do children like to do? What may little people do to help, etc. Repeat the gem before and after the story.

A PICNIC AT HOME.

"But can't I go to the picnic?" asked Frances, her eyes filling with tears. "I want to go to Lakeside."

"This isn't a picnic for little children," said mother. "Only big boys and girls are to go. You stay at home with mother and we will have such a nice time."

"I don't want to stay at home; I want to go. I went to Lakeside before, and I like to ride in the cars and wade in the lake and—O, dear!" Here poor little Frances broke down crying. She was the youngest of the family, only four years old, and often was allowed to go where the older ones did. They were glad to take her and let her have a good time. But this was a school picnic and no little ones were invited. They all tried to pacify her.

"I'll go down and buy you some candy before I go," promised Fred. "Any kind you want."

"We will have the things you like best for lunch," said mother, "and I will let you sit at the head of the table and pour the cocoa if you want to." Frances brightened a little at this, but still she could not forget that the others were going and she could not. She sobbed again.

"Maybe Katherine will come over and play with you," suggested Rose. "You and she would have a nice time together; wouldn't they, mother?"

"Of course they would," agreed mother. "Don't you want Katherine to come and spend the day, Frances?" Frances nodded, and said: "Can we have cream cakes for lunch, and beans?"

They all laughed at this, and mother hastened to say that they might have cream cakes and beans.

"But what can we have to play with?" asked Frances. "If I can't go to the picnic, I ought to have something very nice." She looked from one to another.

"Probably Katherine will bring her big doll and you can play house," said Evelyn. Then she began to plan about the fun the two little girls would have, till Frances almost forgot her disappointment.

But in the morning, when she watched mother putting up a big basket of lunch, and saw the others getting ready to go, she could hardly stand it. She tried to be good and brave, but the tears would come, and she sat with them rolling down her cheeks, looking so sad that tender-hearted Evelyn could not bear it.

"I tell you what you may have," she whispered. "The very thing! Now wipe your tears and listen to sister. If you will be a happy little girl and not cry and tease to go with us, you may take—you can't guess what!"

Frances looked up. "What?" she asked, eagerly. "Is it something I truly want?"

"Truly, truly," declared Evelyn. "Something you always like to play with. Something I hardly ever let you take, but you are getting to be such a big girl now, that—

"O Evelyn!" put in Frances. "Not—not your big doll?"

"Yes, my big doll. My Clara Adelaide, my beautiful big doll! You will be very careful of her, won't you, darling?"

"'Course I will," promised Frances, throwing herself into Evelyn's arms so hard that she knocked off her sister's hat. "Oh, I'll be just as careful! May I undress her?"

"Yes, I will let you have some of her clothes to put on, and you may take her out in the yard in her carriage, too."

"O! O!" cried Frances, dancing up and down. This seemed almost too good to be true. Evelyn was so choice of her big doll that it was not often that the little sister was allowed even to hold it, but she had been growing bigger lately and had been learning to be more careful of things. So Evelyn thought she could trust her.

"I think Evelyn is very good to let you take her big doll to play with," said mother. "You will be just as nice with her as you can be, won't you?"

"'Course I will," answered Frances, her eyes sparkling with delight. "And Katherine will, too. She is always careful of things."

"Yes," assented Evelyn, "Katherine is a regular little mother with dollies."

So with Clara Adelaide in her arms Frances looked really happy as she watched the others to the corner where they were to take the car for the station.

A few minutes later, Katherine came. She had on her rompers, so she looked like a little boy, as her mother did not know what the children might want to play, and, besides, Katherine always said she had a better time when she was dressed that way.

"I'll be the father," said Katherine, "because I've got on pants, and we'll take turns in wheeling the carriage." So they went out and walked around

the yard and up and down the sidewalk, and had just as nice a time as anyone could have had at any picnic.

They had beans and cream cakes for lunch, too, and Frances poured the cocoa, and she went barefoot and had Fred's candy. The best of it all was that when Evelyn came home she said they could have the big doll to play with again, because they had been so careful of her.—*Camilla J. Knight.*

SECOND GRADE.

(Children six and seven years of age.)

These children have just got started in school, and are passing through the first experiences of separation from the home and are realizing the beginnings of independence and self-reliance. But they are still very young, and lessons, to be interesting, must contain considerable variety. It is suggested that the usual opening exercises be used in the class. If it is not possible to sing, have a simple prayer offered by one of the class, at first the teacher calling one of the children to her and putting her arm around it, prompt the simplest form of a short prayer. Every encouragement should be given to help the children to pray aloud without help.

Pictures should be introduced whenever any can be found that fit in with the lesson. We recommend the "Tissot Pictures." They may be obtained at the office of *The Children's Friend,* 120 pictures in a set, postpaid, for one dollar.

If a teacher can use a blackboard the lesson will be made more full and complete. Children take great pleasure in writing and with the assistance of the teacher some particular point in the lesson may be emphasized. For instance the first lesson will be on prayer. If one of the children can write this word it will help materially in making a stronger impression: Rest exercises that will not interfere with other classes may be used.

Stories will not be given this year, but the teacher will receive suggestions and references to assist in making each lesson as full as possible.

The order of giving the lesson will be left to the discretion of the teacher, the main points will be given here and they may be modified or added to to make them as interesting as possible, keeping always in mind this point that the children must take an active part, the teacher simply leading and controlling the class.

The basis of the lessons for this grade will be "The Lord's Prayer," and it is hoped that at the end of the year each child will be able to repeat it from memory and have some idea of why we use the prayer.

For supplementary stories we recommend "A Life of Christ for the Young," price, postpaid, sixty cents. This book contains many beautiful illustrations which will be found of great assistance in the giving of the lessons.

Lesson 1.

Topic: Prayer.

Repetition of the Lord's Prayer in concert.

The following verses to be recited from memory by five members of the class, one verse for each.

Now I lay me down to sleep,
I pray Thee, Lord, my soul to keep.
If I should die before I wake,
I pray Thee, Lord, my soul to take.

But while I live, I want to be
From quick and angry passions free,
With gentle thoughts, and happy face
And pleasant words in every place.

I pray, whatever wrong I do,
I'll never say what is not true;
Be willing at my task each day,
And always honest in my play.

Make me unselfish with my joys,
And generous to other boys;
And kind and helpful to the old,
And prompt to do what I am told.

Bless every one I love, and teach
Me how to help and comfort each.
Give me the strength right living brings,
And make me good in little things.
Amen. —*Harper's Bazar.*

Suggestive Talk:

"Who has a baby brother or sister at home? Who has a story to tell us about a baby? I know a dear little baby girl who one day saw a bright pin on her mother's dress and wished to play with it. The mother said, "No, no!" and took her baby's hand down from the pin and gave her a soft red ball to play with instead. Why do you think it was that the mother did not wish her baby to play with the pretty pin? She was afraid the pin would hurt her baby. Do your baby brothers and sisters ever try to play with things that are not best for them to have? Tell me something they like to play with. Why do mothers not let their babies have whatever they wish to play with? Why do mothers not wish to have their babies hurt? It is because they love their children so much that they want nothing to hurt or harm them.

You are older and bigger than the babies we have been talking about, but do you always get what you ask for? Do your mothers always let you do what you wish to do? Why do you suppose it is that sometimes when you ask for something you wish to have, mother says that you cannot have it? I think it is because she knows that it is not the right and best thing for you to have.

Mothers love their children so much that they wish them to have only what is right and best for them to have, and to do only what is right and best for them to do. When children ask for something that is not best for them to have, mothers say "No;" and sometimes when children ask if they may do something that is not best for them to do, mothers say "No." Are they unkind mothers when they say "No?" What kind of mothers are those mothers who will not let their children have anything that will hurt them or do anything that is not best for them to do? I think they are very kind and loving and wise mothers.

There is some One who is much more kind, loving, and wise, than mothers. Whom do I mean? Suppose that sometime when we speak to God in prayer we should ask Him to give something to us which He knew was not right or best for us to have, do you think He would give it to us? I do not think He would, for He loves us so much that He will not give anything to us that is not best for us to have, no matter how much we wish to have it or how many times we ask for it."

Relate story of David's prayer for his little child and how the Lord refused to restore its life. (II Samuel, 12th chapter.)

The March number of *The Childrens' Friend* for 1908 contains a number of lessons on prayer.

Lesson 2.

Topic: Prayer.

Review last lesson by using questions something like these:

"When we want something for ourselves whom do we ask to give it to us? (Our fathers and mothers.) Do we always get what we ask for? Tell me something that you asked for and it was given to you? Was it good for you? Now tell me about something you asked for and did not get? Why must we be willing for our mothers and fathers to say what we may have and what we may not have? (Because they are so much older and know so much more than we do.) Mothers and fathers sometimes want things and though they ask for them, they cannot have them. You remember the story that I told you last week about the father who wanted his little boy to get well? Can you remember the man's name? What did David tell his servants? Did God hear David's prayer? How do we know that God hears all prayers? (We know it because the Bible, the Book of Mormon, all good people and our fathers and mothers tell us, and they know.) Did God do as David asked Him to do? What did God do? (Restate the facts of the lesson, if the children cannot answer the questions.) Why do you think it was that God said "No" to David's prayer? I think it was because God knew it was not best to do as David asked him to do."

The verses recited last week may be repeated, and five more children appointed to give the same verses for the next lesson.

The Lord taught his disciples a beautiful prayer. Let us all, with closed eyes and folded hands, repeat it in concert.

STORY OF ELISHA.

Elisha, for that is the name of the man I am going to tell about, was one of God's teachers who used to go from place to place teaching people about God in heaven. As he went from place to place he often used to grow hungry, and one day as he passed a woman's house she asked him to come in and have something to eat, and told him to come every time he passed by. So it happened that every time Elisha passed by her house he stopped there. I think that some days, when he stopped to see her, Elisha was not only hungry but very tired; for one day the woman said to her husband, "Let us make a little room for Elisha, and set a bed in the room, and a table, a stool, and a candlestick: so that when he comes to see us he may go there to rest."

When Elisha first visited his kind friends there was no little boy in their home. But after a while a dear little baby boy was born whom the mother and father loved and cared for. When the little boy grew to be big, he went one morning with his father out into the fields where his father's men were working. It was a very warm morning, and the heat made the little boy sick. He said to his father, "My head! my head!" and at once his father sent him home to his mother. All the morning the little boy lay in his mother's arms, and nothing that she did for him made him well. When the noontime came he grew so sick that he died.

When the mother saw that her little boy was dead, she carried him to Elisha's room, laid his little body on the bed, and came out of the room and closed the door. Then she called to her husband, and said, "Send one of the servants and one of the asses that I may go to Elisha." And, when all was ready, she told the servant to drive as fast as he could to the place where Elisha was. When she reached Elisha, she fell at his feet, and told him of the great trouble that had come to her. When Elisha heard

that the little boy was dead, he went with the mother back to her home, and when he reached the house he went to his own room, where, on his bed, he saw the little boy lying. Elisha went into the room and closed the door, and then he spoke to God in prayer.

We do not know just the words Elisha spoke, but we know that he asked God to make the little boy live again, and that God answered Elisha's prayer, and gave life to the child, who opened his eyes and lived again. When Elisha saw that God had answered his prayer and had given life to the little boy, he called the mother, and when she came he told her to take up her boy.—*Selected.*

Lesson 3.

Topic: Prayer.
The Lord's Prayer in concert wherever it fits in best with the lesson.
The recitation of verses.
Review of last lesson.

In the set of pictures recommended for the Primary is one where the Lord is talking to His disciples about prayer. If you have a copy or a picture that tells something about Jesus and prayer, show it to the children and talk about it.

Suggestive Talk:

"Of whom does this picture help you to think? What is Jesus doing, in the picture? To whom do you think He used often to speak in prayer?

God, the Father, was in heaven when Jesus prayed to Him, just as He is in heaven when we pray to Him. Jesus could not see His Father, but He knew that He could hear His prayers and would answer them in the right and best way. The Bible tells us that sometimes Jesus used to get up very early in the morning, even before the sun was shining, and go out into a quiet garden or some other quiet place and speak to His heavenly Father in prayer. It tells us, too, that sometimes, after He had worked hard all day and had taught a great many people, He sent them to their homes when evening came, and then went alone by Himself and prayed to God. This picture tells how Jesus taught his friends to pray. These stories tell us that in the morning and in the evening and often in the daytime Jesus prayed to His Father.

Do you ever speak to God in prayer? When? Can you tell me what you say to him? (Encourage the children to talk about their prayers. Ask the meaning of the different phrases and so lead the children to think what their prayers mean. If any of the children do not pray in the morning, tell them of God's care during the night, and lead them to desire to say a morning "Thank you."

The Bible tells us that when Jesus went to this garden to pray He talked to His heavenly Father in almost the same way that you talk to your mother. He told all His troubles to His Father and what he wished to have and wished to do, for He knew that when He talked to Him, God heard His prayers. The Bible tells us, too, that when Jesus prayed He remembered that His Father would not always give him what He asked for and would not always let Him do what He wished to do, but would give Him what was right and best and would let Him do what was best for Him to do.

Sometimes, when we pray to God He does not give us what we ask for nor let us do what we wish to do; but it is not because he does not hear us; it is because He wishes us to have only what is right and best for us to have and to do only what is right and best for us to do.

When we speak to God in prayer His voice may not speak to us and tell us that He is pleased with us, but I know He is pleased when we try to do what Jesus

taught us to do, for He sent Jesus to teach us. One of the things Jesus taught us to do is to remember to pray to God. We can pray to God wherever we are; we can always whisper a little prayer which He will hear. And God will answer our prayers; not always in the way we wish Him to answer them, but in the way He knows to be right and best."

Lesson 4.

Topic: Prayer.

Introduce in your review all you can from the three preceding lessons, asking a great many questions, and be sure you are answered, if you have to change the question a number of times until the children understand what you are talking about.

Suggestive Talk:

"In a certain town, there are two houses standing side by side, which are very much alike. In each house there are two boys and two girls and a father and mother, but, though in many ways the two households are much alike, you could hardly find two homes that are more unlike. In one of those homes the children are cross, peevish and disagreeable to one another, and to other people. The trouble is that each one wishes to have his own way, and cares very little about the comfort or happiness of other people in the home. When the children ask their mother or father for something that they want and the request is denied, they tease and pout and sulk, making themselves and everybody else unhappy. In the other home, the children have just as strong wishes, but they love and trust their father and mother so perfectly that when they ask for something and it is denied, they know that it is because their parents see that the thing asked for is not best for them and so they do without it pleasantly. They love each other too, and quarrelsome voices are seldom heard in that house. In this home, one night, the youngest girl, little Ethel, saw her bigger sister crying over her examples because they were so hard that she could not get them. Ethel wished that she could help her sister, but she could not. Then she thought of mother, and, saying to herself, "Mother can do everything; I will go and tell her," Ethel ran quickly upstairs and said: "Mother, won't you come and help Dorothy? She cannot do her examples, and she is crying." It was not long before smiles had chased away the tears, because the troublesome examples were conquered, and Ethel had helped, though she could not have worked the simplest example herself.

You know that in His word we are taught to call God our Father, and because He is the Father, all the people in the world are His children, and if the whole word was just as God would like to have it, it would be one great big loving family of brothers and sisters. In this family, if all knew about and truly loved the heavenly Father, everyone would ask him for the things they wished to have, and know that when they were not given it was because it was not best. If everyone of us loved every other child of God as we love ourselves, we would ask God to help and bless other children of his that are in need, knowing that He has all power and can do all things."

THIRD GRADE.

(Children eight and nine years of age.)

Subject: The Ten Commandments.

In taking up a study of the Ten Commandments in this grade it is desired that the children will learn to repeat them from memory and know

something of their meaning. The first part of the work will be: The Value of Commandments and Obedience to Them.

Next, a brief review of the establishment of the Ten Commandments, which will include something of the lives and experiences of Joseph, Moses and the journeyings of the Israelites out of Canaan and back again. Then the Ten Commandments will be studied separately, each one being memorized as the work progresses.

As a help to the work in this class, it is suggested that each member be furnished with a set of the Ten Commandments, and instructed to memorize them. To make the stories of Joseph and Moses more interesting two small books are recommended for home reading: "The Favorite Son" and "The Adopted Son." The books are illustrated, and cost twenty-five cents each. One copy of each would do as the children could take turns in borrowing and reading them.

The manner of presenting these lessons will be left to the teacher. Moral stories may be added when desired, but must always fit in with the topic of the lesson.

Lesson 1.

Topic: Obedience.

Divisions: 1. Value of Obedience in the Home. (See *The Children's Friend,* volume 7, page 29 (January number). 2. Value of Obedience Outside the Home. (*The Children's Friend,* volume 7, page 33.)

Lesson 2.

Topic: Obedience.

Divisions: 1. Review of last lesson. 2. Value of obedience to the Promptings of the Holy Spirit. (*The Children's Friend,* volume 7, page 36. January number.) 3. Value of Obedience to God. (*The Children's Friend,* volume 7, page 41. January number.)

Lesson 3.

Topic: Obedience.

Divisions: 1. Review. 2. Relate briefly the order of the creation and how all the forces of nature obey the commands of God. Talk with the children, and let them tell what the result would be if any of these great forces should forget to perform their part. A little story is given in the First Grade Lessons, page 577, which may be told to help emphasize this point. 3. All nature must obey. All people must obey. Let the children tell whom they obey—parents, teachers, etc. Whom do parents obey? Whom teachers? Talk over briefly order in business—how cities and countries are controlled—the beautiful order and system in the Church, etc.

Lesson 4.

Topic: Obedience.

1. Review carefully the points on obedience given in three previous lessons, and make clear the thought that all the creations of God must render obedience to His laws and commandments.

2. Relate some of God's special commands; for instance, commandments given to Adam and Eve, Noah, Abraham, etc., and tell how, in the days of Moses, the Lord gave a set of commandments which are known as "The Ten Commandments."

Many hundreds of years have passed since these commandments were given, yet, all good people who live now are willing to honor them and try to obey them.

FOURTH GRADE.

(Boys and girls ten and eleven years of age.)

Subject: The Word of Wisdom.

The members of this class are old enough to take up this important subject and be very much interested in learning its close relation to their health, comfort and happiness.

The subject will be followed somewhat after this order: Revelations and their necessity—Review of the Restoration of the Gospel—Foods and their values—Adulterations in food—Hot drinks—Intoxicating drinks—Tobacco, etc.

The boys and girls will be expected to do most of the work, so questions—topics, etc., must be given to them in plenty of time for preparation. The teacher will be posted on the entire lesson, and so be ready to add to or supply any part that may be omitted by the members who are appointed on the program.

Reviews should be given by members of the class.

The books given as references are to be found in most of the homes of the Saints, but where a member has not access to them the teacher should help in getting the proper references.

Lesson 1.

Topic: Revelations.

Divisions: 1. Explanation of meaning of word "Revelation." (See any good dictionary.

2. Relate the first instance of God's speaking to a man upon the earth. Notice that it was a command with a promise. (Genesis 2: 15-17.)

3. Review briefly a number of God's revelations as recorded in the Old Testament, and notice that when God commanded He always promised some reward for obedience. (See story of Noah and the flood; Abraham and his promised son; Moses, etc. See, also, chapter ten in "The Gospel," by B. H. Roberts.)

4. Review briefly these facts. In the early history of the world the Lord revealed Himself to men and gave His commandments to the people through them. During what is known as the meridian, or middle time, the Savior came and by example, as well as by preaching, showed us how to live the commandments of God. In the last days the revelations of God were given to us through the Prophet Joseph, and it is our duty to understand these revelations and try to obey them.

Lesson 2.

Topic: Restoration of the Gospel.

Divisions: 1. The review, which should make clear the meaning of revelation and its value to us.

2. Explain what is meant when we speak of "the Gospel of Jesus Christ." (See "The Gospel" by B. H. Roberts, chapter 1.)

3. Read chapter 3 in "The Gospel," by B. H. Roberts, and tell as plainly as you can in your own words the necessity for the Gospel now.

4. Relate briefly the story of the Prophet Joseph Smith up to the first vision. (See chapters 1 and 2 of "The Latter-day Prophet," by George Q. Cannon.)

Lesson 3.

Topic: Restoration of the Gospel.

Divisions: 1. The review, which should bring out the necessity of the revelations given to the Prophet Joseph Smith.

2. Read chapter 4 of "The Gospel," by B. H. Roberts, and tell in your own words, the principles and ordinances of the Gospel.

3. Read chapter 11, in "The Gospel," by B. H. Roberts, and describe in your own words the character of the God who is willing to speak to His people whenever it is necessary.

4. Read chapter 21 in "The Gospel," by B. H. Roberts, and tell in your own words what a boy or girl must be willing to do to become a Latter-day Saint.

Lesson 4.

Topic: Difference between a "Commandment" and "Words of Counsel."

Divisions: 1. Review briefly the story of the gospel and its restoration.

2. Define the meaning of "Commandment." (See any good dictionary.)

3. Define the meaning of "Counsel" or "Advice." (See any good dictionary.)

4. Illustrate the difference between "Commandment" and "Counsel." Use incidents from Bible, Church, and personal history. For instance, commandments are usually arbitrary and must be obeyed, or punishment will follow. Counsel is usually asked for and a person may take or reject it.

FIFTH GRADE.

(Boys and girls twelve and thirteen years of age.)

Subject: The Articles of Faith.

"The Articles of Faith," by J. E. Talmage, will be used as a text-book in this grade. The topics are to be given by the members. The lesson should be read carefully at home, and then restated to the class, not from memory, as in giving a recitation, but in the member's own words.

The teacher will study the notes at the end of each chapter and add anything gained therefrom that will help in the understanding of the lessons.

Lesson 1.

Topics: 1. Importance of Theological Study. Lecture 1, paragraph 1.
2. What is Theology? Lecture 1, paragraph 2.
3. The Extent of Theology. Lecture 1, paragraph 4.
4. Theology and Religion. Lecture 1, paragraph 6.
5. The "Articles of Faith." Lecture 1, paragraph 7.
6. The Standard Works of the Church. Lecture 1, paragraph 8.

Lesson 2.

Topics: 1. Review of last lesson, given by one member.
2. Joseph Smith. Lecture 1, paragraph 9.
3. Joseph Smith—His Parentage and Youth. Lecture 1, paragraph 10.
4. Joseph Smith—His Search for Truth and the Result. Lecture 1, paragraph 12.
5. Angelic Visitations. Lecture 1, paragraph 15.

Lesson 3.

Topics: 1. Review of Life of Joseph Smith up to the bringing forth of the plates of the Book of Mormon.

2. Later Developments: the Martyrdom. Lecture 1, paragraph 20.
3. Authenticity of Joseph Smith's Mission, Lecture 1, paragraph 21.
4. The Fulfillment of Prophecy. Lecture 1, paragraph 22.
5. The fulfillment of Prophecy. Lecture 1, paragraph 23.
6. The Fulfillment of Prophecy. Lecture 1, paragraph 24.
7. The Fulfillment of Prophecy. Lecture, 1, paragraph 25.
8. The Fulfillment of Prophecy. Lecture 1, paragraph 26.

Lesson 4.

Topics: 1. Review of last lesson.

2. Authority of Joseph Smith. Lecture 1, paragraph 27.
3. Joseph Smith, a True Prophet. Lecture 1, paragraphs 30, 31, 32.
4. Joseph Smith a True Prophet. Lecture 1, paragraph 33.
5. Joseph Smith a True Prophet. Lecture 1, paragraphs 34 and 35.

THE CHRISTMAS BABY.

Great child of Love—with heart so sweet,
That close to mother's heart doth beat;
All wrapped in white within her arms,
As soft each cheek the other warms—,
Oh, tell us what you listen to,
Mother kind and Love Child new!

Listening to a hidden bell?
Or angel's singing?—who can tell?
Is music resting over all,
And stealing thro' the branches tall?
Who can hear it? See the child
And the listening mother mild.

With every little babe there comes,
The same sweet music to our homes.
And mother arms and hearts are there
Waiting, listening, everywhere,
To receive the wondrous song
Which the baby brings along.

—*Andrea Hofer.*

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